

JOHNSON'S VISIT TO FLORA MACDONALD.—*Page* 112

BOSWELL'S

JOURNAL OF

A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES

WITH SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

ILLUSTRATED.



JOHNSON ON A HIGHLAND SHELTIE.—*Page* 225.

(FORMING VOL. V OF BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.)

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THE JOURNAL

OF

A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES

WITH SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

By JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

CONTAINING

SOME POETICAL PIECES BY DR. JOHNSON, RELATIVE TO THE TOUR, AND NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

A SERIES OF HIS CONVERSATION, LITERARY ANECDOTES, AND OPINIONS OF MEN AND BOOKS

WITH AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF

THE DISTRESSES AND ESCAPE OF THE GRANDSON OF KING JAMES II. IN THE YEAR 1746.

"O! while along the stream of time, thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?"—POPE.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

By ROBERT CARRUTHERS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS PORTRAITS, VIEWS, AND CHARACTERISTIC DESIGNS.

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"He was of an admirable pregnancy of wit, and that pregnancy much improved by continual study from his childhood: by which he had gotten such a promptness in expressing his mind, that his extemporal speeches were little inferior to his premeditated writings. Many, no doubt, had read as much, and perhaps more than he; but scarce ever any concocted his reading into judgment as he did."

Baker's Chronicle

INTRODUCTION.

THE "JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES" was the first portion of his "Life of Dr. Johnson" that Mr. Boswell gave to the public. It appeared in the autumn of 1785, about nine months after the death of Johnson, and two editions were exhausted within a twelvemonth. A third was issued in August, 1786, and this was the last which the author lived to revise. His death, "unexpected by his friends, and the subject of universal regret," says his affectionate literary associate, Malone, took place on the 19th of May, 1795.

The Journal could hardly fail to gain immediate popularity. Both the subject and the plan of the Work were attractive. No author, perhaps, ever stood higher with his contemporaries, or was regarded with greater interest as a man, than Johnson. His writings were in all hands, and his Dictionary was looked upon as a national triumph. Garrick's epigram, that *one* Englishman had, in the contest for philological honours, beat *forty* Frenchmen, was the key-note to a whole chorus of acclamations. Then, the personal character and peculiarities of Johnson—his sturdy independence, his strong prejudices, his dogmatism, his unrivalled dexterity and power in argument, his very *figure*, as Boswell has observed, were all, more or less, known to the great mass of readers; from the Land's-End to the Hebrides. Fragments of his conversation, including some of his weighty and pungent remarks, his witty sarcasms and lively personal sallies, had got abroad, and public curiosity was strongly excited regarding the daily life, habits, and opinions of the great literary dictator. Immediately on his death every peri-

odical was ready with its quota of biography or criticism. Mrs. Piozzi lost no time in announcing her "Anecdotes;" Sir John Hawkins was known to be busy with his "Life," and Dr. Strahan sent to the press those private "Prayers and Meditations," which afford so strange, so solemn, and so humbling a memorial of Johnson's piety and weakness.

Thus heralded, the copious, varied, and authentic Journal of Boswell made its appearance, constituting a new era in our biographical literature. Middleton, in his "Life of Cicero," and Mason, in his "Life of Gray," had given specimens of detailed biography, interweaving letters and journals with the narrative. The French "Ana" had shown the value of anecdote in illustrating character. Boswell acknowledged that he had taken the outline of his plan from Mason, but in reality, he worked after no model. He could have written his memoirs in no other way. He unconsciously painted Johnson as Cromwell wished to be painted by Lely: every wart and blemish was delineated. His undistinguishing veneration made little distinction between virtues and defects—between what was permanent and what was merely accidental. All was set down. The world had at last got assurance of a faithful full-length picture of a genuine man. To write the "Life of Johnson" was Boswell's special mission upon earth. For any other worldly purpose or employment he was inferior to most men, but in this he was great and inimitable. His peculiar talents, his social and inquisitive nature, his position in society, even his glaring foibles and weaknesses, fitted him for the task. We cannot appreciate his excellence unless we estimate what our lighter literature would be deprived of if his genial labours were withdrawn. How much valuable contemporary history and fine criticism would be lost! What lessons of practical wisdom, free from the formality of didactic teaching—what sportive wit, keen satire, and pregnant observation! How little should we know of that brilliant intellectual circle in

which Johnson moved—of Burke, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Beauclerk, the Burneys, the Langtons, and the Thrales, all placed before us by the recording pen of Boswell, as by the wand of an enchanter? Deeper truths, too, are there, the fruits of sad and bitter experience, "when days were dark and friends were few;" and the struggling adventurer toiled on obscure in the recesses of that mighty Babel which ultimately was filled with his fame.

It is seldom that the true inner life of a man will bear to be laid open to the world, nor would the world be benefitted by the spectacle. Johnson had his secrets unknown to Boswell, but he was subjected to such a scrutiny as is without parallel in literary history, and that he came out of it with so little damage is the best testimony that could be borne to his moral worth. His intellectual character was elevated by the ordeal. Burke said truly that Boswell's work was a greater monument to Johnson's fame than all his writings put together. In fact, it contained the essence or best materials of his writings stript of their cumbrous covering of words. We had the fruit without the rind, the sap without the bark of the tree. No other eminent person of his day could have exhibited such an amount of ready colloquial talent, embracing such a variety of knowledge, and joined to original and salient points of character. Burke himself, we suspect, though sometimes magnificent, would have appeared very unequal, very diffuse, and even tedious; and among authors there are absolutely no materials for comparison. Dryden confessed that he "knew not what to say." Addison's taciturnity in general society is well known. Swift loved, and his readers love, his "little language" to Stella, but his morbid eccentricities and trifling would have appeared contemptible in a journal of his daily life. Pope was sententious and fond of anecdote, but he was too intent on versifying to spend much of his time in talk, while his physical weakness often disposed him to fall asleep at table. We need not run further over the

list of our immortals, the result would be the same. A biographer like Boswell would have ruined any other great man but Johnson.

The chief interest of Boswell's Journal lies in the central figure so fully developed—in the sage of Bolt Court exploring the wilds of the Hebrides. The journey was a memorable one for Johnson at the age of sixty-four. His love of London amounted to a passion, yet what greater contrast to Fleet Street and the Strand than the bleak shores of Sky and Mull? He was fond of his ease, and travelling over mountains and bogs, with scarce a bridle-track, or crossing stormy friths and arms of the sea in open boats, was attended with danger as well as inconvenience. The season, too, was far advanced: but the drenching rains and cloudy skies he set at defiance, and as for the shelter of woods, he was probably better pleased to be without it, that he might have license to rail at the want of trees. His stout heart (that never grew old) and his strong desire to see new modes of life, with a malicious hope that he might detect and demolish the whole fabric of Ossian and Macpherson, irresistably impelled him to the north. Perhaps a lingering touch of Jacobitism ("scotched but not killed" by his pension), and a dim veneration for the mysterious second sight, mingled with the other motives. In his youth he had indulged visions of the "showery west," and of sainted Iona, where

> "The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid."

And in his age he was to realize those boyish dreams. His reception did not belie the ancient hospitality of the country. His fame had preceded him wherever he went; and lairds, tenants, and clergy, with ladies, the flower of Hebridean society, vied with each other in paying him attention. The clergy, indeed, he would not hear preach. Indolence and High Churchism veiled to himself under the guise of religious principle, kept him away from the precincts of a Presbyterian church; but he



delighted to find the laborious ministers of the west learned, pious, and estimable men, who, like the Scotch professors, listened meekly to the roll of his sonorous sentences, and bore his reproofs and contradictions in silence.

The grand external features of the country made little impression on the travellers. Coleridge said the five finest things in Scotland were—Edinburgh, the ante-chamber of the Fall of Foyers, Loch Lomond, the Trosachs, and the view of the Hebrides from some point he had forgotten, but which was doubtless the *first view*, approaching either from east or west, of that far-stretching archipelago of dark, variously-shaped islands, rising out of the sea, and striking the traveller with a sensation of delighted surprise, and of wild and lonely beauty. Johnson saw *four* of these five wonders, but he was vastly indifferent and incurious about such things. His imperfect eyesight interfered with his appreciation of scenery, and it required some direct human interest or powerful associations to rouse him to intellectual activity. Great, however, was the anxiety evinced as to what impressions had been made upon him by his Highland tour. How was he to treat Scotland? What was he to say of Ossian? His "Journey," a brief, unpretending narrative, was read with extraordinary avidity, particularly in Scotland. It set innumerable tongues and pens to work, abusing the writer for illiberality, but it also set many of the lairds to work, planting and improving their domains. The work was deficient in information, and in information of a kind that could easily have been obtained, but this Johnson was too indolent to seek; and apart from him, Boswell could do little or nothing—the mistletoe could not spread without the support of the oak. Nothing can be more meagre than those parts of his Journal, as the purely descriptive passages, the account of Charles Edward's escape from Sky, &c., in which Boswell had not Johnson to lean upon. His whole faculties apparently were engrossed by this one theme. Johnson's volume, however, gave an excellent sketch

of the old feudal, or rather, patriarchal system of the Highlands, and it completed the topography of Pennant, by adding views of society and manners to the details of the antiquarian and naturalist. His brief notices of some of the solitary scenes through which they journeyed—the mountains and green pastoral valleys on the main-land—or the *sounds* and bays, and boating excursions along the rocky coasts—or the princely reception that awaited the travellers at the island courts of Rasay and Dunvegan—possess all the interest and novelty of romantic narrative. These short picturesque passages, with the reflections suggested at Inchkenneth and Iona, are stamped with true poetic feeling, and show how clearly and vividly the light of imagination burned in Johnson to the last. The petty cavils and uncouth prejudices which mar the early part of his "Journey," melt and disappear in these Highland solitudes, which he regarded as the chosen retreats of ancient piety, loyalty, and hospitality. Nor was the company he met unworthy of the scene. Johnson's genius was not dramatic; but his description of Flora Macdonald, of young Coll, of the veteran Sir John Maclean and his daughters, of Macleod, and of the joyous, overflowing household of Rasay, forms a small gallery of distinct and happy portraits. Such views of insular life, so near home, were new to the English people; and so much were they interested in the history and character of Coll, that the death of the young islander was felt as a personal and private grief throughout the kingdom.

Boswell's Journal is, of course, pitched in a lower key. How far he was justified in relating all he saw and heard in the course of the Tour, is a question not likely to be very nicely weighed by those who have derived so much genuine pleasure from his revelations. We judge the case differently from the parties he visited, many of whom were dragged into unwelcome and unenviable notoriety. Johnson perused most of the Journal in manuscript; his vanity was flattered, but there is no reason to believe that he ever suspected the work would be published in

its original shape. Boswell was afterwards sensible that he had told too much; and he endeavoured, though with very indifferent success, to be more guarded as he advanced with his "Magnum Opus." He certainly improved in style and general correctness as a writer; but it is marvellous that he should have escaped the usually potent effects of Highland wrath, in consequence of some of his disclosures. If the rough and haughty laird of Lochbuy could have foreseen how he was to be represented by his visitor, he would assuredly have thrust him into the dungeon of his old castle, though it should have cost him a second trial and fine; and the chief of the Macdonalds might have been tempted to "sequestrate" him, like another Lady Grange, to Heskir or St. Kilda. The veriest domestic spy could not have acted worse than he did on some occasions; but for all such offences, one excuse may be made—it was Boswell's way; he was unconscious of the wrong he inflicted; he was every day exhibiting his own sores and buffets; and though a wiser man would have left unsaid much that he has written, a wiser man would not have made so entertaining a book.

Notwithstanding the novelties of their journey, Johnson said they had gone too late to the Hebrides to see a people of peculiar appearance and a system of antiquated life: "The Highlanders were fast losing their distinction, and hastening to mingle with the general community." The country was in a state of transition, confusion, and discontent. The old military system was broken up, chief and clan were disunited, and emigration was in full progress. Every where there seemed to be, as in the poet's dream,—

> "A lurid light, a trampling throng—
> Sense of intolerable wrong."

The last gleams of romance in Highland life had been extinguished at Culloden. The chief no longer boasted his *coshir* or retinue, or gave great banquets in his strong tower while the *senachie* recited his ancestral glories and exploits, or sallied forth

to levy war or black-mail. Lochiel's lantern, the moon, shone in vain at Michaelmas for a *creagh* or foray. Instead of the fiery cross to summon the clan, the bailiff now went round to dun and distress for rent! The law was paramount, heritable jurisdiction was abolished, and feuds were transferred from the clan and claymore to the Sheriff Court or the Parliament House in Edinburgh. Rent had formerly been a subordinate consideration. The value of the soil was in "man and steel, the soldier and his sword;" and with these the Highland chief, like the Cretan warrior, ploughed, and sowed, and reaped. Up to the seventeenth century, the history of the Western Islands is little else than a record of wars and tumults—of revolts against the Scottish crown, or of sanguinary feuds between the Macdonalds, the Macleans, and Macleods. The long Norwegian sway in the Hebrides had not induced piratical habits among the people. There were no native Vikings or buccaneers. The Celtic blood preponderated, and determined the institutions, the speech, and customs of the islanders. Some of their clan feuds were of the most barbarous and revolting character. At one time, we find the Macleods assaulted by the Macdonalds when peacefully assembled in church: the building was suddenly surrounded and set on fire, and the worshippers perished in the flames! On another occasion, the Macleods chased some two hundred of the Macdonalds into a cave by the sea-side in the island of Eig, and, piling up huge fires at the mouth of the cave, suffocated the miserable clansmen, whose bones still remain to attest the deed. This atrocity is not without a parallel in modern history: a French officer commanding in Algeria, in the nineteenth century, had the incredible audacity and wickedness to perpetrate the same enormity while waging war with the natives. Long-protracted local hostilities desolated the islands. At one time, the Macleods were compelled, in the agony of hunger, to eat dogs and other unclean animals—their whole produce having been wasted and destroyed. Some

glimpses of chivalrous enterprise are interposed amidst these outrages and sufferings. In the reign of Elizabeth, we find the Chief of Dunvegan—the famed "Rorie More," and the Chief of the Macdonalds, leading each five hundred men to the shores of Ulster to assist Red Hugh O'Donell in his contest with the English Crown. And picturesque the sight must have been, as the chief, in his twelve-oared galley, with a fleet of boats behind, struck out from his island fastness by the black rocks, and the rowers chanted the *jorram*, or boat-song, with which they solaced their toils and fatigues. The unbounded hospitality of Rorie More made Dunvegan famous in song and tale. The heroic old chief was knighted by King James VI., and was a man of invincible courage and address, while his son and successor, John More (who died in 1649), is said to have taken so much pains to civilize the country, that he acquired the appellation of "Lot in Sodom!" His grandson, John *Breck* Macleod, was the last of the island chiefs who kept up the ancient feudal retinue—the bard, piper, harper, and jester.* After his death (which took place in 1693), we find a gradual approximation to the customs and manners of the south, the chiefs acquiring new wants and luxuries, and the *clan* becoming of less value than the *land*. The affair of the Forty-five was the primary cause of the pecuniary burdens which long encumbered and ultimately overwhelmed the Macleod and many other Highland properties.

The system of agriculture then pursued in the Hebrides was of the most wretched description. The undrained land was perpetually subject to mildew or frost, and little winter food being provided for the herds of black cattle that crowded every hill and strath, whenever a severe season came the cattle died in scores. Even the straw that might have helped to maintain them was wasted and destroyed, in consequence of the people preparing their corn by means of fire instead of thrashing and kiln-drying it. The higher hills contained miles of fine Alpine pasturage, but they were generally inaccessible to the cattle, and

only became of value when sheep-husbandry was extensively introduced. Under such a system, high rents were ruinous—even moderate rents could hardly have been paid. Yet, after the era of the Forty-five, when the last remains of feudal power and homage were lost, most of the chiefs and other proprietors adopted a higher scale of rents, and pressed the new system with prompt and inconsiderate rigour. The tacksmen, or large tenants, were deprived of their peculiar privilege of sub-letting part of their lands, as the proprietor found he could obtain a greater amount of rent and secure more authority as a landlord when the people held directly under himself. The tacksmen had thus to descend to the condition of ordinary farmers. They were mostly men of gentle blood—cadets of the chief's family. Some had held commissions in the army, and all were hospitable and profuse, their houses filled with servants, visitors, and dependents. The new management and high rents took them by surprise. They were indignant at the treatment they received, and, selling off their stock, in disgust or despair, they emigrated to America. In the twenty years from 1772 to 1792, sixteen vessels with emigrants sailed from the western shores of Inverness-shire and Ross-shire, containing about 6,400 persons, who carried with them, in specie, at least £38,400. A desperate effort was made by the tacksmen on the estate of Lord Macdonald, whom Johnson and Boswell accuse so broadly of parsimony, meanness, and extortion. They bound themselves by a solemn oath, copies of which are still extant, not to offer for any farm that might become vacant, believing that they would thus repress competition and continue low rents. The combination failed of its object, but it appeared so formidable in the eyes of the "English-bred chieftain," that he retreated precipitately from Skye and never afterwards returned. Lord Macdonald, however, was popular with the small tenants, and had no difficulty, in 1777, in raising a regiment in the Highlands and Isles. The chiefs, it must be admitted, were, in some instances, sorely

tried. The men of Kintail, for example, held a large tract of land in Glengarry as a summer *sheiling* or grazing for their cattle, for which they paid only £15 of annual rent. The ground was examined by a sagacious sheep-farmer from the dales in the south. He offered no less than £350 of rent—about half the value of the whole estate—and, having obtained possession, stocked it with Cheviot sheep, and died a richer man than his laird. It was difficult for a needy embarrassed proprietor to resist temptations like this. The patriarchal system was forgotten, the stranger was preferred, and many of the smaller tenants were dispossessed of their holdings, that the farms might be enlarged and brought under an improved and more profitable mode of culture. In the figurative language of the country, a hundred smokes had to pass through one chimney. An experiment of an opposite kind was made by one benevolent and active proprietor. This gentleman broke up one of his finest farms in Skye, in order that he might give occupation to a number of small tenants born on his estate. They obtained possession, but proved unable to cultivate their *crofts* successfully, and the only result was a loss of £400 per annum to the generous and unfortunate chief.

Johnson espoused the cause of the tacksmen with his characteristic energy. The condition of the vast numbers under them, does not appear to have attracted his attention. They were suffered to

> "Grow up and perish as the summer fly—
> Heads without name, no more remembered."

The tacksmen formed a body of resident gentry, and Johnson conceived that the islands would be abandoned to grossness and ignorance, if so many of the intelligent inhabitants left the country. The error of the proprietors—where there *was* error (for in some instances the change was effected by mild and gradual means)—was in raising the rents too suddenly. Neither the tacksmen, nor the people generally, had been trained to

steady industry. They had not been allowed time to shake off the half military, half nomadic habits, in which they were brought up: and though the chief was entitled to make the most of his land, considerations of patriotism and humanity—old recollections and former ties—should have operated to prevent undue haste and severity. The *exodus* continued for many years. Speculators and agents were busy at work painting the charms of the new world, and the most extravagant expectations were entertained. Even the war in America had little effect in checking the tide of emigration. Carolina was the favourite colony of the men of Skye and Mull; and when hostilities broke out, some hundreds of the exiles formed themselves into the "Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment," which continued in active service during the remainder of the war. There was scarce an instance of the Highlanders joining the revolted colonists. True to their native instincts and hereditary faith (which even in rebellion was a mistaken principle of loyalty), they adhered to the British monarchy, and justified the eulogium which Chatham had pronounced on a former generation of their countrymen, that they "served with fidelity and fought with valour."

The lairds ultimately became alarmed at the defection of their people. They held consultations and solicited Government to stay the emigrant ships. So late as 1786, a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen took place in London, at which the Earl of Breadalbane stated that five hundred persons had resolved to emigrate from the estate of Glengarry, and had subscribed money and commissioned ships for the purpose. The meeting took up the subject warmly, and agreed to co-operate with Government to frustrate the design. At the same time they represented the necessity of improving the fisheries, agriculture, and manufactures of the country, adding to their recommendation a subscription of three thousand pounds. The design was laudable and patriotic, but it proved a failure. Something

was done towards encouraging the fisheries, but not on a scale sufficiently extensive; and no manufactures were introduced. Had trades or manufactures been planted in the islands before the southern districts engrossed the field, a general and permanent amelioration might have been effected in the condition of the people. Though alien at first to their habits and predilections, they would gradually have assimilated to their lowland countrymen in industrial progress, and might have surmounted the disadvantages of soil and climate.

The next chapter in Hebridean history shows a complete reversal of the former policy, yet with results much the same. We have, since the date of Johnson's visit, made a circuit of near eighty years, and have returned to the same point. The proprietors at length ceased to check emigration. Sheep-husbandry was rapidly extending, roads were made, a high class of tenants was obtained, and the large farms were managed with assiduous skill and perseverance. The people, on the other hand, when less required to stay, became less disposed to emigrate. The more active and enterprising part of the population had gone. The epidemic had ceased, the wars were over, and so long as herrings visited the lochs, or potatoes flourished on the soil, or the kelp manufacture gave a few weeks' profitable occupation in summer, contentment or listlessness prevailed. There was no stringent poor-law to force attention as to the population; small *crofts*, or patches of land, were easily obtained and subdivided at will; and hence the little turf-huts multiplied on the hill-side and moors, the standard of civilization sunk lower, and the population, despite all military and emigrant drains, was doubled in amount. Thus, gradually but inevitably, as the people increased, thousands of families came to depend wholly on one article of food. That failed, and the sequel is well known. A destitution crisis commenced in 1846 unequalled for intensity, and which involved both chief and clan, landlord and tenant, in irretrievable embarrassment and ruin. A second period of

transition, more painful than that witnessed by Johnson in 1773, was induced, and though the immediate distress was mitigated by the munificent generosity of the British nation, there seems to be only one remedy or palliative, for the chronic malady—emigration.

Many of the old families commemorated by Johnson and Boswell, have disappeared from the islands. Some have dropt off from natural and unavoidable causes; some through sheer folly and extravagance; and others have gone down while struggling to support and replace their dependents. In Rasay, Ulva, and Inchkenneth, the ancient familiar names are no longer heard: "new people fill the land." In Skye, the "Siol Tormod" of Dunvegan, and the descendant of Somerled of the Isles, still hold their possessions; and the Macleans of Coll retain their island patrimony, but all have been grievously shattered by the late storm. To a Scotchman, no more melancholy books were ever published than those "Blue Books," printed by authority of Parliament, in which is recorded the recent history of the Western Islands.

To note some of these changes and supply local information, has been the main object of the Editor of this new edition of Boswell's Journal. In order to verify facts and dates, he had to consult various parties; and though it may appear ostentatious or ridiculous to parade a list of names before so small a literary performance, he cannot deny himself the gratification of stating that to the following gentlemen queries were addressed, and, in every instance, courteous and satisfactory answers returned: viz., Macleod, of Macleod; Sheriff Frazer, of Portree; A. K. Mackinnon, Esq., Corry; D. Macleod, Esq., Kingsburgh; Rev. J. Maciver, of Kilmuir; Rev. D. Ross, of Tobermory; Rev. H. Maclean, of Lochalsh; R. Sinclair, Esq., Borlumbeg; Niel Maclean, Esq., Inverness; W. A. Stables, Esq., Cawdor; and W. Forsyth, Esq., Aberdeen.

Inverness, [illegible]

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AUTHOR'S DEDICATION.

TO

EDMOND MALONE, Esq.

My dear Sir,—In every narrative, whether historical or biographical, authenticity is of the utmost consequence. Of this I have ever been so firmly persuaded, that I inscribed a former work to that person who was the best judge of its truth. I need not tell you I mean General Paoli; who, after his great, though unsuccessful, efforts to preserve the liberties of his country, has found an honourable asylum in Britain, where he has now lived many years the object of royal regard and private respect; and whom I cannot name without expressing my very grateful sense of the uniform kindness which he has been pleased to show me.

The friends of Doctor Johnson can best judge, from internal evidence, whether the numerous conversations, which form the most valuable part of the ensuing pages, are correctly related. To them, therefore, I wish to appeal, for the accuracy of the portrait here exhibited to the world.

As one of those who were intimately acquainted with him, you have a title to this address. You have obligingly taken the trouble to peruse the original manuscript of this Tour, and can vouch for the strict fidelity of the present publication. Your literary alliance with our much lamented friend, in consequence of having undertaken to render one of his labours more complete, by your edition of Shakspeare, a work which I am confident will not disappoint the expectations of the public, gives you another claim. But I have a still more powerful inducement to prefix your name to this volume, as it gives me an opportunity of letting the world know that I enjoy the honour and happiness of your friendship; and of thus publicly testifying the sincere regard with which I am,

My dear Sir,

Your very faithful and obedient Servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

London,
20th September, 1785.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

ANIMATED by the very favourable reception which two large impressions of this work have had, it has been my study to make it as perfect as I could in this edition, by correcting some inaccuracies which I discovered myself, and some which the kindness of friends, or the scrutiny of adversaries pointed out. A few notes are added, of which the principal object is, to refute misrepresentation and calumny.

To the animadversions in the periodical journals of criticism, and in the numerous publications to which my book has given rise, I have made no answer. Every work must stand or fall by its own merit. I cannot, however, omit this opportunity of returning thanks to a gentleman who published a Defence of my Journal, and has added to the favour by communicating his name to me in a very obliging letter.

It would be an idle waste of time to take any particular notice of the futile remarks, to many of which, a petty national resentment, unworthy of my countrymen, has probably given rise; remarks which have been industriously circulated in the public prints by shallow or envious cavillers, who have endeavoured to persuade the world that Dr. Johnson's character has been *lessened* by recording such various instances of his lively wit and acute judgment, on every topic that was presented to his mind. In the opinion of every person of taste and knowledge that I have conversed with, it has been greatly *heightened;* and I will venture to predict, that this specimen of the colloquial talents and extemporaneous effusions of my illustrious fellow-traveller will become still more valuable, when, by the lapse of time, he shall have become an *ancient;* when all those who can now bear testimony to the transcendant powers of his mind, shall have passed away; and no other memorial of this great and good man shall remain but the following Journal, the other anecdotes and letters preserved by his friends, and those incomparable works, which have for many years been in the highest estimation, and will be read and admired as long as the English language shall be spoken or understood.

J. B.

LONDON,
15th August, 1786.



EDINBURGH FROM JAMES'S-COURT.

THE JOURNAL

OF A

TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES,

WITH

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

Dr. Johnson had for many years given me hopes that we should go together and visit the Hebrides. Martin's Account of those islands had impressed us with a notion that we might there contemplate a system of life almost totally different from what we had been accustomed to see; and to find simplicity and wildness, and all the circumstances of remote time or place, so near to our native great island, was an object within the reach of reasonable curiosity. Dr. Johnson has said in his "Journey," that he scarcely remembered how the wish to visit the Hebrides was excited; but he told me, in summer, 1763, that his father put Martin's Account into his hands when he was very young, and that he was much pleased with it. We reckoned there would be some inconveniences and hardships, and perhaps a little

danger; but these we were persuaded were magnified in the imagination of everybody. When I was at Ferney, in 1764, I mentioned our design to Voltaire. He looked at me, as if I had talked of going to the North Pole, and said, "You do not insist on my accompanying you?" "No, sir." "Then I am very willing you should go." I was not afraid that our curious expedition would be prevented by such apprehensions; but I doubted that it would not be possible to prevail on Dr. Johnson to relinquish, for some time, the felicity of a London life, which, to a man who can enjoy it with full intellectual relish, is apt to make existence in any narrower sphere seem insipid or irksome. I doubted that he would not be willing to come down from his elevated state of philosophical dignity; from a superiority of wisdom among the wise, and of learning among the learned; and from flashing his wit upon minds bright enough to reflect it.

He had disappointed my expectations so long, that I began to despair; but in spring, 1773, he talked of coming to Scotland that year with so much firmness, that I hoped he was at last in earnest. I knew that if he were once launched from the metropolis he would go forward very well; and I got our common friends there to assist in setting him afloat. To Mrs. Thrale in particular, whose enchantment over him seldom failed, I was much obliged. It was, "I'll give thee a wind." "Thou art kind."—To *attract* him, we had invitations from the chiefs Macdonald and Macleod; and, for additional aid, I wrote to Lord Elibank, Dr. William Robertson, and Dr. Beattie.

To Dr. Robertson, so far as my letter concerned the present subject, I wrote as follows:

"Our friend, Mr. Samuel Johnson, is in great health and spirits; and, I do think, has a serious resolution to visit Scotland this year. The more attraction, however, the better; and therefore, though I know he will be happy to meet you there, it will forward the scheme if, in your answer to this, you express yourself concerning it with that power of which you are so happily possessed, and which may be so directed as to operate strongly upon him."

His answer to that part of my letter was quite as I could have wished. It was written with the address and persuasion of the historian of America.

"When I saw you last, you gave us some hopes that you might prevail with Mr. Johnson to make out that excursion to Scotland with the expectation of which we have long flattered ourselves. If he could order matters so as to pass some time in Edinburgh about the close of the summer session, and then visit some of the Highland scenes, I am confident he would be pleased with the grand features of nature in many parts of this country: he will meet with many persons here

who respect him, and some whom I am persuaded he will think not unworthy of his esteem. I wish he would make the experiment. He sometimes cracks his jokes upon us; but he will find that we can distinguish between the stabs of malevolence, and "the rebukes of the righteous which are like excellent oil,* and break not the head." Offer my best compliments to him, and assure him that I shall be happy to have the satisfaction of seeing him under my roof."

To Dr. Beattie I wrote, "The chief intention of this letter is to inform you that I now seriously believe Mr. Samuel Johnson will visit Scotland this year: but I wish that every power of attraction may be employed to secure our having so valuable an acquisition, and therefore I hope you will without delay write to me what I know you think, that I may read it to the mighty sage, with proper emphasis, before I leave London, which I must do soon. He talks of you with the same warmth that he did last year. We are to see as much of Scotland as we can, in the months of August and September. We shall not be long of being at Marischal College.† He is particularly desirous of seeing some of the Western Islands."

Dr. Beattie did better: *ipse venit.* He was, however, so polite as to waive his privilege of *nil mihi rescribas,* and wrote from Edinburgh, as follows:

"Your very kind and agreeable favour of the 20th of April overtook me here yesterday, after having gone to Aberdeen, which place I left about a week ago. I am to set out this day for London, and hope to have the honour of paying my respects to Mr. Johnson and you, about a week or ten days hence. I shall then do what I can to enforce the topic you mention; but at present I cannot enter upon it, as I am in a very great hurry; for I intend to begin my journey within an hour or two."

He was as good as his word, and threw some pleasing motives into the northern scale. But, indeed, Mr. Johnson loved all that he heard from one whom he tells us, in his Lives of the Poets, Gray found "a poet, a philosopher, and a good man."

My Lord Elibank did not answer my letter to his lordship for some time. The reason will appear, when we come to the Isle of Sky. I shall then insert my letter, with letters from his lordship both to myself and Mr. Johnson. I beg it may be understood, that I insert my own letters, as I relate my own sayings, rather as keys to what is valuable belonging to others, than for their own sake.

* Our friend Edmund Burke, who by this time had received some pretty severe strokes from Dr. Johnson, on account of the unhappy difference in their politics, upon my repeating this passage to him exclaimed, "Oil of vitriol!"—BOSWELL.

† This, I find, is a Scotticism. I should have said, "It will not be long before we shall be at Marischal College."—BOSWELL.

Luckily, Mr. Justice (now Sir Robert) Chambers, who was about to sail for the East Indies, was going to take leave of his relations at Newcastle, and he conducted Dr Johnson to that town. Mr. Scott, of University College, Oxford (now Dr. Scott, of the Commons), accompanied him from thence to Edinburgh.* With such propitious convoys did he proceed to my native city. But, lest metaphor should make it be supposed he actually went by sea, I choose to mention that he travelled in post-chaises, of which the rapid motion was one of his most favourite amusements.

Dr. Samuel Johnson's character, religious, moral, political and literary, nay his figure and manner, are, I believe, more generally known than those of almost any man; yet it may not be superfluous here to attempt a sketch of him. Let my readers, then, remember that he was a sincere and zealous Christian, of high Church of England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned; steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of piety and virtue, both from a regard to the order of society and from a veneration for the great source of all order; correct, nay stern in his taste; hard to please and easily offended, impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart; having a mind stored with a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which he communicated with peculiar perspicuity and force, in rich and choice expression. He united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing; for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. He could, when he chose it, be the greatest sophist that ever wielded a weapon in the schools of declamation; but he indulged this only in conversation; for he owned he sometimes talked for victory; he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious, by deliberately writing it. He was conscious of his superiority. He loved praise when it was brought to him; but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. His mind was so full of imagery that he might have been perpetually a poet. It has been often remarked, that in his poetical pieces, which it is to be regretted are so few, because so excellent, his style is easier

* Scott and Chambers were both natives of Newcastle and members of University College, Oxford, where Johnson made their acquaintance. He retained through life a strong affection for his young friends, whose subsequent career justified his partiality. Sir Robert Chambers continued long in India: in 1791 he succeeded Sir Elijah Impey as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort William, Bengal. His friend at home, as Sir William Scott, and afterwards Lord Stowell, presided with eminent ability over the Consistory and Admiralty Courts. He died in 1836, aged ninety. Scott was one of the executors named in Dr. Johnson's will, a trust which he would probably have shared with Sir Robert Chambers had the latter remained in the country. —ED.

than in his prose. There is deception in this: it is not easier, but better suited to the dignity of verse; as one may dance with grace whose motions in ordinary walking, in the common step, are awkward. He had a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking; yet, though grave and awful in his deportment, when he thought it necessary or proper he frequently indulged himself in pleasantry and sportive sallies. He was prone to superstition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He had a loud voice, and a slow deliberate utterance, which no doubt gave some additional weight to the sterling metal of his conversation.* His person was large, robust, I may say approaching to the gigantic, and grown unwieldy from corpulency. His countenance was naturally of the cast of an ancient statue, but somewhat disfigured by the scars of that *evil*, which, it was formerly imagined, the *royal touch* could cure. He was now in his sixty-fourth year, and was become a little dull of hearing. His sight had always been somewhat weak; yet, so much does mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his perceptions were uncommonly quick and accurate. His head, and sometimes also his body, shook with a kind of motion like the effect of a palsy; he appeared to be frequently disturbed by cramps, or convulsive contractions,† of the nature of that distemper called "St. Vitus's dance." He wore a full suit of plain brown clothes, with twisted-hair-buttons of the same colour, a large bushy greyish wig, a plain shirt, black worsted stockings, and silver buckles. Upon this tour, when journeying, he wore boots, and a very wide brown cloth great coat, with pockets which might have almost held the two volumes of his folio dictionary; and he carried in his hand a large English oak stick. Let me not

* Lord Pembroke said once to me at Wilton, with a happy pleasantry and some truth, that "Dr. Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary were it not for his *bow-wow way*:" but I admit the truth of this only on some occasions. The "Messiah," played upon the *Canterbury organ*, is more sublime than when played upon an inferior instrument: but very slight music will seem grand when conveyed to the ear through that majestic medium. *While, therefore, Dr. Johnson's sayings are read, let his manner be taken along with them.* Let it, however, be observed, that the sayings themselves are generally great; that though he might be an ordinary composer at times, he was for the most part a Handel.—Boswell.

† Such they appeared to me; but since the first edition, Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed to me, "that Dr. Johnson's extraordinary gestures were only habits, in which he indulged himself at certain times. When in company, where he was not free, or when engaged earnestly in conversation, he never gave way to such habits, which proves that they were not involuntary." I still, however, think, that these gestures were involuntary; for surely had not that been the case, he would have restrained them in the public streets.—Boswell.

be censured for mentioning such minute particulars. Everything relative to so great a man is worth observing. I remember Dr. Adam Smith, in his rhetorical lectures at Glasgow, told us he was glad to know that Milton wore latchets in his shoes, instead of buckles.* When I mention the oak stick, it is but letting Hêrcules have his club; and, by-and-by, my readers will find this stick will bud, and produce a good joke.

This imperfect sketch of "the combination and the *form*" of that wonderful man whom I venerated and loved while in this world, and after whom I gaze with humble hope now that it has pleased Almighty God to call him to a better world, will serve to introduce to the fancy of my readers the capital object of the following Journal, in the course of which I trust they will attain to a considerable degree of acquaintance with him.

His prejudice against Scotland was announced almost as soon as he began to appear in the world of letters. In his "London," a poem, are the following nervous lines.

> "For who would leave, unbribed, Hibernia's land,
> Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
> There none are swept by sudden fate away;
> But all whom hunger spares with age decay."

The truth is, like the ancient Greeks and Romans, he allowed himself to look upon all nations but his own as barbarians: not only Hibernia and Scotland, but Spain, Italy, and France are attacked in the same poem. If he was particularly prejudiced against the Scots, it was because they were more in his way; because he thought their success in England rather exceeded the due proportion of their real merit; and because he could not but see in them that nationality which I believe no liberal-minded Scotsman will deny. He was, indeed, if I may be allowed the phrase, at bottom much of a *John Bull;* much of a blunt *true-born Englishman.* There was a stratum of common clay under the rock of marble. He was voraciously fond of good eating; and he had a great deal of that quality called *humour*, which gives an oiliness and a gloss to every other quality.

I am, I flatter myself, completely a citizen of the world. In my travels through Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Corsica, France, I never felt myself from home; and I sincerely love "every kindred and tongue and people and nation." I subscribe to what my late

* It is probable that Boswell, then a young student, had misapprehended the remark of his professor. The pictures of Vandyke and Lely make us familiar with the costume of Milton's days, and in none of their portraits will shoe-buckles be found. The poet, no doubt, conformed to the general fashion, by using silk laces, plain or tagged with silver. The buckle was not introduced till about the time of the Revolution.—Ed.

truly learned and philosophical friend Mr. Crosbie said, that the English are better animals than the Scots; they are nearer the sun; their blood is richer and more mellow;• but when I humour any of them in an outrageous contempt of Scotland, I fairly own I treat them as children. And thus I have at some moments found myself obliged to treat even Dr. Johnson.

To Scotland, however, he ventured; and he returned from it in great good humour, with his prejudices much lessened, and with very grateful feelings of the hospitality with which he was treated; as is evident from that admirable work, his "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," which, to my utter astonishment, has been misapprehended, even to rancour, by many of my countrymen.

To have the company of Chambers and Scott, he delayed his journey so long that the Court of Session, which rises on the eleventh of August, was broke up before he got to Edinburgh.



WHITE HORSE INN, EDINBURGH.

On Saturday the fourteenth of August, 1773, late in the evening, I received a note from him, that he was arrived at Boyd's inn, at the head of the Canon-gate.* I went to him directly. He embraced me

* This inn, which bore the sign of the White Horse, was in the palmy days of the picturesque Old Town the first hostelry in the city of Edinburgh. It gradually declined in importance as the New Town and a higher standard of social comfort advanced; but Boyd the landlord was able to retire from business, as Mr. Chambers states in his "Traditions of Edinburgh" with a fortune of several thousand pounds, besides possessing in his establishment (what Johnson would not have credited) napery, or linen, of the

cordially; and I exulted in the thought that I now had him actually in Caledonia. Mr. Scott's amiable manners and attachment to our Socrates at once united me to him. He told me that, before I came in, the Doctor had unluckily had a bad specimen of Scottish cleanliness. He then drank no fermented liquor. He asked to have his lemonade made sweeter; upon which the waiter, with his greasy fingers, lifted a lump of sugar, and put it into it. The Doctor, in indignation, threw it out of the window. Scott said he was afraid he would have knocked the waiter down. Mr. Johnson told me that such another trick was played him at the house of a lady in Paris. He was to do me the honour to lodge under my roof.* I regretted sincerely that I had not also a room for Mr. Scott. Mr. Johnson and I walked arm-in-arm up the High-street, to my house in James's-court. It was a dusky night: I could not prevent his being assailed by the evening effluvia of Edinburgh. I heard a late baronet, of some distinction in the political world in the beginning of the present reign, observe, that "walking the streets of Edinburgh at night was pretty perilous, and a good deal odoriferous." The peril is much abated, by the care which the magistrates have taken to enforce the city laws against throwing foul water from the windows; but from the structure of the houses in the Old Town, which consist of many storeys, in each of which a different family lives, and there being no covered sewers, the odour still continues. A zealous Scotsman would have wished Mr. Johnson to be without one of his five senses upon this occasion. As we marched slowly along, he grumbled in my ear, "I smell you in the dark!" But he acknowledged that the breadth of the street, and the loftiness of the buildings on each side, made a noble appearance.

value of £500. The inn was used as a coaching-house, then as a place of entertainment for carriers and humble country visitors; and finally the White Horse was taken down as no longer able to stand competition in any shape. The house is now a miserable dirty and squalid dwelling—or series of dwellings—of the lowest order. Nothing gives one a more vivid impression of the changes effected in Scottish society, tastes and habits, within the last seventy or eighty years, than a visit to the old taverns and closes of the Canongate. Yet in these dark and narrow dens wits and nobles revelled, high-born beauties kept state, and poets, philosophers, and historians studied—many of them withal living to extreme old age, and partaking of much social and festive enjoyment.—Ed.

* Johnson, in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, written on the third day after his arrival in Edinburgh, describes Boswell's rooms as being level with the ground on one side of the house, and on the other four storeys high. They are now occupied as a printing-establishment. David Hume had shortly before occupied a similar suite of rooms, or *flat*, higher up in the same pile of building. The situation is airy and commanding, overlooking the Frith; and James's-court was then a patrician and fashionable quarter of the town. The tall massive buildings remain, but the rooms have ceased to appear, as they did to Hume, "very cheerful and even elegant," or as Johnson considered them, very handsome and spacious."—Ed.

My wife had tea ready for him, which it is well known he delighted to drink at all hours, particularly when sitting up late, and of which his able defence against Mr. Jonas Hanway should have obtained him a magnificent reward from the East-India Company.* He showed much complacency upon finding that the mistress of the house was so attentive to his singular habit; and as no man could be more polite when he chose to be so, his address to her was most courteous and engaging; and his conversation soon charmed her into a forgetfulness of his external appearance.

I did not begin to keep a regular full journal till some days after we had set out from Edinburgh; but I have luckily preserved a good many fragments of his *Memorabilia* from his very first evening in Scotland.

We had, a little before this, had a trial for murder, in which the judges had allowed the lapse of twenty years since its commission as a plea in bar, in conformity with the doctrine of prescription in the *civil* law, which Scotland and several other countries have adopted. He at first disapproved of this; but then he thought there was some thing in it, if there had been for twenty years a neglect to prosecute a crime which was *known*. He would not allow that a murder, by not being *discovered* for twenty years, should escape punishment. We talked of the ancient trial by duel. He did not think it so absurd as is generally supposed; "For," said he, "it was only allowed when the question was *in equilibrio*, as when one affirmed and another denied; and they had a notion that Providence would interfere in favour of him who was in the right. But as it was found that in a duel he who was in the right had not a better chance than he who was in the wrong, therefore society instituted the present mode of trial, and gave the advantage to him who is in the right."

We sat till near two in the morning, having chatted a good while after my wife left us. She had insisted that, to show all respect to the sage, she would give up her own bed-chamber to him and take a worse. This I cannot but gratefully mention, as one of a thousand obligations which I owe her, since the great obligation of her being pleased to accept of me as her husband.

* The defence appeared in the "Literary Magazine," in a review of "A Journal of Eight Days' Journey" by Hanway. In this critique Johnson avows himself to be "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning." He traces the rise and progress of tea-drinking. Tea, he says, was first imported from Holland by the Earls of Arlington and Ossory in 1666; from their ladies the women of quality learned its use. Its price was then 3*l*. a pound, and continued the same to 1707. In 1715 we began to use green tea, and the practice of drinking it descended to the lower classes of the people.—Ed.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 15.


SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Mr. Scott came to breakfast, at which I introduced to Dr. Johnson and him my friend Sir William Forbes, now of Pitsligo; a man of whom too much good cannot be said; who, with distinguished abilities and application in his profession of a banker, is at once a good companion and a good Christian, which I think is saying enough. Yet it is but justice to record, that once, when he was in a dangerous illness, he was watched with the anxious apprehension of a general calamity; day and night his house was beset with affectionate inquiries; and upon his recovery, *Te Deum* was the universal chorus from the *hearts* of his countrymen.*

Mr. Johnson was pleased with my daughter Veronica,† then a child of about four months old. She had the appearance of listening to him. His motions seemed to her to be intended for her amusement; and when he stopped she fluttered, and made a little infantine noise, and a kind of signal for him to begin again. She would be held close to him; which was a proof, from simple nature, that his figure was not horrid. Her fondness for him endeared her still

* This excellent citizen and patriot was born at Edinburgh, April 5th, 1739, and died there November 12th, 1806.

> "Scarce had lamented Forbes paid
> The tribute to his minstrel's shade,
> The tale of friendship scarce was told,
> Ere the narrator's heart was cold—
> Far may we search before we find
> A heart so manly and so kind."
>
> MARMION, INTROD. CANTO IV.

Scott here alludes to Sir W. Forbes's "Life of Dr. Beattie," a copious and interesting memoir. Independently of his exertions and honours as a banker and citizen of Edinburgh, Sir William was a great and beneficent rural improver. He had, like Warren Hastings, been able to realise an early and strong desire to recover the ancient inheritance of his family, which was forfeited to the Crown in 1746, and had afterwards passed through different hands. This he accomplished, adding to the purchase other contiguous lands, on which he planted a village, built and endowed a church and schools, and proved himself to be emphatically the father of his people.—ED.

† The saint's name of *Veronica* was introduced into our family through my great-

more to me, and I declared she should have five hundred pounds of additional fortune.

We talked of the practice of the law. Sir William Forbes said he thought an honest lawyer should never undertake a cause which he was satisfied was not a just one. "Sir," said Mr. Johnson, "a lawyer has no business with the justice or injustice of the cause which he undertakes, unless his client ask his opinion, and then he is bound to give it honestly. The justice or injustice of the cause is to be decided by the judge. Consider, sir, what is the purpose of courts of justice. It is that every man may have his cause fairly tried, by men appointed to try causes. A lawyer is not to tell what he knows to be a lie; he is not to produce what he knows to be a false deed; but he is not to usurp the province of the jury and the judge, and determine what shall be the effect of evidence—what shall be the result of legal argument. As it rarely happens that a man is fit to plead his own cause, lawyers are a class of the community who by study and experience have acquired the art and power of arranging evidence, and of applying to the points at issue what the law has settled. A lawyer is to do for his client all that his client might fairly do for himself, if he could. If by a superiority of attention, of knowledge, of skill, and a better method of communication, he has the advantage of his adversary, it is an advantage to which he is entitled. There must always be some advantage, on one side or other; and it is better that advantage should be had by talents than by chance. If lawyers were to undertake no causes till they were sure they were just, a man might be precluded altogether from a trial of his claim, though, were it judicially examined, it might be found a very just claim." This was sound, practical doctrine, and rationally repressed a too refined scrupulosity of conscience.

Emigration was at this time a common topic of discourse. Dr.

grandmother Veronica, Countess of Kincardine, a Dutch lady of the noble house of Sommelsdyck, of which there is a full account in Bayle's Dictionary. The family had once a princely right in Surinam. The governor of that settlement was appointed by the States General, the town of Amsterdam, and Sommelsdyck. The States General have acquired Sommelsdyck's right; but the family has still great dignity and opulence, and by intermarriages is connected with many other noble families. When I was at the Hague I was received with all the affection of kindred. The present Sommelsdyck has an important charge in the Republic, and is as worthy a man as lives. He has honoured me with his correspondence for these twenty years. My great-grandfather, the husband of the Countess Veronica, was Alexander, Earl of Kincardine, that eminent Royalist, whose character is given by Burnet in his History of his own Times. From him the blood of *Bruce* flows in my veins. Of such ancestry who would not be proud? And as *Nihil est, nisi hoc sciat alter,* is peculiarly true of genealogy, who would not be glad to seize a fair opportunity to let it be known?—BOSWELL.

[Miss Veronica Boswell lived to repay her father's doating fondness by watching over him with unwearied care during his last illness. Her pious labours hastened her own death, which took place Sept. 26, 1795, in her twenty-second year.—ED.]

Johnson regretted it as hurtful to human happiness; "For," said he, "it spreads mankind, which weakens the defence of a nation, and lessens the comfort of living. Men, thinly scattered, make a shift, but a bad shift, without many things. A smith is ten miles off; they'll do without a nail or a staple. A tailor is far from them; they'll botch their own clothes. It is being concentrated which produces high convenience."

Sir William Forbes, Mr. Scott and I accompanied Mr. Johnson to the chapel founded by Lord Chief Baron Smith for the service of the Church of England. The Rev. Mr. Carr, the senior clergyman, preached from these words, "Because the Lord reigneth, let the earth be glad." I was sorry to think Mr. Johnson did not attend to the sermon, Mr. Carr's low voice not being strong enough to reach his hearing. A selection of Mr. Carr's sermons has, since his death, been published by Sir William Forbes, and the world has acknowledged their uncommon merit. I am well assured Lord Mansfield has pronounced them to be excellent.*

Here I obtained a promise from Lord Chief Baron Ord that he would dine at my house next day. I presented Mr. Johnson to his lordship, who politely said to him, "I have not the honour of knowing you, but I hope for it, and to see you at my house. I am to wait on you to-morrow." This respectable English judge will be long remembered in Scotland, where he built an elegant house, and lived in it magnificently.† His own ample fortune, with the addition of his salary, enabled him to be splendidly hospitable. It may be fortunate for an individual amongst ourselves to be Lord Chief Baron, and a most worthy man now has the office; but in my opinion it is better for Scotland in general that some of our public employments should be filled by gentlemen of distinction from the south side of the Tweed, as we have the benefit of promotion in England. Such an interchange would make a beneficial mixture of manners, and render our union more complete. Lord Chief Baron Ord was on good terms with us all, in a narrow country filled with jarring interests and keen parties; and though I well knew his opinion to be the same with my own, he kept himself aloof at a very critical period indeed, when the Douglas cause shook the sacred security of *birthright* in Scotland to its foundation; a cause which, had it happened before the Union, when there was no appeal to a British House of Lords, would have left the great fortress of honours and of property in ruins.

When we got home Dr. Johnson desired to see my books. He

* The Rev. George Carr was born at Newcastle in 1704. He was thirty-nine years senior clergyman of the Episcopal Chapel at Edinburgh, and died August 18, 1776. See Forbes's "Life of Beattie."—ED.

† Baron Ord died at Edinburgh, February 12, 1778.—ED.

took down Ogden's "Sermons on Prayer," on which I set a very high value, having been much edified by them, and he retired with them to his room. He did not stay long, but soon joined us in the drawing-room. I presented to him Mr. Robert Arbuthnot, a relation of the celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot, and a man of literature and taste. To him we were obliged for a previous recommendation, which secured us a very agreeable reception at St. Andrews, and which Dr. Johnson, in his "Journey," ascribes to some invisible friend.*

Of Dr. Beattie Mr. Johnson said, "Sir, he has written like a man conscious of the truth, and feeling his own strength.† Treating your adversary with respect is giving him an advantage to which he is not entitled. The greatest part of men cannot judge of reasoning, and are impressed by character; so that if you allow your adversary a respectable character, they will think that, though you differ from him, you may be in the wrong. Sir, treating your adversary with respect is striking soft in a battle. And as to Hume, a man who has so much conceit as to tell all mankind that they have been bubbled for ages, and he is the wise man who sees better than they, a man who has so little scrupulosity as to venture to oppose those principles which have been thought necessary to happiness, is he to be surprised if another man comes and laughs at him? If he is the great man he thinks himself, all this cannot hurt him; it is like throwing peas against a rock." He added "something much too rough," both as to Mr. Hume's head and heart, which I suppress. Violence is, in my opinion, not suitable to the Christian cause. Besides, I always lived on good terms with Mr. Hume, though I have frankly told him I was not clear that it was right in me to keep company with him. "But," said I, "how much better are you than your books!" He was cheerful, obliging, and instructive; he was charitable to the poor; and many an agreeable hour have I passed with him. I have preserved some entertaining and interesting memoirs of him, particularly when he knew himself to be dying, which I may some time or other communicate to the world.‡ I shall not, however,

* Dr. Beattie, in a letter to Mrs. Montague, gives a high character of this gentleman, who had been in business at Peterhead, and was afterwards Secretary to the Board of Trustees for Fisheries and Manufactures in Scotland. He died November 5th, 1803. —Ed.

† Beattie's "Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in Opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism," had been published three years before, in May, 1770. The warmth with which he attacked Hume made many friends and many enemies to the book, and contributed to its success. It is now justly placed below the moral and critical dissertations of the same author.—Ed.

‡ The communication was never made. No good Life of Hume was published until 1846, when a copious and able memoir, founded on family papers and other authentic materials, was written by Mr. J. Hill Burton, Advocate.—Ed.

extol him so very highly as Dr. Adam Smith does, who says, in a letter to Mr. Strahan the printer, not a confidential letter to his friend, but a letter which is published* with all formality: "Upon the whole, I have always considered him, both in his lifetime and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit." Let Dr. Smith consider; was not Mr. Hume blessed with good health, good spirits, good friends, a competent and increasing fortune? And had he not also a perpetual feast of fame? But, as a learned friend has observed to me, "What trials did he undergo to prove the perfection of his virtue? Did he ever experience any great instance of adversity?" When I read this sentence delivered by my old instructor, Professor of Moral Philosophy, I could not help exclaiming with the Psalmist, "Surely I have now more understanding than my teachers!"



DR. ADAM SMITH.

While we were talking, there came a note to me from Dr. William Robertson.

* This letter, though shattered by the sharp shot of Dr. Horne of Oxford's wit, in the character of "One of the People called Christians," is still prefixed to Mr. Hume's excellent "History of England," like a poor invalid on the piquet guard, or like a list of quack medicines sold by the same bookseller, by whom a work of whatever nature is published; for it has no connexions with his history, let it have what it may with what are called his philosophical works. A worthy friend of mine in London was lately consulted by a lady of quality, of most distinguished merit, what was the best "History of England" for her son to read. My friend recommended Hume's. But upon recollecting that its usher was a superlative panegyric on one who endeavoured to sap the credit of our holy religion, he revoked his recommendation. I am really sorry for this ostentatious alliance, because I admire "The Theory of Moral Sentiments," and value the greatest part of "An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of

DEAR SIR,—I have been expecting every day to hear from you of Dr. Johnson's arrival. Pray what do you know about his motions? I long to take him by the hand. I write this from the college, where I have only this scrap of paper. Ever yours, W. R.

Sunday.

It pleased me to find Dr. Robertson thus eager to meet Dr. Johnson. I was glad I could answer that he was come; and begged Dr. Robertson might be with us as soon as he could.

Sir William Forbes, Mr. Scott, Mr. Arbuthnot, and another gentleman dined with us. "Come, Dr. Johnson," said I, "it is commonly thought that our veal in Scotland is not good. But here is some which I believe you will like." There was no catching him.—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, what is commonly thought I should take to be true. *Your* veal may be good; but that will only be an exception to the general opinion, not a proof against it."

Dr. Robertson, according to the custom of Edinburgh at that time, dined in the interval between the forenoon and afternoon service, which was then later than now; so we had not the pleasure of his company till dinner was over, when he came and drank wine with us. And then began some animated dialogue, of which here follows a pretty full note.

We talked of Mr. Burke. Dr. Johnson said he had great variety of knowledge, store of imagery, copiousness of language.—ROBERTSON: "He has wit too."—JOHNSON: "No, sir, he never succeeds there. 'Tis low; 'tis conceit. I used to say Burke never once made a good joke.* What I most envy Burke for is his being constantly

Nations." Why should such a writer be so forgetful of human comfort as to give any countenance to that dreary infidelity which would "make us poor indeed?"—BOSWELL.

[This is the boldest sally of Boswell against any eminent living individual—that individual, too, a Scotsman in high society, and a member of the Literary Club. He must have been mortified, however, to find that the very next year after the publication of his third edition, namely in 1787, Adam Smith was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He died July 17th, 1790, aged sixty-seven. "The appearance and habits of the retired philosopher, his grave look and somewhat formal, precise manner, ludicrously varied at times by his habitual absence of mind, are well known, and have been vividly depicted by Scott. Mr. Rogers the poet remembers having met Adam Smith, and still retains one of his visiting cards, from which it appears that the great political economist, like Johnson, continued to use the plain prefix of "Mr." after he had received the honorary degree of Doctor.—ED.]

* This was one of the points upon which Dr. Johnson was strangely heterodox. For surely Mr. Burke, with his other remarkable qualities, is also distinguished for his wit, and for wit of all kinds too; not merely that power of language which Pope chooses to denominate wit—

"True wit is Nature to advantage dressed;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed"—

but surprising allusions, brilliant sallies of vivacity, and pleasant conceits. His speeches in Parliament are strewed with them. Take, for instance, the variety which he has given in his wide range yet exact detail when exhibiting his Reform Bill. And his con-

the same. He is never what we call humdrum; never unwilling to begin to talk, nor in haste to leave off."—BOSWELL: "Yet he can listen."—JOHNSON: "No, I cannot say he is good at that. So desirous is he to talk, that if one is speaking at this end of the table, he'll speak to somebody at the other end. Burke, sir, is such a man, that if you met him for the first time in the street where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner that when you parted you would say, This is an extraordinary man. Now, you may be long enough with me without finding anything extraordinary." He said he believed Burke was intended for the law; but either had not money enough to follow it, or had not diligence enough. He said he could not understand how a man could apply to one thing and not to another. Robertson said one man had more judgment, another more imagination.—JOHNSON: "No, sir; it is only one man has more mind than another. He may direct it differently; he may, by accident, see the success of one kind of study, and take a desire to excel in it. I am persuaded that had Sir Isaac Newton applied to

versation abounds in wit. Let me put down a specimen. I told him I had seen at a blue-stocking assembly a number of ladies sitting round a worthy and tall friend of ours, listening to his literature. "Ay," said he, "like maids round a may-pole." I told him I had found out a perfect definition of human nature, as distinguished from the animal. An ancient philosopher said man was "a two-legged animal without feathers;" upon which his rival sage had a cock plucked bare, and set him down in the school before all the disciples as a "philosophic man." Dr. Franklin said man was "a tool-making animal," which is very well, for no animal but man makes a thing by means of which he can make another thing. But this applies to very few of the species. My definition of man is "a cooking animal." The beasts have memory, judgment, and all the faculties and passions of our mind in a certain degree; but no beast is a cook. The trick of the monkey using the cat's paw to roast a chesnut is only a piece of shrewd malice in that *turpissima bestia* which humbles us so sadly by its similarity to us. Man alone can dress a good dish; and every man whatever is more or less a cook, in seasoning what he himself eats. "Your definition is good," said Mr. Burke; "and I now see the full force of the common proverb, 'There is *reason* in roasting of eggs.'" When Mr. Wilkes, in his days of tumultuous opposition, was borne upon the shoulders of the mob, Mr. Burke (as Mr. Wilkes told me himself with classical admiration) applied to him what Horace says of Pindar—

"———*numeris*que fertur
Lege *solutis*."

Sir Joshua Reynolds, who agrees with me entirely as to Mr. Burke's fertility of wit, said that this was "dignifying a pun." He also observed that he has often heard Burke say, in the course of an evening, ten good things, each of which would have served a noted wit (whom he named) to live upon for a twelvemonth.

I find, since the former edition, that some persons have objected to the instances which I have given of Mr. Burke's wit, as not doing justice to my very ingenious friend; the specimens produced having, it is alleged, more of conceit than real wit, and being merely sportive sallies of the moment, not justifying the encomium which they think with me he undoubtedly merits. I was well aware how hazardous it was to exhibit particular instances of wit, which is of so airy and spiritual a nature as often to elude the hand that attempts to grasp it. The excellence and efficacy of a *bon mot* depend frequently

poetry, he would have made a very fine epic poem. I could as easily apply to law as to tragic poetry."—BOSWELL: "Yet, sir, you did apply to tragic poetry, not to law."—JOHNSON: "Because, sir, I had not money to study law. Sir, the man who has vigour may walk to the east just as well as to the west, if he happens to turn his head that way."—BOSWELL: "But, sir, 'tis like walking up and down a hill, one man will naturally do the one better than the other. A hare will run up a hill best, from her fore legs being short; a dog down."—JOHNSON: "Nay, sir, that is from mechanical powers. If you make mind mechanical, you may argue in that manner. One mind is a vice, and holds fast; there's a good memory. Another is a . and he is a disputant, a controversialist. Another is a razor, and he is sarcastical." We talked of Whitefield. He said he was at the same college with him, and knew him *before he began to be better than other people* (smiling); that he believed he sincerely meant well, but had a mixt[illegible] of politics and ostentation; whereas Wesley thought

much on the [illegible]casion on which it is spoken, on the particular manner of the speaker, the person to whom it is applied, the previous introduction, and a thousand minute particulars which cannot be easily enumerated, that it is always dangerous to detach a witty saying from the group to which it belongs, and to set it before the eye of the spectator, divested of those concomitant circumstances which gave it animation, mellowness and relief. I ventured, however, at all hazards, to put down the first instances that occurred to me, as proofs of Mr. Burke's lively and brilliant fancy; but am very sensible that his numerous friends could have suggested many of a superior quality. Indeed, the being in company with him for a single day is sufficient to show that what I have asserted is well-founded; and it was only necessary to have appealed to all who know him intimately for a com[illegible] refutation of the heterodox opinion entertained by Dr. Johnson on this subject. He allowed Mr. Burke, as the reader will find hereafter, to be a man of consummate and un[illegible]alled abilities in every light except that now under consideration, and the variety of his allusions and splendour of his imagery have made such an impression on all the rest of the world, that superficial observers are apt to overlook his other merits, and to suppose that wit is his chief and most prominent excellence, when in fact it is only one of the many talents that he possesses, which are so various and extraordinary that it is very difficult to ascertain precisely the rank and value of each. BOSWELL.

[The additional note on Burke, beginning with "I find since the former edition," was contributed by Malone to the second edition of Boswell's Journal. Malone superintended the work through the press while the author was in Scotland, and took that occasion to buttress up his friend's argument. See "Life of Johnson," under date April 25th, 1778. It is surprising that Malone did not, in justification of his opinion of Burke, cite the orator's celebrated description of Lord Chatham's Administration that memorable piece of cabinet *joinery*, "so crossly indented and whimsically dove-tailed." Still more witty, perhaps, was Burke's allusion to Pitt and the commercial treaty with France, in which he said that Pitt contemplated the treaty as an affair of two little counting-houses, and not of two great nations—as "a contention between the sign of the *Fleur-de-lis* and the sign of the *Old Red Lion* for which should obtain the best custom." This speech, however, was not delivered till 1787. The letter to a noble lord in defence of his pension is a still later production, but abounds in witty and brilliant passages. Burke was too copious, eloquent, and discursive—too rich in imagination, and too ardent and impetuous in feeling, to study pointed or witty sentences. In repartee he was, like all his other contemporaries, greatly inferior to Johnson.—ED.]

of religion only.* Robertson said Whitefield had strong natural eloquence, which, if cultivated, would have done great things.—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, I take it he was at the height of what his abilities could do, and was sensible of it. He had the ordinary advantages of education; but he chose to pursue that oratory which is for the mob." —BOSWELL: "He had great effect on the passions."—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, I don't think so. He could not represent a succession of pathetic images. He vociferated and made an impression. There, again, was a mind like a hammer." Dr. Johnson now said a certain eminent political friend of ours was wrong in his maxim of sticking to a certain set of men on all occasions. "I can see that a man may do right to stick to a party," said he, "that is to say, he is a Whig or he is a Tory, and he thinks one of those parties upon the whole the best, and that to make it prevail it must be generally supported, though in particulars it may be wrong. He takes its faggot of principles, in which there are fewer rotten sticks than in the other, though some rotten sticks to be sure; and they cannot well be separated But to bind one's self to one man, or one set of men (who may be right to-day and wrong to-morrow), without any general preference of system, I must disapprove."†

* That cannot be said now, after the flagrant part which Mr. John Wesley took against our American brethren, when, in his own name, he threw among his enthusiastic flock the very individual combustibles of Dr. Johnson's "Taxation no Tyranny;" and after the intolerant spirit which he manifested against our fellow-Christians of the Roman Catholic communion, for which that able champion, Father O'Leary, has given him so hearty a drubbing. But I should think myself very unworthy if I did not at the same time acknowledge Mr. John Wesley's merit, as a veteran "soldier of Jesus Christ," who has, I do believe, turned many from darkness into light, and from the power of Satan to the living God.—BOSWELL.

[Wesley lived till after the publication of this note. He died March 2nd, 1791, aged eighty-eight. Johnson's depreciating criticism of Whitefield must be attributed to prejudice or caprice. It required no small oratorical talent and pathetic eloquence to draw tears down the cheeks of thousands of the Bristol colliers, and to move with delight and enthusiasm men like Chesterfield, Bolingbroke, Hume and Franklin. Whitefield said he would rather *wear out* than *rust out;* and his extraordinary exertions cut him off, Sept. 29th, 1770, in his fifty-sixth year.—ED.]

† If due attention were paid to this observation, there would be more virtue, even in politics. What Dr. Johnson justly condemned has, I am sorry to say, greatly increased in the present reign. At the distance of four years from this conversation, 21st February, 1777, my Lord Archbishop of York, in his "Sermon before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," thus indignantly describes the then state of parties:—

"Parties once had a principle belonging to them, absurd perhaps, and indefensible, but still carrying a notion of duty, by which honest minds might easily be caught. . . . But there are now combinations of individuals, who, instead of being the sons and servants of the community, make a league for advancing their private interests. It is their business to hold high the notion of political honour. I believe and trust it is not injurious to say, that such a bond is no better than that by which the lowest and wickedest combinations are held together; and that it denotes the last stage of political depravity."

He told us of Cooke, who translated Hesiod, and lived twenty years on a translation of Plautus, for which he was always taking subscriptions; and that he presented Foote to a club, in the following singular manner: "This is the nephew of the gentleman who was lately hung in chains for murdering his brother."*

In the evening I introduced to Mr. Johnson† two good friends of mine, Mr. William Nairne, advocate, and Mr. Hamilton, of Sundrum, my neighbour in the country, both of whom supped with us. I have preserved nothing of what passed, except that Dr. Johnson displayed another of his heterodox opinions, a contempt of tragic acting. He said "the action of all players in tragedy is bad. It should be a man's study to repress those signs of emotion and passion, as they are called." He was of a directly contrary opinion to that of Fielding, in his "Tom Jones," who makes Partridge say of Garrick, "Why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did." For, when I asked him, "Would not you, sir, start as Mr. Garrick does if you saw a ghost?" he answered, "I hope not. If I did I should frighten the ghost."

MONDAY, AUGUST 16.

Dr. William Robertson came to breakfast. We talked of "Ogden

To find a thought, which just showed itself to us from the mind of Johnson, thus appearing again at such a distance of time, and without any communication between them, enlarged to full growth in the mind of Markham, is a curious object of philosophical contemplation. That two such great and luminous minds should have been so dark in one corner, that they should have held it to be "wicked rebellion in the British subjects established in America, to resist the abject condition of holding all their property at the mercy of British subjects remaining at home, while their allegiance to our common Lord the King was to be preserved inviolate," is a striking proof to me, either that "He who sitteth in heaven" scorns the loftiness of human pride, or that the Evil Spirit, whose personal existence I strongly believe, and even in this age am confirmed in that belief by a Fell, nay, by a Hurd, has more power than some choose to allow.—BOSWELL.

* Samuel Goodier, Esq., Commander of the "Ruby" man of war. While his vessel lay at anchor off Bristol in January 1741, Captain Goodier, with the assistance of two ruffians, carried off his brother, Sir John Dinely Goodier, Bart., and murdered him on board ship. They put the unfortunate baronet into the purser's cabin in the "Ruby," when the captain stood sentry on the door with a cutlass, while his accomplices strangled him with a cord. The captain remained on board with the dead body till he was apprehended. The whole affair looks like insanity; but Captain Goodier and the two men were tried and hanged at Bristol. Cooke, who translated Hesiod, wrote a Life of Foote. He was a careless, dissipated *litterateur*, and died in distressed circumstances in 1756. —ED.

† It may be observed that I sometimes call my great friend Mr. Johnson, sometimes Dr. Johnson; though he had at this time a doctor's degree from Trinity College, Dublin. The University of Oxford afterwards conferred it upon him by a diploma, in very honourable terms. It was some time before I could bring myself to call him Doctor but, as he has been long known by that title, I shall give it to him in the rest of this Journal —BOSWELL.

on Prayer." Dr. Johnson said, "The same arguments which are used against God's hearing prayer will serve against his rewarding good and punishing evil. He has resolved, he has declared, in the former case as in the latter." He had last night looked into Lord Hailes's "Remarks on the History of Scotland." Dr. Robertson and I said it was a pity Lord Hailes did not write greater things His lordship had not then published his "Annals of Scotland."*—JOHNSON: "I remember I was once on a visit at the house of a lady for whom I had a high respect. There was a good deal of company in the room. When they were gone I said to this lady, 'What foolish talking have we had!' 'Yes,' said she, 'but while they talked, you said nothing.' I was struck with the reproof. How much better is the man who does anything that is innocent than he who does nothing! Besides, I love anecdotes. I fancy mankind may come, in time, to write all aphoristically, except in narrative; grow weary of preparation, and connexion, and illustration, and all those arts by which a big book is made. If a man is to wait till he weaves anecdotes into a system we may be long in getting them, and get but few in comparison of what we might get."

Dr. Robertson said the notions of Eupham Macallan, a fanatic woman, of whom Lord Hailes gives a sketch, were still prevalent among some of the Presbyterians, and therefore it was right in Lord Hailes, a man of known piety, to undeceive them.†

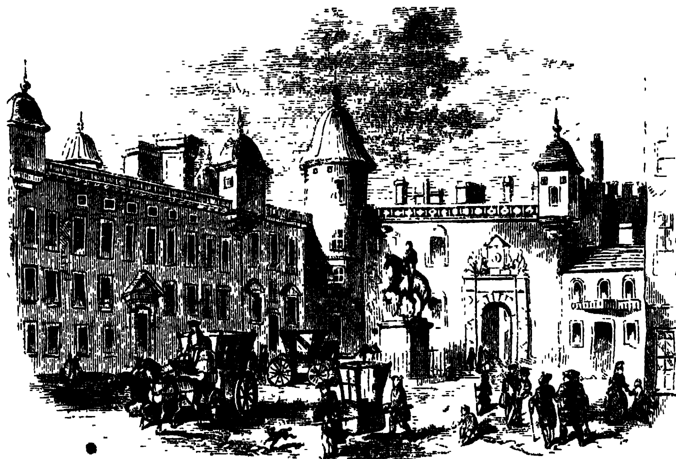
* Lord Hailes was a very voluminous writer, collector and annotator. His various publications, legal, historical, theological and antiquarian, were fifty or sixty in number, and range over a long period, from 1751 to 1790. Some of his professional treatises are esteemed highly valuable; but the best known of his works are his reply to Gibbon, and his "Annals of Scotland." The former has been in a great measure superseded by the more vigorous and popular "Apology" of Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff; but the "Annals" entitle Lord Hailes to be regarded as the father of authentic Scottish history. "He wrought upon his historical collections," Scott finely remarks, "like Ulysses upon his bark in the island of Calypso, to leave land upon his lonely voyage unanimated by any plaudits, and not expecting any when he should return; the whole object of his enterprise a search after truth, his only reward the mental satisfaction of having discovered it." The learned lord is said to have occasionally exhibited, both at the bar and on the bench, an undue attention to minutiæ; and Boswell's veneration for the judge did not prevent his glancing satirically at this failing. In the "Court of Session Garland," a rhyming sketch of the Scottish bench about the year 1771, of which Boswell obtains the credit, this couplet appears:

"'This cause,' cries Hailes, 'to judge I can't pretend,
For *justice*, I perceive, wants an *e* at the end.'"

There was a Parliament-house joke that Lord Hailes had on one occasion seriously objected to a law-paper in which the word justice had been thus mis-spelt. In the composition of the "Garland" Boswell is said to have been assisted by Mr. Maclaurin; to use a Johnsonian phrase, there is a combination in it of which Boswell alone was hardly capable.—ED.

† We have not been able to find any mention of this case in the lists of tracts by Lord Hailes, in the "Scots Magazine," or in the catalogue of the Abbotsford library.

We walked out that Dr. Johnson might see some of the things which we have to show at Edinburgh. We went to the Parliament-house, where the Parliament of Scotland sat, and where the ordinary



Lords of Session hold their courts; and to the New Session-house adjoining to it, where our Court of Fifteen (the fourteen Ordinaries, with the Lord President at their head) sit as a Court of Review. We went to the Advocates' Library, of which Dr. Johnson took a cursory view, and then to what is called the Laigh, or under Parliament-house, where the records of Scotland, which have a universal security by register, are deposited till the great Register Office be finished. I was pleased to behold Dr. Samuel Johnson rolling about in this old magazine of antiquities. There was by this time a pretty numerous circle of us attending upon him. Somebody talked of happy moments for composition; and how a man can write at one time and not at another. "Nay," said Dr. Johnson, "a man may write at any time, if he will set himself doggedly* to it."

There is a Eupham Macallan, or Macalzean, well known in Scotch history, who was burned as a witch in 1591. She was a daughter of one of the judges, Lord Cliftonhall. Her case is recorded in Arnot's and Pitcairn's "Criminal Trials." The person referred to may be Mrs. Mitchelson, a woman who prophesied to the Covenanters in 1638, and drew immense crowds to hear her ravings, which even clergymen believed to be of divine origin. Boswell, we suspect, had confounded the reputed witch, whose name is uncommon, with the covenanting prophetess.—ED.

* This word is commonly used to signify sullenly, gloomily; and in that sense alone

I here began to indulge old Scottish sentiments, and to express a warm regret that by our union with England we were no more—our independent kingdom was lost.—JOHNSON: "Sir, never talk of your independency, who could let your queen remain twenty years in captivity, and then be put to death, without even a pretence of justice, without your ever attempting to rescue her; and such a queen, too, as every man of any gallantry of spirit would have sacrificed his life for."—Worthy Mr. JAMES KERR, Keeper of the Records: "Half



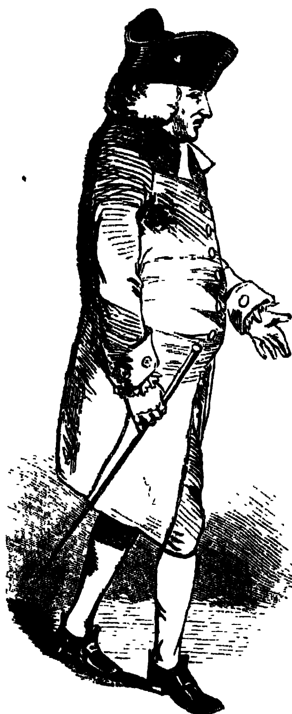
THE OLD TOWN, EDINBURGH.—ST. GILES'S CHURCH.

our nation was bribed by English money."—JOHNSON: "Sir, that is no defence; that makes you worse."—Good Mr. BROWN, Keeper of the Advocates' Library: "We had better say nothing about it."—BOSWELL: "You would have been glad, however, to have had us last war, sir, to fight your battles."—JOHNSON: "We should have had you for the same price though there had been no Union, as we

it appears in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. I suppose he meant by it, "with an obstinate resolution, similar to that of a sullen man."—BOSWELL.

might have had Swiss or other troops. No, no, I shall agree to a separation. You have only to *go home*." Just as he had said this, I, to divert the subject, showed him the signed assurances of the three successive kings of the Hanover family to maintain the Presbyterian establishment in Scotland. "We'll give you that," said he, "into the bargain."

We next went to the great church of St. Giles, which has lost its original magnificence in the inside, by being divided into four places of Presbyterian worship. "Come," said Dr. Johnson jocularly to Principal Robertson,* "let me see what was once a church!" We entered that division which was formerly called the "New Church," and of late the "High Church," so well known by the eloquence of Dr. Hugh Blair. It is now very elegantly fitted up, but it was then shamefully dirty. Dr. Johnson said nothing at the time, but when we came to the great door of the Royal Infirmary, where upon a board was this inscription, "Clean your feet!" he turned about slyly and said, "There is no occasion for putting this at the doors of your churches."



AM ROBERTSON

We then conducted him down the Post-house stairs, Parliament-close, and made him look up from the Cow-gate to the highest building in Edinburgh (from which he had just descended), being thirteen floors or storeys from the ground upon the back elevation; the front wall being built upon the edge of the hill, and the back wall

* I have hitherto called him Dr. William Robertson, to distinguish him from Dr. James Robertson, who is soon to make his appearance. But Principal, from his being the head of our college, is his usual designation, and is shorter; so I shall use it hereafter.—BOSWELL.

[It is unnecessary to repeat the incidents of a life so uniform and so well known as

rising from the bottom of the hill several storeys before it comes to a level with the front wall. We proceeded to the College, with the Principal at our head. Dr. Adam Fergusson, whose "Essay on the History of Civil Society" gives him a respectable place in the ranks of literature, was with us.* As the College buildings are indeed very mean, the Principal said to Dr. Johnson, that he must give them the same epithet that a Jesuit did when showing a poor college abroad. "Hæ miseriæ nostræ." Dr. Johnson was, however, much pleased with the library, and with the conversation of Dr James Robertson, professor of oriental languages, the librarian. We talked



DR. ADAM FERGUSSON.

of Kennicot's edition of the Hebrew Bible, and hoped it would be quite faithful.—JOHNSON: "Sir, I know not any crime so great that a man could contrive to commit, as poisoning the sources of eternal truth."

I pointed out to him where there formerly stood an old wall inclosing part of the college, which I remember bulged out in a threatening manner, and of which there was a common tradition similar to that concerning Bacon's study at Oxford, that it would fall upon some very learned man. It had some time before this been taken down, that the street might be widened, and a more convenient wall built. Dr. Johnson, glad of an opportunity to have a pleasant hit at Scottish learning, said, "They were afraid it never would fall."

We showed him the Royal Infirmary, for which, and for every other exertion of generous public spirit in his power, that noble-minded citizen of Edinburgh, George Drummond, will be ever held

that of Robertson. He retained his honours to the age of seventy-one, dying, June 11th, 1793. His friend Dr. Blair attained to the age of eighty-three, and died, December 27th, 1800.—ED.]

* Dr. Adam Fergusson outlived all the members of that brilliant circle of Scottish literati with whom he was connected. "He recovered," says Scott, "from a decided shock of paralysis in the sixtieth year of his life; from which period he became a strict Pythagorean in his diet, eating nothing but vegetables, and drinking only water or milk. He survived till the year 1816, when he died in full possession of his mental faculties at the advanced age of ninety-three."—ED.

in honourable remembrance.* And we were too proud not to carry him to the Abbey of Holyrood-house, that beautiful piece of architecture, but, alas! that deserted mansion of royalty, which Hamilton of Bangour, in one of his elegant poems, calls

"A virtuous palace, where no monarch dwells."

I was much entertained while Principal Robertson fluently harangued to Dr. Johnson upon the spot, concerning the scenes of his celebrated "History of Scotland." We surveyed that part of the palace appropriated to the Duke of Hamilton, as keeper, in which



our beautiful Queen Mary lived, and in which David Rizzio was murdered, and also the state rooms. Dr. Johnson was a great reciter of all sorts of things, serious or comical. I overheard him repeating here, in a kind of muttering tone, a line of the old ballad, "Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night:"

"And ran him through the fair body."†

We returned to my house, where there met him at dinner the

* He was seven times elected Provost of Edinburgh, and died in 1766. A bust of Mr. Drummond by Nollekens was placed in the entrance hall of the Infirmary.—ED.

† The stanza from which he took this line is,

"But then rose up all Edinburgh,
They rose up by thousands three;
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
And ran him through the fair body!"—BOSWELL.

Duchess of Douglas, Sir Adolphus Oughton, Lord Chief Baron, Sir William Forbes, Principal Robertson, Mr. Cullen, advocate. Before dinner he told us of a curious conversation between the famous George Faulkner and him. George said that England had drained Ireland of fifty thousand pounds in specie annually for fifty years. "How so, sir?" said Dr. Johnson; "you must have a very great trade?" "No trade." "Very rich mines?" "No mines." "From whence, then, does all this money come?" "Come! why out of the blood and bowels of the poor people of Ireland!"

He seemed to me to have an unaccountable prejudice against Swift; for I once took the liberty to ask him if Swift had personally offended him, and he told me he had not. He said to-day, "Swift is clear, but he is shallow. In coarse humour he is inferior to Arbuthnot; in delicate humour he is inferior to Addison; so he is inferior to his contemporaries, without putting him against the whole world. I doubt if the 'Tale of a Tub' was his, it has so much more thinking, more knowledge, more power, more colour than any of the works which are indisputably his. If it was his, I shall only say, he was *impar sibi*."*

We gave him as good a dinner as we could. Our Scotch muir-fowl or grouse were then abundant, and quite in season; and so far as wisdom and wit can be aided by administering agreeable sensations to the palate, my wife took care that our great guest should not be deficient.

Sir Adolphus Oughton, then our deputy commander-in-chief, who was not only an excellent officer, but one of the most universal scholars I ever knew, had learned the Erse language, and expressed his belief in the authenticity of Ossian's poetry.† Dr. Johnson took the opposite side of that perplexed question, and I was afraid the dispute would have run high between them. But Sir Adolphus, who had a very sweet temper, changed the discourse, grew playful, laughed at Lord Monboddo's notion of men having tails, and called him a judge *a posteriori*, which amused Dr. Johnson, and thus hostilities were prevented.

At supper we had Dr. Cullen, his son the advocate, Dr. Adam

* To combat this prejudice would now be a work of supererogation. Who but Swift *could* have written the "Tale of a Tub?" Had the authorship been really uncertain, Swift would have been a bishop.—ED.

† He had even translated some of the Ossianic fragments. Sir Adolphus appears to have been a highly-accomplished and amiable man. He made the tour of Italy, and amidst all his campaigns cultivated a taste for literature and the fine arts. He served under the Duke of Cumberland in Flanders and in Scotland, and commanded one of the six British regiments at the battle of Minden. He died at Bath, April 14th, 1780, aged sixty.—ED.

Fergusson, and Mr. Crosbie, advocate.* Witchcraft was introduced. Mr. Crosbie said he thought it the greatest blasphemy to suppose evil spirits counteracting the Deity, and raising storms, for instance, to destroy his creatures.—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, if moral evil be consistent with the government of the Deity, why may not physical evil be also consistent with it? Is it not more strange that there should be evil spirits than evil men, evil unembodied spirits than evil embodied spirits? And as to storms, we know there are such things; and it is no worse that evil spirits raise them than that they rise."—CROSBIE: "But it is not credible that witches



DR. CULLEN.

should have effected what they are said in stories to have done."—JOHNSON: "Sir, I am not defending their credibility; I am only saying that your arguments are not good, and will not overturn the belief of witchcraft. [Dr. Fergusson said to me aside, "He is right"] And then, sir, you have all mankind, rude and civilised, agreeing in the belief of the agency of preternatural powers. You must take evidence, you must consider that wise and great men have condemned witches to die."—CROSBIE: "But an Act of Parliament put an end to witchcraft."—JOHNSON: "No, sir, witchcraft had ceased; and therefore an Act of Parliament was passed to prevent persecution for what was not witchcraft. Why it ceased we cannot tell, as we cannot tell the reason of many other things." Dr. Cullen, to keep up the gratification of mysterious disquisition, with the grave address for which he is remarkable in his companionable as in his professional hours, talked in

* Andrew Crosbie, Esq., Vice-Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. This gentleman is believed to have been the original of Pleydell, the lawyer, in "Guy Mannering." He was equally distinguished for his eloquence and his conviviality. Dugald Stewart, in his Life of Robertson, speaks of "the copious and fervid declamation of Crosbie." He was celebrated in the Church courts. His practice was extensive and his society much courted, but habits of extravagance involved him in pecuniary difficulties, and his intemperance became more reckless and confirmed. He died February 25th, 1785, aged forty-nine. It is said that so completely had the habits of the once-popular pleader alienated his friends and sunk him in society, that only a few hired attendants could be had to follow his remains to the grave! Dr. Cullen the eminent physician died in 1790, aged eighty. His son became a judge under the title of Lord Cullen.—ED.

a very entertaining manner of people walking and conversing in their sleep. I am very sorry I have no note of this. We talked of the ouran-outang, and of Lord Monboddo's thinking he might be taught to speak. Dr. Johnson treated this with ridicule. Mr. Crosbie said that Lord Monboddo believed the existence of every thing possible; in short, that all that is in *posse* might be found in *esse*.—JOHNSON: "But, sir, it is as possible that the ouran-outang does not speak, as that he speaks. However, I shall not contest the point. I should have thought it not possible to find a Monboddo; yet he exists." I again mentioned the stage.—JOHNSON: "The appearance of a player, with whom I have drunk tea, counteracts the imagination that he is the character he represents. Nay, you know, nobody imagines that he is the character he represents. They say, 'See Garrick! how he looks to-night! See how he'll clutch the dagger!' That is the buzz of the theatre."

TUESDAY, AUGUST 17.

Sir William Forbes came to breakfast, and brought with him Dr Blacklock, whom he introduced to Dr. Johnson, who received him with a most humane complacency: "Dear Dr. Blacklock, I am glad to see you!" Blacklock seemed to be much surprised when Dr. Johnson said it was easier to him to write poetry than to compose his Dictionary. His mind was less on the stretch in doing the one than the other. Besides, composing a Dictionary requires books and a desk: you can make a poem walking in the fields, or lying in bed Dr. Blacklock spoke of scepticism in morals and religion with apparent uneasiness, as if he wished for more certainty.* Dr John-

* See his letter on this subject in the Appendix.—BOSWELL.

[A Life of Blacklock was written by Henry Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," and prefixed to an edition of the works of the blind poet published in 1793. It is also included in Mackenzie's Works, Edinburgh 1808. Blacklock was born in 1721 at Annan, county of Dumfries, and lost his eyesight by the small-pox before he was six months old. He early evinced a taste for literature, and by the assistance of Dr. Stevenson, a physician of Edinburgh, he received a classical education at the university of that city. Editions of his poems were printed in 1746, 1754, and 1756. To the latest of these Spence, the friend of Pope, contributed a Life. David Hume, Dr. Blair, and the other literati of Edinburgh, interested themselves in the fortunes of Blacklock, and his life was spent in comparative comfort and tranquillity. "It was a sight highly gratifying to philanthropy," says Henry Mackenzie, "to see how much a mind endowed with knowledge, kindled by genius, and above all, lighted up with innocence and piety, like Blacklock's, could overcome the weight of its own calamity, and enjoy the content, the happiness, and the gaiety of others." Blacklock had the honour of being the poetical preceptor of Sir Walter Scott. "The kind old man," says Scott, "opened to me the stores of his library, and through his recommendation I became intimate with Ossian and Spenser." Blacklock died at Edinburgh, July 7th, 1791. His poetry is now forgotten. It possesses some fancy, tenderness, and elegance; but his descriptions being drawn from reading and memory, want originality and force. He was compelled to look at nature "through the spectacles of books," as Dryden expresses it.—ED.]

son, who had thought it all over, and whose vigorous understanding was fortified by much experience, thus encouraged the blind bard to apply to higher speculations what we all willingly submit to in common life: in short he gave him more familiarly the able and fair reasoning of Butler's "Analogy:" "Why, sir, the greatest concern we have in this world, the choice of our profession, must be determined without demonstrative reasoning. Human life is not yet so well known, as that we can have it. And take the case of a man who is ill. I call two physicians; they differ in opinion. I am not to lie down and die between them; I must do something." The conversation then turned on atheism, on that horrible book. "Systéme de la Nature," and on the supposition of an eternal necessity without design, without a governing mind.—JOHNSON: "If it were so, why has it ceased? Why don't we see men thus produced around us now? Why, at least, does it not keep pace, in some measure, with the progress of time? If it stops because there is now no need of it, then it is plain there is, and ever has been, an all-powerful intelligence. But stay," said he, with one of his satiric laughs, "ha! ha! ha! I shall suppose Scotchmen made necessarily, and Englishmen by choice."

At dinner this day we had Sir Alexander Dick, whose amiable character and ingenious and cultivated mind are so generally known; he was then on the verge of seventy, and is now (1785) eighty-one, with his faculties entire, his heart warm, and his temper gay; Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, Mr. Maclaurin, advocate; Dr. Gregory, who now worthily fills his father's medical chair; and my uncle, Dr. Boswell.* This was one of Dr. Johnson's best days He was quite in his element. All was literature and taste, without any interruption. Lord Hailes, who was one of the best philologists in Great Britain, who has written papers in the "World," and a variety of other works in prose and in verse, both Latin and English, pleased him highly. He told him he had discovered the life



LORD HAILES.

* Sir A. Dick of Prestonfield, Bart., had practised medicine and was at one time President of the College of Physicians. On succeeding to the family estate and baronetcy he discontinued his profession, but laboured with disinterested zeal to advance medical

of Cheynel, in the "Student," to be his.—JOHNSON: "No one else knows it." Dr. Johnson had before this dictated to me a law-paper upon a question purely in the law of Scotland, concerning vicious intromission, that is to say, intermeddling with the effects of a deceased person without a regular title, which formerly was understood to subject the intermeddler to payment of all the defunct's debts. The principle has of late been relaxed. Dr. Johnson's argument was for a renewal of its strictness. The paper was printed, with additions by me, and given in to the Court of Session. Lord Hailes knew Dr. Johnson's part not to be mine, and pointed out exactly where it began and where it ended. Dr. Johnson said, "It is much, now, that his lordship can distinguish so."

In Dr. Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes" there is the following passage:

> "The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
> Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
> Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
> And Sedley cursed the charms which pleased a king."

Lord Hailes told him he was mistaken in the instances he had given of unfortunate fair ones, for neither Vane nor Sedley had a title to that description. His lordship has since been so obliging as to send me a note of this, for the communication of which I am sure my readers will thank me.

"The lines in the tenth satire of Juvenal, according to my alteration, should have run thus:

> "Yet Shore* could tell ——
> And Valiere† cursed ——."

"The first was a penitent by compulsion, the second by senti-

knowledge in Scotland, as well as promote the improvement of the city of Edinburgh. He died November 10th, 1785. Mr. Maclaurin, advocate, was in 1787 elevated to the bench under the title of Lord Dreghorn. He was a *bon vivant*, a wit and scholar, and wrote several essays and light productions: he died in 1796. Dr. James Gregory—a distinguished member of an illustrious family—lived till 1821. Dr. John Boswell, physician, Edinburgh, died in 1780.—ED.

* Mistress of Edward IV.—BOSWELL. † Mistress of Louis XIV.—IBID.

[Lord Hailes's emendations were not adopted by Johnson, but he seems to have modified the allusion to Sedley by substituting the word "form" for "charms" To have changed the name to that of Valiere would have destroyed the harmony of the verse, and made the reference more obscure. Jane Shore would perhaps have been a better instance than Ann Vane; but when Johnson wrote, the latter, as having been the mistress of Frederick Prince of Wales, and recently deceased (1736), besides being the subject of memoirs and lampoons, was well known in England. Catherine Sedley was the mistress of James II., who created her Countess of Dorchester. Sir Charles Sedley, her father, though shameless and profligate himself, seems to have felt this dishonour. He eagerly joined the party of the Prince of Orange against James, saying, "As the king has made *my* daughter a countess, I will endeavour to make *his* daughter a queen."—ED.]

ment; though the truth is, Mademoiselle de la Valiere threw herself (but still from sentiment) in the king's way. Our friend chose Vane, who was far from being well-looked, and Sedley, who was so ugly that Charles II. said his brother had her by way of penance."

Mr. Maclaurin's learning and talents enabled him to do his part very well in Dr. Johnson's company. He produced two epitaphs upon his father, the celebrated mathematician. One was in English, of which Dr. Johnson did not change one word. In the other, which was in Latin, he made several alterations. In place of the very words of Virgil, "Ubi luctus et pavor et plurima mortis imago," he wrote "Ubi luctus regnant et pavor." He introduced the word *prorsus* into the line, "Mortalibus prorsus non absit solatium," and after "Hujus enim scripta evolve," he added, "Mentemque tantarum rerum capacem corpori caduco superstitem crede," which is quite applicable to Dr. Johnson himself.*

Mr. Murray, advocate, who married a niece of Lord Mansfield's, and is now one of the judges of Scotland, by the title of Lord Henderland, sat with us a part of the evening, but did not venture to say anything that I remember, though he is certainly possessed of talents which would have enabled him to have shown himself to advantage, if too great anxiety had not prevented him.†



DR. ALEXANDER WEBSTER.

At supper we had Dr. Alexander Webster, who, though not learned, had such a knowledge of mankind, such a fund of information and entertainment, so clear a head and such

* Mr. Maclaurin's epitaph, as engraved on a marble tombstone, in the Gray-Friars church-yard, Edinburgh:

Infra situs est
COLIN MACLAURIN,
Mathes. olim in Acad. Edin. Prof.
Electus ipso Newtono suadente.
H. L. P. F.
Non ut nomini paterno consulat,
Nam tali auxilio nil eget;
Sed ut in hoc infelici campo,
Ubi luctus regnant et pavor,
Mortalibus prorsus non absit solatium
Hujus enim scripta evolve,
Mentemque tantarum rerum capacem
Corpori caduco superstitem crede.

† Lord Henderland died in 1795. His son, John Archibald Murray, is now a Judge of the Court of Session under the title of Lord Murray.—ED.

accommodating manners, that Dr. Johnson found him a very agreeable companion.*

When Dr. Johnson and I were left by ourselves, I read to him my notes of the Opinions of our Judges upon the Questions of Literary Property. He did not like them, and said, "They make me think of your judges not with that respect which I should wish to do." To the argument of one of them that there can be no property in blasphemy or nonsense, he answered, "Then your rotten sheep are mine. By that rule, when a man's house falls into decay, he must lose it."† I mentioned an argument of mine, that literary performances are not taxed; as Churchill says,

> "No statesman yet has thought it worth his pains
> To tax our labours or excise our brains;"

and therefore they are not property. "Yet," said he, "we hang a man for stealing a horse, and horses are not taxed." Mr. Pitt has since put an end to that argument.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18.

On this day we set out from Edinburgh. We should gladly have had Mr. Scott to go with us, but he was obliged to return to England. I have given a sketch of Dr. Johnson; my readers may wish to know a little of his fellow-traveller. Think, then, of a gentleman of ancient blood, the pride of which was his predominant passion. He was then in his thirty-third year, and had been about four years happily mar-

* Dr. Webster was minister of the Tolbooth parish in Edinburgh. He originated the Clergy's Widows' Fund, an admirable benevolent scheme, and was the first to draw up a return of the population in Scotland. This he accomplished in 1755. Besides his talents and industry as a calculator and statist, Dr Webster was a noted evangelical preacher and convivial companion. He was married to a young lady of great beauty, a Miss Erskine, whose favour he had solicited for a friend. The lady frankly told him that he would perhaps come better speed if he were to speak for himself; and on this hint the minister spoke both in prose and verse, and was soon successful. "It is related," says Chambers, "that going home early one morning with strong symptoms of over-indulgence upon him, and being asked by a friend who met him, 'What the Tolbooth Whigs would say if they were to see him at that moment?' he instantly replied, 'They would not believe their own eyes.'" This genial, strong-minded, and popular churchman lived to the age of seventy-seven, and died January 25th, 1784. -Ed.

† Lord Chancellor Eldon, it will be recollected, acted upon the opinion of the Scottish Judge, when an injunction was applied for to restrain the circulation of a pirated edition of Lord Byron's "Cain." He refused the injunction until it could be shown that the publisher could maintain an action for the work. "It is true," he admitted, "that this mode of dealing with the work, if it be calculated to produce mischievous effects, opens a door for its dissemination; but the duty of stopping the work does not belong to a Court of Equity, which has no criminal jurisdiction, and cannot punish or check the offence." The owner of the copyright might consider himself entitled to protection until the law had decided that the publication was mischievous. The question has not been agitated since the date of the case brought before Lord Eldon.—Ed.

ried. His inclination was to be a soldier; but his father, a respectable judge, had pressed him into the profession of the law. He had travelled a good deal, and seen many varieties of human life. He had thought more than anybody supposed, and had a pretty good stock of general learning and knowledge. He had all Dr. Johnson's principles, with some degree of relaxation. He had rather too little than too much prudence; and his imagination being lively, he often said things of which the effect was very different from the intention. He resembled sometimes

"The best good man, with the worst natured muse."*

He cannot deny himself the vanity of finishing with the encomium of Dr. Johnson, whose friendly partiality to the companion of his tour represents him as one "whose acuteness would help my inquiry, and whose gaiety of conversation and civility of manners are sufficient to counteract the inconveniences of travel in countries less hospitable than we have passed."

Dr Johnson thought it unnecessary to put himself to the additional expense of bringing with him Francis Barber, his faithful black servant, so we were attended only by my man, Joseph Ritter, a Bohemian, a fine stately fellow above six feet high, who had been over a great part of Europe, and spoke many languages. He was the best servant I ever saw Let not my readers disdain his introduction, for Dr. Johnson gave him this character: "Sir, he is a civil man and a wise man"

From an erroneous apprehension of violence, Dr. Johnson had provided a pair of pistols, some gunpowder, and a quantity of bullets but upon being assured we should run no risk of meeting any robbers, he left his arms and ammunition in an open drawer, of which he gave my wife the charge He also left in that drawer one volume of a pretty full and curious diary of his life, of which I have a few fragments, but the book has been destroyed. I wish female curiosity had been strong enough to have had it all transcribed, which might easily have been done; and I should think the theft, being *pro bono publico*, might have been forgiven. But I may be wrong. My wife told me she never once looked into it. She did not seem quite easy when we left her; but away we went.

Mr. Nairne, advocate, was to go with us as far as St. Andrews. It gives me pleasure that by mentioning his name I connect his title to the just and handsome compliment paid him by Dr. Johnson in

* Rochester of Dorset; yet Dorset's song, "To all you ladies now on land," written at sea the night before an engagement, shows that his muse could be at times propitious. Goldsmith in his "Retaliation" applies the above line, slightly altered, to Caleb Whiteford.—Ed.

his book: "A gentleman who could stay with us only long enough to make us know how much we lost by his leaving us."* When we came to Leith, I talked with perhaps too boasting an air how pretty the Frith of Forth looked; as, indeed, after the prospect from Constantinople, of which I have been told, and that from Naples, which I have seen, I believe the view of that frith and its environs, from the castle-hill of Edinburgh, is the finest prospect in Europe. "Ay," said Dr. Johnson, "that is the state of the world. Water is the same everywhere.

"'Una est injusti cærula forma maris.'"†

I told him the port here was the mouth of the river or water of Leith. "Not *Lethe*," said Mr. Nairne. "Why, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "when a Scotchman sets out from this port for England, he forgets his native country."—NAIRNE: "I hope, sir, you will forget England here."—JOHNSON: "Then 'twill still be more *Lethe*." He observed of the pier or quay, "You have no occasion for so large a one: your trade does not require it. But you are like a shopkeeper who takes a shop, not only for what he has to put in it, but that it may be believed he has a great deal to put into it." It is very true that there is now comparatively little trade upon the eastern coast of Scotland. The riches of Glasgow show how much there is in the west; and perhaps we shall find trade travel westward on a great scale as well as a small.

We talked of a man's drowning himself.—JOHNSON: "I shall never think it time to make away with myself." I put the case of Eustace Budgell, who was accused of forging a will, and sunk himself in the Thames before the trial of its authenticity came on. "Suppose, sir," said I, "that a man is absolutely sure that if he lives a few days longer he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace and expulsion from society."—JOHNSON: "Then, sir, let him go abroad to a distant country. Let him go to some place where he is *not* known; don't let him go to the devil, where he *is* known."

* Mr. Nairne was a younger son of Sir William Nairne of Dunsinnan, Bart. In 1786 he was promoted to the bench and took the title of Lord Dunsinnan. On hearing of the title, the lively Duchess of Gordon is said to have remarked to the Judge, "I am astonished, my lord, for I never knew you had *begun sinning*." In 1790 the Judge succeeded to the baronetcy, and died at a very advanced age at Dunsinnan House, March 25th, 1811. Lord Dunsinnan was greatly esteemed, and on obtaining possession of the family estate became an ardent and judicious rural improver.—ED.

† "Non illic urbes, non tu mirabere silvas;
Una est injusti cærula forma maris."
OVID. AMOR. Lib. II. El. xi.

Nor groves nor towns the ruthless ocean shows;
Unvaried still its azure surface flows.—BOSWELL.

He then said, "I see a number of people barefooted here; I suppose you all went so before the Union. Boswell, your ancestors went so when they had as much land as your family has now. Yet Auchinleck is the field of stones: there would be bad going barefooted there. The lairds, however, did it." I bought some speldings, fish (generally whitings) salted and dried in a particular manner, being dipped in the sea and dried in the sun, and eaten by the Scots by way of a relish. He had never seen them, though they are sold in London. I insisted on scottifying* his palate; but he was very reluctant. With difficulty I prevailed with him to let a bit of one of them lie in his mouth. He did not like it.

In crossing the Frith, Dr. Johnson determined that we should land upon Inch Keith. On approaching it, we first observed a high rocky shore. We coasted about, and put into a little bay on the north-west. We clambered up a very steep ascent, on which was very good grass, but rather a profusion of thistles. There were sixteen head of black cattle grazing upon the island. Lord Hailes observed to me that Brantome calls it "L'isle des chevaux," and that it was probably "*a safer* stable" than many others in his time. The fort, with an inscription on it, "Maria Re. 1564," is strongly built. Dr. Johnson examined it with much attention. He stalked like a giant among the luxuriant thistles and nettles. There are three wells in the island, but we could not find one in the fort. There must probably have been one, though now filled up, as a garrison could not subsist without it. But I have dwelt too long on this little spot. Dr. Johnson afterwards bade me try to write a description of our discovering Inch Keith, in the usual style of travellers, describing fully every particular, stating the grounds on which we concluded that it must have once been inhabited, and introducing many sage reflections, and we should see how a thing might be covered in words so as to induce people to come and survey it. All that was told might be true, and yet in reality there might be nothing to see. He said, "I'd have this island. I'd build a house, make a good landing-place, have a garden, and vines, and all sorts of trees. A rich man of a hospitable turn here would have many visitors from Edinburgh." When we had got into our boat again, he called to me, "Come, now, pay a classical compliment to the island on quitting it." I happened, luckily, in allusion to the beautiful Queen Mary, whose name is upon the fort, to think of what Virgil makes Æneas say on having left the country of his charming Dido.

* My friend General Campbell, Governor of Madras, tells me that they make speldings in the East Indies, particularly at Bombay, where they call them bambaloes.—BOSWELL.

"Invitus, regina, tuo de littore cessi."*

"Very well hit off," said he.

We dined at Kinghorn, and then got into a post-chaise. Mr. Nairne, and his servant and Joseph, rode by us. We stopped at Cupar, and drank tea. We talked of Parliament; and I said I supposed very few of the Members knew much of what was going on, as, indeed, very few gentlemen know much of their own private affairs.—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, if a man is not of a sluggish mind, he may be his own steward. If he will look into his affairs, he will soon learn. So it is as to public affairs There must always be a certain number of men of business in Parliament."—BOSWELL: "But consider, sir, what is the House of Commons? Is not a great part of it chosen by the peers? Do you think, sir, they ought to have such an influence?"—JOHNSON: "Yes, sir. Influence must ever be in proportion to property; and it is right it should."—BOSWELL: "But is there not reason to fear that the common people may be oppressed?"—JOHNSON: "No, sir. Our great fear is from want of power in Government, such a storm of vulgar force has broke in."—BOSWELL: "It has only roared."—JOHNSON: "Sir, it has roared till the judges in Westminster Hall have been afraid to pronounce sentence in opposition to the popular cry. You are frightened by what is no longer dangerous, like Presbyterians by Popery." He then repeated a passage, I think, in Butler's "Remains," which ends, "And would cry, Fire! Fire! in Noah's flood."†

We had a dreary drive, in a dusky night, to St. Andrews, where we arrived late. We found a good supper at Glass's inn, and Dr Johnson revived agreeably. He said, "The collection called 'The Muses' Welcome to King James' (First of England and Sixth of

* "——— Unhappy queen!
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state."—DRYDEN.

† The passage quoted by Dr. Johnson is in the "Character of the Assembly-man." Butler's Remains, p. 232, edit. 1754 —"He preaches, indeed, both in season and out of season; for he rails at Popery, when the land is almost lost in Presbytery; and would cry Fire! Fire! in Noah's flood."

There is reason to believe that this piece was not written by Butler, but by Sir John Birkenhead; for Wood, in his "Athenæ Oxonienses," vol. II. p. 640, enumerates it among that gentleman's works, and gives the following account of it:

"'The Assembly-man' (or, 'The Character of an Assembly-man') written 1647, Lond. 1662-3, in three sheets in qu. The copy of it was taken from the author by those who said they could not rob, because all was theirs; so excised what they liked not, and so mangled and reformed it that it was no character of an assembly, but of themselves. At length, after it had slept several years, the author published it to avoid false copies. It is also reprinted in a book entitled 'Wit and Loyalty Revived,' in a collection of some smart satyrs in verse and prose on the late times, Lond. 1682, qu., said to be written by Abr. Cowley, Sir John Birkenhead, and Hudibras, *alias* Samuel Butler."—For this information I am indebted to Mr. Reed, of Staple Inn.—BOSWELL.

Scotland), on his return to his native kingdom, showed that there was then abundance of learning in Scotland; and that the conceits in that collection with which people find fault were mere mode." He added, "We could not now entertain a sovereign so; that Buchanan had spread the spirit of learning amongst us, but we had lost it during the civil wars." He did not allow the Latin poetry of Pitcairne so much merit as has been usually attributed to it, though he owned that one of his pieces, which he mentioned, but which I am sorry is not specified in my notes, was "very well." It is not improbable that it was the poem which Prior has so elegantly translated.*

After supper we made a procession to Saint Leonard's College, the landlord walking before us with a candle, and the waiter with a lantern. That college had some time before been dissolved; and Dr. Watson, a professor here (the historian of Philip II.), had purchased the ground and what buildings remained. When we entered this court, it seemed quite academical; and we found in his house very comfortable and genteel accommodation.†

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19.

We rose much refreshed. I had with me a map of Scotland, a Bible which was given me by Lord Mountstuart when we were together in Italy, and Ogden's "Sermons on Prayer." Mr. Nairne introduced us to Dr. Watson, whom we found a well-informed man, of very amiable manners. Dr. Johnson, after they were acquainted, said, "I take great delight in him." His daughter, a very pleasing young lady, made breakfast. Dr. Watson observed that Glasgow University had fewer home-students since trade increased, as learning was rather incompatible with it.—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, as trade is now carried on by subordinate hands, men in trade have as much leisure as others; and now learning itself is a trade. A man goes to a bookseller and gets what he can. We have done with patronage.

* *Gualterus Danistonus ad Amicos.* Pitcairne wrote several pieces under the name of Walter Danniston. Prior's imitation opens in that easy, graceful style of which he was so perfect a master:—

"Studious the busy moments to deceive
That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
I credit what the Grecian dictates say,
And Samian sounds o'er Scotia's hills convey."

Pitcairne's most celebrated Latin poem is his epitaph on Viscount Dundee, translated by Dryden. This learned physician died at Edinburgh, October 20th, 1713, aged sixty-one.—ED.

† My Journal, from this day inclusive, was read by Dr. Johnson.—BOSWELL.

[Dr. Watson was then Professor of Logic in the College of St. Salvator. In 1777 he was appointed Principal of the United Colleges of St. Andrews. He died in 1781, aged fifty-one.—ED.]

In the infancy of learning, we find some great man praised for it. This diffused it among others. When it becomes general an author leaves the great, and applies to the multitude.—BOSWELL: "It is a shame that authors are not now better patronised."—JOHNSON: "No, sir. If learning cannot support a man, if he must sit with his hands across till somebody feeds him, it is as to him a bad thing, and it is better as it is. With patronage, what flattery! what falsehood! While a man is in equilibrio, he throws truth among the multitude, and lets them take it as they please; in patronage, he must say what pleases his patron, and it is an equal chance whether that be truth or falsehood."—WATSON: "But is not the case now, that, instead of flattering one person, we flatter the age?"—JOHNSON: "No, sir. The world always lets a man tell what he thinks his own way. I wonder, however, that so many people have written who might have let it alone. That people should endeavour to excel in conversation I do not wonder; because in conversation praise is instantly reverberated."

We talked of change of manners. Dr. Johnson observed that our drinking less than our ancestors was owing to the change from ale to wine. "I remember," said he, "when all the decent people in Lichfield got drunk every night, and were not the worse thought of. Ale was cheap, so you pressed strongly. When a man must bring a bottle of wine, he is not in such haste. Smoking has gone out. To be sure, it is a shocking thing, blowing smoke out of our mouths, into other people's mouths, eyes, and noses, and having the same thing done to us. Yet I cannot account why a thing which requires so little exertion, and yet preserves the mind from total vacuity, should have gone out. Every man has something by which he calms himself; beating with his feet, or so.* I remember when people in England changed a shirt only once a week; a Pandour, when he gets a shirt, greases it to make it last. Formerly, good tradesmen had no fire but in the kitchen; never in the parlour, except on Sunday. My father, who was a magistrate of Lichfield, lived thus. They never began to have a fire in the parlour but on leaving off business, or some great revolution of their life."—Dr. Watson said the hall was as a kitchen in old squires' houses.—JOHNSON: "No, sir. The hall was for great occasions, and never was used for domestic refection."† We talked of the Union, and what money it

* Dr. Johnson used to practise this himself very much.—BOSWELL.

† The nuncupative will of Milton gives a picture (inexpressibly touching in its minuteness) of the great poet dining in his kitchen at noon. The custom was formerly universal in the middle ranks. Dr. Watson, however, was right in saying that in old squires' houses the hall, and not the kitchen, was the dining-room. Up to the time of

had brought into Scotland. Dr. Watson observed, that a little money formerly went as far as a great deal now.—JOHNSON: "In speculation, it seems that a smaller quantity of money, equal in value to a larger quantity if equally divided, should produce the same effect. But it is not so in reality. Many more conveniences and elegancies are enjoyed where money is plentiful than where it is scarce. Perhaps a great familiarity with it, which arises from plenty, makes us more easily part with it."

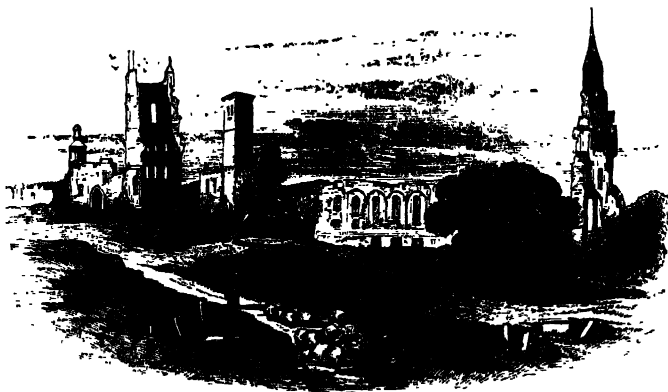
After what Dr. Johnson had said of St. Andrews, which he had long wished to see, as our oldest university, and the seat of our Primate in the days of episcopacy, I can say little. Since the publication of Dr. Johnson's book, I find that he has been censured for not seeing here the ancient chapel of St. Rule, a curious piece of sacred architecture. But this was neither his fault nor mine. We were both of us abundantly desirous of surveying such sort of antiquities; but neither of us knew of this. I am afraid the censure must fall on those who did not tell us of it.* In every place, where there is anything worthy of observation, there should be a short printed directory for strangers, such as we find in all the towns of Italy, and in some of the towns of England. I was told that there is a manuscript account of St. Andrews, by Martin, secretary to Archbishop Sharp; and that one Douglas has published a small account of it. I inquired at a bookseller's, but could not get it. Dr. Johnson's veneration for the hierarchy is well known. There is no wonder, then, that he was affected with a strong indignation while he beheld the ruins of religious magnificence. I happened to ask where John Knox was buried. Dr. Johnson burst out, "I hope in the highway! I have been looking at his reformations!"

It was a very fine day. Dr. Johnson seemed quite wrapt up in

Charles I., and perhaps later, this appears to have been the case, excepting in very stately houses. Tusser in his "Points of Huswifery" (written in the reign of Elizabeth) speaks of the hall as the refectory. The custom had changed before the days of Addison. Sir Roger de Coverley has his great hall hung with the trophies and implements of his field-sports, in which he feasts the whole village at Christmas, but it was not his common dining-room. Pope, in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, gives an exquisite description of a large old country seat with its great hall.—ED.

* Supposed to have been built before the ninth century, if not much earlier. "The Chapel was used as a Culdee place of worship, and in the early ages was regarded with much veneration. Before the erection of the Cathedral it served as the Episcopal church of the diocese. Here Hungus, King of the Picts, and his nobles, offered thanks and devotion to St. Andrew for the victory over Athelstane, which they conceived that they had obtained through the influence of the Apostle: here Constantine III. was first interred till his bones were removed to Iona: here Alexander I. bestowed the munificent grant of the *Cursus Apri*. here are interred many of the early Culdean fathers, many mitred prelates, many saints and sages, whose dust has been turned over a thousand times." Roger's "History of St. Andrews," 1849. ED.

the contemplation of the scenes which were now presented to him. He kept his hat off while he was upon any part of the ground where the cathedral had stood. He said well that Knox had set on a mob, without knowing where it would end; and that differing from a man in doctrine was no reason why you should pull his house down about his ears.* As we walked in the cloisters, there was a solemn echo, while he talked loudly of a proper retirement from the world. Mr.



CATHEDRAL OF ST. ANDREWS.

Nairne said he had an inclination to retire. I called Dr. Johnson's attention to this, that I might hear his opinion if it was right.—JOHNSON: "Yes, when he has done his duty to society. In general, as every man is obliged not only to 'love God, but his neighbour as himself,' he must bear his part in active life; yet there are exceptions. Those who are exceedingly scrupulous (which I do not approve, for I am no friend to scruples), and find their scrupulosity invincible, so that they are quite in the dark, and know not what they should do, or those who cannot resist temptations, and find they make them-

* The cathedral and monasteries of St. Andrews were desroyed, all the authorities and inhabitants concurring, on the 14th of June, 1559. Henry VIII. had previously caused the destruction of Melrose, Kelso, Dryburgh, Jedburgh, &c., and had given injunction that St. Andrews should be razed to the earth. "If Knox urged that 'to drive the rooks away, you must pull down the nests,' Henry VIII. had long before quoted the same adage for the same purpose. If Knox, at Perth and St. Andrews, preached violently or coarsely against image-worship, Queen Elizabeth appointed a scarcely less vehement 'Homily against Peril of Idolatry' to be read in every parish church of her realm. If, stirred up by Knox's sermons, the 'rascal multitude,' as he styled them, broke down shrine and statue, chantrey and chapel, the English mob had done the same in the early years of Edward VI., and the work of demolition had been completed by the formal authority of that prince and his successor."—*Quarterly Review*, June 1849.—ED.

selves worse by being in the world without making it better, may retire. I never read of a hermit, but in imagination I kiss his feet; never of a monastery, but I could fall on my knees and kiss the pavement. But I think putting young people there who know nothing of life, nothing of retirement, is dangerous and wicked. It is a saying as old as Hesiod—

Εργα νεῶν, βουλαι τε μέσων, ἔυχαι τε γερόντων.*

That is a very noble line: not that young men should not pray, or old men not give counsel, but that every season of life has its proper duties. I have thought of retiring, and have talked of it to a friend; but I find my vocation is rather to active life." I said, some young monks might be allowed to show that it is not age alone that can retire to pious solitude; but he thought this would only show that they could not resist temptation.

He wanted to mount the steeples, but it could not be done. There are no good inscriptions here. Bad Roman characters he naturally



CASTLE OF ST. ANDREWS.

mistook for half Gothic, half Roman. One of the steeples, which he was told was in danger, he wished not to be taken down; "for," said he, "it may fall on some of the posterity of John Knox; and no great matter!"† Dinner was mentioned.—JOHNSON: "Ay, ay; amidst all these sorrowful scenes, I have no objection to dinner."

We went and looked at the castle, where Cardinal Beaton was

* Let youth in deeds, in counsel man engage;
Prayer is the proper duty of old age.—BOSWELL.

† The cathedral when entire had five towers and a great steeple; three of the towers remain, and are about a hundred feet in height. By grants from the Government, the ruins of St. Andrews, with those of a similar description throughout Scotland, are kept from further decay by occasional repairs.—ED.

murdered,* and then visited Principal Murison at his college, where is a good library-room; but the Principal was abundantly vain of it, for he seriously said to Dr. Johnson, "You have not such a one in England."

The professors entertained us with a very good dinner. Present: Murison, Shaw, Cook, Hill, Haddo, Watson, Flint, Brown.† I observed, that I wondered to see him eat so well, after viewing so many sorrowful scenes of ruined religious magnificence. "Why," said he, "I am not sorry, after seeing these gentlemen; for they are not sorry." Murison said, all sorrow was bad, as it was murmuring against the dispensations of Providence.—JOHNSON: "Sir, sorrow is inherent in humanity. As you cannot judge two and two to be either five or three, but certainly four, so, when comparing a worse present state with a better which is past, you cannot but feel sorrow. It is not cured by reason, but by the incursion of present objects, which wear out the past. You need not murmur, though you are sorry."—MURISON: "But St. Paul says, I have learnt, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content."—JOHNSON: "Sir, that relates to riches and poverty; for we see St. Paul, when he had a thorn in the flesh, prayed earnestly to have it removed; and then he could not be content."—Murison, thus refuted, tried to be smart; and drank to Dr. Johnson, "Long may you lecture!" Dr. Johnson afterwards, speaking of his not drinking wine, said, "The Doctor spoke of lecturing (looking to him). I give all these lectures on water."

He defended requiring subscription in those admitted to universities, thus: "As all who come into the country must obey the king, so all who come into an university must be of the Church."

* The castle of St. Andrews is connected with many interesting historical associations. It was the residence of the chivalrous James I. of Scotland and the prison of Gawin Douglas and George Buchanan. In front of its walls George Wishart, the Protestant martyr, suffered on the 1st of March, 1545. "The executioner having kindled the fire, the powder that was fastened to his body blew up. The captain of the castle, who stood near him, perceiving that he was yet alive, bade him be of good courage and commend his soul to God. 'This flame,' said he, 'hath scorched my body, yet hath it not daunted my spirit; but he who from yonder high place beholdeth us with such pride shall within a few days lie in the same spot as ignominiously as now he is seen proudly to rest himself.'" The allusion here was to Cardinal David Beaton, who from one of the towers of the castle, seated on a cushion, surveyed the spectacle of Wishart's death. About fifteen months afterwards, May 29th, 1546, Beaton was murdered in the castle by Norman Leslie, son of the Earl of Rothes, Kirkaldy of Grange, and others, who, besides revenging the death of Wishart, had a private feud with the cardinal.—ED.

† Of these St. Andrews Professors, Dr. George Hill, the youngest, became the most distinguished. He succeeded Dr. Robertson as leader of the moderate party in the Church, and was author of "Theological Institutes," and other works. He died December 19th, 1819. Principal Murison, who boasted so egregiously of the College Library, and, what is more remarkable, seems to have astonished and silenced Johnson by the boast, died July 30, 1779.—ED.

And here I must do Dr. Johnson the justice to contradict a very absurd and ill-natured story as to what passed at St. Andrews. It has been circulated, that, after grace was said in English, in the usual manner, he with the greatest marks of contempt, as if he had held it to be no grace in an university, would not sit down till he had said grace aloud in Latin. This would have been an insult indeed to the gentlemen who were entertaining us. But the truth was precisely thus. In the course of conversation at dinner, Dr. Johnson, in very good humour, said, "I should have expected to have heard a Latin grace, among so many learned men: we had always a Latin grace at Oxford. I believe I can repeat it." Which he did, as giving the learned men in one place a specimen of what was done by the learned men in another place.

We went and saw the church in which is Archbishop Sharp's monument.* I was struck with the same kind of feelings with which



ARCHBISHOP SHARP'S MONUMENT.

the churches of Italy impressed me. I was much pleased to see Dr. Johnson actually in St. Andrews, of which we had talked so long. Professor Haddo was with us this afternoon, along with Dr. Watson. We looked at St. Salvator's College. The rooms for students seemed very commodious, and Dr. Johnson said the chapel was the neatest place of worship he had seen. The key of the library could not

* The monument was commissioned from Holland by the Archbishop's son, Sir William Sharp of Scotscraig. It is a very elaborate work, composed of black and white marble with an urn containing a long inscription, and under it a bas-relief representation of the murder of Archbishop Sharp on Magus Muir, May 3rd, 1679. The assassination of the prelate, as is well known, was the work of a band of fanatics, nine in number, the principal parties being a landed proprietor, Hackston of Rathillet, and his brother-in-law, Balfour of Kinloch or Burley, of whom Scott has given so vivid a portraiture in "Old Mortality." The archbishop's tomb was completely repaired and renovated in 1819, and on this occasion it was found that the vault had been opened and the bones of the archbishop carried away!—Ed.

be found; for it seems Professor Hill, who was out of town, had taken it with him. Dr. Johnson told a joke he had heard of a monastery abroad, where the key of the library could never be found.

It was somewhat dispiriting to see this ancient archiepiscopal city now sadly deserted. We saw in one of its streets a remarkable proof of liberal toleration; a nonjuring clergyman strutting about in his canonicals, with a jolly countenance and a round belly, like a well-fed monk.

We observed two occupations united in the same person, who had hung out two sign-posts. Upon one was, "James Hood, White Iron Smith" (*i.e.*, Tin-plate Worker). Upon another, "The Art of Fencing taught, by James Hood." Upon this last were painted some trees, and two men fencing, one of whom had hit the other in the eye, to show his great dexterity; so that the art was well taught.—JOHNSON: "Were I studying here, I should go and take a lesson. I remember Hope, in his book on this art, says the Scotch are very good fencers."

We returned to the inn, where we had been entertained at dinner, and drank tea in company with some of the Professors, of whose civilities I beg leave to add my humble and very grateful acknowledgment to the honourable testimony of Dr. Johnson in his "Journey."

We talked of composition, which was a favourite topic of Dr. Watson's, who first distinguished himself by lectures on rhetoric.—JOHNSON: "I advised Chambers, and would advise every young man beginning to compose, to do it as fast as he can, to get a habit of having his mind to start promptly; it is so much more difficult to improve in speed than in accuracy."—WATSON: "I own I am for much attention to accuracy in composing, lest one should get bad habits of doing it in a slovenly manner."—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, you are confounding *doing* inaccurately with the *necessity* of doing inaccurately. A man knows when his composition is inaccurate, and when he thinks fit he'll correct it. But, if a man is accustomed to compose slowly, and with difficulty, upon all occasions, there is danger that he may not compose at all, as we do not like to do that which is not done easily; and, at any rate, more time is consumed in a small matter than ought to be."—WATSON: "Dr. Hugh Blair has taken a week to compose a sermon."—JOHNSON: "Then, sir, that is for want of the habit of composing quickly, which I am insisting one should acquire."*—WATSON: "Blair was not composing all the

* Paley's direction in his College lectures was, "As to preaching, if your situation requires a sermon every Sunday, make one and steal five."—ED.

week, but only such hours as he found himself disposed for composition."—JOHNSON: "Nay, sir, unless you tell me the time he took, you tell me nothing. If I say I took a week to walk a mile, and have had the gout five days, and been ill otherwise another day, I have taken but one day. I myself have composed about forty sermons. I have begun a sermon after dinner, and sent it off by the post that night. I wrote forty-eight of the printed octavo pages of the 'Life of Savage' at a sitting; but then I sat up all night. I have also written six sheets in a day of translation from the French."—BOSWELL: "We have all observed how one man dresses himself slowly and another fast."—JOHNSON: "Yes, sir; it is wonderful how much time some people will consume in dressing; taking up a thing and looking at it, and laying it down, and taking it up again. Everyone should get the habit of doing it quickly. I would say to a young divine, 'Here is your text; let me see how soon you can make a sermon.' Then I'd say, 'Let me see how much better you can make it.' Thus I should see both his powers and his judgment."

We all went to Dr. Watson's to supper. Miss Sharp, great-grandchild of Archbishop Sharp, was there; as was Mr. Craig, the ingenious architect of the new town of Edinburgh, and nephew of Thomson, to whom Dr. Johnson has since done so much justice, in his "Lives of the Poets."

We talked of memory and its various modes.—JOHNSON: "Memory will play strange tricks. One sometimes loses a single word. I once lost *fugaces* in the Ode 'Posthume, Posthume.'" I mentioned to him that a worthy gentleman of my acquaintance actually forgot his own name.—JOHNSON: "Sir, that was a morbid oblivion."

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20.

Dr. Shaw, the Professor of Divinity, breakfasted with us. I took out my "Ogden on Prayer," and read some of it to the company. Dr. Johnson praised him. "Abernethy," said he, "allows only of a physical effect of prayer upon the mind. which may be produced many ways, as well as by prayer; for instance, by meditation. Ogden goes further. In truth, we have the consent of all nations for the efficacy of prayer, whether offered up by individuals or by assemblies; and revelation has told us it will be effectual." I said, "Leechman seemed to incline to Abernethy's doctrine." Dr. Watson observed that Leechman meant to show that, even admitting no effect to be produced by prayer respecting the Deity, it was useful to our own minds. He had only given a part of his system. Dr. Johnson thought he should have given the whole.*

* Dr. William Leechman wrote a Life of Hutcheson, the father of speculative philo-

Dr. Johnson enforced the strict observance of Sunday. "It should be different," he observed, "from another day. People may walk, but not throw stones at birds. There may be relaxation, but there should be no levity."

We went and saw Colonel Nairne's garden and grotto. Here was a fine old plane-tree. Unluckily, the colonel said there was but this and another large tree in the county. This assertion was an excellent cue for Dr. Johnson, who laughed enormously, calling me to hear it. He had expatiated to me on the nakedness of that part of Scotland which he had seen His "Journey" has been violently abused for what he has said upon this subject. But let it be considered that when Dr. Johnson talks of trees he means trees of good size, such as he was accustomed to see in England; and of these there are certainly very few upon the eastern coast of Scotland. Besides, he said he only meant to give a map of the road; and let any traveller observe how many trees which deserve the name he can see from the road from Berwick to Aberdeen. Had Dr. Johnson said, "There are no trees" upon this line, he would have said what is colloquially true; because by no trees, in common speech, we mean few. When he is particular in counting he may be attacked. I know not how Colonel Nairne came to say there were but two large trees in the county of Fife. I did not perceive that he smiled. There are certainly not a great many; but I could have shown him more than two at Balmuto, from whence my ancestors came, and which now belongs to a branch of my family.*

The grotto was ingeniously constructed. In the front of it were petrified stocks of fir, plane, and some other tree. Dr. Johnson said, "Scotland has no right to boast of this grotto; it is owing to personal merit. I never denied personal merit to many of you." Professor Shaw said to me as we walked, "This is a wonderful man, he is master of every subject he handles." Dr. Watson allowed him a very strong understanding, but wondered at his total inattention to established manners, as he came from London.

I have not preserved in my Journal any of the conversation which passed between Dr. Johnson and Professor Shaw; but I

sophy in Scotland; also a discourse on prayer. He was successively Professor of Theology and Principal of the University of Glasgow. He died December 3rd, 1786, aged eighty. John Abernethy was a Dissenting minister in Ireland, born at Coleraine in 1680, died in 1740. His sermons fill six volumes, and he wrote various able theological treatises.—ED.

* Pennant in his Scottish Tour of 1769 had observed the paucity of trees in Fifeshire, "except about a gentleman's seat called Blair, where there are great and flourishing plantations." Pennant notices that a spirit for planting had become general in Scotland; and Johnson's "Journey" materially increased it.—ED.

recollect Dr. Johnson said to me afterwards, "I took much to Shaw."*

We left St. Andrews about noon, and, some miles from it, observing at Leuchars a church with an old tower, we stopped to look at it.† The manse, as the parsonage-house is called in Scotland, was close by. I waited on the minister, mentioned our names, and begged he would tell us what he knew about it. He was a very civil old man, but could only inform us that it was supposed to have stood eight hundred years. He told us there was a colony of Danes in his parish, that they had landed at a remote period of time, and still remained a distinct people. Dr. Johnson shrewdly inquired whether they had brought women with them. We were not satisfied as to this colony.

We saw this day Dundee and Aberbrothick, the last of which Dr. Johnson has celebrated in his "Journey." Upon the road we talked of the Roman Catholic faith. He mentioned, I think, Tillotson's argument against transubstantiation: "That we are as sure we see bread and wine only, as that we read in the Bible the text on which that false doctrine is founded. We have only the evidence of our senses for both." "If," he added, "God had never spoken figuratively, we might hold that he speaks literally when he says, 'This is my body.'"—BOSWELL: "But what do you say, sir, to the ancient and continued tradition of the Church upon this point?"—JOHNSON: "Tradition, sir, has no place where the Scriptures are plain; and tradition cannot persuade a man into a belief of transubstantiation. Able men, indeed, have said they believed it."

This is an awful subject. I did not then press Dr. Johnson upon it; nor shall I now enter upon a disquisition concerning the import of those words uttered by our Saviour,‡ which had such an effect upon many of his disciples that they "went back, and walked no more with him." The Catechism and solemn Office for Communion, in the Church of England, maintain a mysterious belief in more than a mere commemoration of the death of Christ, by partaking of the elements of bread and wine.

Dr. Johnson put me in mind that, at St. Andrews, I had defended my profession very well, when the question had again been started,

* Professor Andrew Shaw of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, died November 27, 1779.—ED.

† This church is chiefly Saxon in style — built apparently in the eleventh or twelfth century.—ED.

‡ "Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you."—See St. John's Gospel, chap, vi. 53 and following verses.—BOSWELL.

Whether a lawyer might honestly engage with the first side that offers him a fee.

"Sir," said I, "it was with your arguments against Sir William Forbes; but it was much that I could wield the arms of Goliah."

He said our judges had not gone deep in the question concerning literary property. I mentioned Lord Monboddo's opinion, that if a man could get a work by heart he might print it, as by such an act the mind is exercised.—JOHNSON: "No, sir; a man's repeating it no more makes it his property, than a man may sell a cow which he drives home." I said printing an abridgement of a work was allowed, which was only cutting the horns and tail off the cow.—JOHNSON: "No, sir; 'tis making the cow have a calf."



VIEW OF MONTROSE.

About eleven at night we arrived at Montrose. We found but a sorry inn, where I myself saw another waiter put a lump of sugar with his fingers into Dr. Johnson's lemonade, for which he called him "Rascal!" It put me in great glee that our landlord was an Englishman. I rallied the Doctor upon this, and he grew quiet. Both Sir John Hawkins's and Dr. Burney's History of Music had then been advertised. I asked if this was not unlucky; would not they hurt one another?—JOHNSON: "No, sir, they will do good to one another.



Some will buy the one, some the other, and compare them; and so a talk is made about a thing, and the books are sold."

He was angry at me* for proposing to carry lemons with us to Sky, that he might be sure to have his lemonade. "Sir," said he, "I do not wish to be thought that feeble man who cannot do without anything. Sir, it is very bad manners to carry provisions to any man's house, as if he could not entertain you. To an inferior it is oppressive, to a superior it is insolent."

Having taken the liberty this evening to remark to Dr. Johnson that he very often sat quite silent for a long time, even when in company with only a single friend, which I myself had sometimes sadly experienced, he smiled and said, "It is true, sir. Tom Tyers," for so he familiarly called our ingenious friend, who, since his death, has paid a biographical tribute to his memory, "Tom Tyers described me the best. He once said to me, 'Sir, you are like a ghost; you never speak till you are spoken to.'"†

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21.

Neither the Rev. Mr. Nisbet, the Established minister, nor the Rev. Mr. Spooner, the Episcopal minister, were in town. Before breakfast we went and saw the town-hall, where is a good dancing-room, and other rooms for tea-drinking. The appearance of the town from it is very well; but many of the houses are built with their ends to the street, which looks awkward. When we came down from it I met Mr. Gleig, a merchant here. He went with us to see the English chapel. It is situated on a pretty dry spot, and there is a fine walk to it. It is really an elegant building, both within and without. The organ is adorned with green and gold. Dr. Johnson gave a shilling extraordinary to the clerk, saying, "He belongs to an honest Church." I put him in mind that Episcopals were but dissenters here; they were only tolerated. "Sir," said he, "we are here as Christians in Turkey." He afterwards went into an apothecary's shop, and ordered some medicine for himself, and wrote the prescription in technical characters. The boy took him for a physician.

I doubted much which road to take, whether to go by the coast or by Lawrence Kirk and Monboddo. I knew Lord Monboddo and Dr. Johnson did not love each other; yet I was unwilling not to visit

* Another Scotticism—*at* instead of *with*. This is a very common error, yet David Hume and Beattie include it in their lists of Scotticisms. "*Scotch*, to be angry at a man; *English*, to be angry with a man."—Hume's Philosophical Works, vol. I.—ED.

† This description of Dr. Johnson appears to have been borrowed from "Tom Jones," book XI. chap. ii. "The other who, like a ghost, only wanted to be spoke to, readily answered," &c.—BOSWELL.

his lordship, and was also curious to see them together.* I mentioned my doubts to Dr. Johnson, who said he would go two miles out of his way to see Lord Monboddo. I therefore sent Joseph forward with the following note.

Montrose, August 21.

MY DEAR LORD,—Thus far I am come with Mr. Samuel Johnson. We must be at Aberdeen to-night. I know you do not admire him so much as I do; but I cannot be in this country without making you a bow at your old place, as I do not know if I may again have an opportunity of seeing Monboddo. Besides, Mr. Johnson says he would go two miles out of his way to see Lord Monboddo. I have sent forward my servant that we may know if your lordship be at home.

I am ever, my dear lord,
Most sincerely yours,
JAMES BOSWELL.

As we travelled onwards from Montrose we had the Grampian hills in our view, and some good land around us, but void of trees and hedges. Dr. Johnson has said ludicrously, in his "Journey," that the hedges were of stone; for instead of the verdant thorn to refresh the eye, we found the bare wall or dike intersecting the prospect. He observed that it was wonderful to see a country so divested, so denuded of trees.

We stopped at Lawrence Kirk, where our great grammarian, Ruddiman, was once schoolmaster. We respectfully remembered that excellent man and eminent scholar, by whose labours a knowledge of the Latin language will be preserved in Scotland, if it shall be preserved at all. Lord Gardenstone, one of our judges, collected money to raise a monument to him at this place, which I hope will

* There were several points of similarity between them; learning, clearness of head, precision of speech, and a love of research on many subjects which people in general do not investigate. Foote paid Lord Monboddo the compliment of saying, that he was "an Elzevir edition of Johnson." It has been shrewdly observed that Foote must have meant a diminutive, or *pocket* edition.—BOSWELL.

[The Elzevir edition of the classics is of a diminutive, or pocket size, and Foote's meaning was obvious enough. But it may be questioned whether, as a scholar or as a member of society ever anxious to do good, Monboddo should be considered an Elzevir edition of Johnson. The eccentricities of the learned lord arose mostly out of his classical predilections. He gave suppers in imitation of the ancients, more successful than the ludicrous satire in "Peregrine Pickle;" he strewed his table and garlanded his wine-flasks with roses; he anointed himself after coming from the bath; and he never would enter a carriage, because such effeminate conveyances were not in common use among the ancients, and because he considered it to be degrading to the dignity of human nature to be dragged at the tail of a horse instead of mounting his back. Hence his journeys to London were all equestrian, and he continued them beyond the age of eighty. The death of the old judge's daughter, so eminent for her beauty and her devotedness to her father, shook his stoical philosophy. A relation living in his house at the time covered the portrait of Miss Burnet with a cloth. "Right," said the old judge, stifling his emotion, "Right; and now let us turn up Herodotus!" Lord Monboddo was born in 1714, raised to the bench in 1767, and died in 1799.—ED.]

be well executed.* I know my father gave five guineas towards it. Lord Gardenstone is the proprietor of Lawrence Kirk, and has encouraged the building of a manufacturing village, of which he is exceedingly fond, and has written a pamphlet upon it, as if he had founded Thebes; in which, however, there are many useful precepts strongly expressed. The village seemed to be irregularly built, some of the houses being of clay, some of brick, and some of brick and stone. Dr. Johnson observed they thatched well here.†

I was a little acquainted with Mr. Forbes, the minister of the parish. I sent to inform him that a gentleman desired to see him. He returned for answer "that he would not come to a stranger." I then gave my name, and he came. I remonstrated to him for not coming to a stranger; and by presenting him to Dr. Johnson proved to him what a stranger might sometimes be. His Bible inculcates, Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, and mentions the same motive. He defended himself by saying, "He had once come to a stranger who sent for him, and he found him 'a little worth person!'"‡

Dr. Johnson insisted on stopping at the inn, as I told him that Lord Gardenstone had furnished it with a collection of books, that

* This design does not appear to have been carried into execution; but in 1806 a relative of the great grammarian, Dr. William Ruddiman, erected a tablet to his memory in the Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh. The inscription states that the "celebrated scholar and worthy man" was keeper of the Advocates' Library for nearly fifty years; was born October 1674, within three miles of the town of Banff (at the farm of Raggel, parish of Boyndie), and died at Edinburgh 19th January, 1757, in his eighty-third year. He was parochial schoolmaster of Lawrence Kirk from 1695 to 1700. It is related of this accomplished and indefatigable scholar that at the age of sixteen he proceeded on foot from his father's house to Aberdeen to compete for the annual prize given by King's College for proficiency in classical literature. Doubtful of the issue, he had not informed his parents of his intention, but his sister, to whom he had confided the secret, gave him a guinea to defray his charges. He was robbed of his money by the way, being overtaken by a band of gypsies, but the young enthusiast was not to be daunted; he made out the journey, carried off the prize or scholarship, and was thus enabled to prosecute his studies.—Ed.

† Francis Garden, Lord Gardenstone, was a man of learning and accomplishments. Succeeding to the patrimonial estate of Troup in Banffshire in 1785, he gave up his seat on the bench and travelled on the Continent. The result of his tour was a work in two volumes, entitled "Travelling Memorandums." The burgh of Lawrence Kirk, founded by Lord Gardenstone, contained 500 inhabitants before his death in 1793; the population is now about 1,500. The learned lord had built and endowed an Episcopal chapel in his burgh, a circumstance which should have conciliated the favour of Johnson and Boswell. He was also, as a Scottish judge, on the same side as Boswell in the Douglas cause. His lordship, however, was a Whig in politics, which may account for the coldness of the above notice. Dr. Beattie, author of "The Minstrel," was a native of the parish of Lawrence Kirk.—Ed.

‡ This punctilious minister (who must have been grievously annoyed at being thus publicly gibbeted by Boswell) died at the Manse of Lawrence Kirk April 27th, 1795, having been thirty-four years incumbent there.—Ed.

travellers might have entertainment for the mind as well as the body He praised the design, but wished there had been more books, and those better chosen.

About a mile from Monboddo, where you turn off the road, Joseph was waiting to tell us my lord expected us to dinner. We drove over a wild moor. It rained, and the scene was somewhat dreary. Dr. Johnson repeated, with solemn emphasis, Macbeth's speech on meeting the witches. As we travelled on he told me, "Sir, you got into our club by doing what a man can do.* Several of the members wished to keep you out. Burke told me he doubted if you were fit for it; but now you are in none of them are sorry. Burke says that you have so much good-humour naturally, it is scarce a virtue."—BOSWELL: "They were afraid of you, sir, as it was you who proposed me."—JOHNSON: "Sir, they knew that if they refused you they'd probably never have got in another. I'd have kept them all out. Beauclerk was very earnest for you."—BOSWELL: "Beauclerk has a keenness of mind which is very uncommon."—JOHNSON: "Yes, sir; and everything comes from him so easily. It appears to me that I labour when I say a good thing."—BOSWELL: "You are loud, sir; but it is not an effort of mind."


LORD MONBODDO.

Monboddo is a wretched place, wild and naked, with a poor old house; though, if I recollect right, there are two turrets which mark an old baron's residence.† Lord Monboddo received us at his gate most courteously; pointed to the Douglas arms upon his house, and told us that his great-grandmother was of that family. "In such houses," said he, "our ancestors lived, who were better men than we." "No, no, my lord," said Dr. Johnson, "we are as strong as they, and a great deal wiser." This was an assault upon one of Lord Mon-

* This, I find, is considered as obscure. I suppose Dr. Johnson meant, that I assiduously and earnestly recommended myself to some of the members, as in a canvass for an election into Parliament.—BOSWELL.

† The property has since been much improved and now boasts a thriving plantation of wood. It should be recollected that the estate was small, producing only about 300*l*.

boddo's capital dogmas, and I was afraid there would have been a violent altercation in the very close, before we got into the house. But his lordship is distinguished not only for ancient metaphysics, but for ancient *politesse*, "*la vieille cour*," and he made no reply.

His lordship was dressed in a rustic suit, and wore a little round hat; he told us we now saw him as Farmer Burnet, and we should have his family dinner, a farmer's dinner. He said, "I should not have forgiven Mr. Boswell had he not brought you here, Dr. Johnson." He produced a very long stalk of corn, as a specimen of his crop, and said, "You see here the *lætas segetes*:" he added that Virgil seemed to be as enthusiastic a farmer as he, and was certainly a practical one.—JOHNSON: "It does not always follow, my lord, that a man who has written a good poem on an art has practised it. Philip Miller told me, that in Philips's 'Cyder,' a poem, all the precepts were just, and indeed better than in books written for the purpose of instructing; yet Philips had never made cyder."

I started the subject of emigration.—JOHNSON: "To a man of mere animal life you can urge no argument against going to America, but that it will be some time before he will get the earth to produce. But a man of any intellectual enjoyment will not easily go and immerse himself and his posterity for ages in barbarism."

He and my lord spoke highly of Homer.—JOHNSON: "He had all the learning of his age. The shield of Achilles shows a nation in war, a nation in peace; harvest-sport, nay, stealing."*—MONBODDO: "Ay, and what we (looking to me) would call a Parliament-house scene; a cause pleaded."—JOHNSON: "That is part of the life of a nation in peace. And there are in Homer such characters of heroes, and combinations of qualities of heroes, that the united powers of mankind ever since have not produced any but what are to be found there."—MONBODDO: "Yet no character is described."—JOHNSON: "No; they all develope themselves. Agamemnon is always a gentleman-like character; he has always Βασιλικον τι. That the ancients held so, is plain from this; that Euripides, in his Hecuba, makes

a-year; yet Lord Monboddo was a most liberal landlord, and one of the first to set an example of agricultural improvement.—ED.

* My note of this is much too short. *Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.* Yet as I have resolved that *the very Journal which Dr. Johnson read* shall be presented to the public, I will not expand the text in any considerable degree, though I may occasionally supply a word to complete the sense, as I fill up the blanks of abbreviation in the writing; neither of which can be said to change the genuine Journal. One of the best critics of our age conjectures that the imperfect passage above was probably as follows: "In his book we have an accurate display of a nation in war, and a nation in peace; the peasant is delineated as truly as the general; nay, even harvest-sport and the modes of ancient theft are described."—BOSWELL.

him the person to interpose."*—MONBODDO: "The history of manners is the most valuable. I never set a high value on any other history."—JOHNSON: "Nor I; and therefore I esteem biography, as giving us what comes near to ourselves, what we can turn to use."—BOSWELL: "But in the course of general history we find manners. In wars, we see the dispositions of people, their degrees of humanity, and other particulars."—JOHNSON: "Yes; but then you must take all the facts to get this; and it is but a little you get."—MONBODDO: "And it is that little which makes history valuable." Bravo! thought I; they agree like two brothers.—MONBODDO: "I am sorry, Dr. Johnson, you were not longer at Edinburgh to receive the homage of our men of learning."—JOHNSON: "My lord, I received great respect and great kindness."—BOSWELL: "He goes back to Edinburgh after our tour." We talked of the decrease of learning in Scotland, and of the "Muses' Welcome."—JOHNSON: "Learning is much decreased in England, in my remembrance."—MONBODDO: "You, sir, have lived to see its decrease in England, I its extinction in Scotland." However, I brought him to confess that the High School of Edinburgh did well.—JOHNSON: "Learning has decreased in England, because learning will not do so much for a man as formerly. There are other ways of getting preferment. Few bishops are now made for their learning. To be a bishop, a man must be learned in a learned age—factious in a factious age; but always of eminence. Warburton is an exception, though his learning alone did not raise him. He was first an antagonist to Pope, and helped Theobald to publish his Shakspeare; but, seeing Pope the rising man, when Crousaz attacked his 'Essay on Man,' for some faults which it has, and some which it has not, Warburton defended it in the Review of that time. This brought him acquainted with Pope, and he gained his friendship Pope introduced him to Allen; Allen married him to his niece; so, by Allen's interest and his own, he was made a bishop. But then his learning was the *sine quâ non*. He knew how to make the most of it; but I do not find by any dishonest means."—MONBODDO: "He is a great man."—JOHNSON: "Yes, he has great knowledge, great power of mind. Hardly any man brings greater variety of learning to bear upon his point."—MONBODDO: "He is one of the greatest lights of your Church."—JOHNSON: "Why, we are not so sure of his being

* Dr. Johnson modestly said he had not read Homer so much as he wished he had done. But this conversation shows how well he was acquainted with the Mæonian bard, and he has shown it still more in his criticism upon Pope's Homer, in his Life of that poet. My excellent friend, Mr. Langton, told me he was once present at a dispute between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke, on the comparative merits of Homer and Virgil, which was carried on with extraordinary abilities on both sides. Dr. Johnson maintained the superiority of Homer.—BOSWELL.

very friendly to us. He blazes, if you will, but that is not always the steadiest light. Lowth is another bishop who has risen by his learning."

Dr. Johnson examined young Arthur, Lord Monboddo's son, in Latin. He answered very well, upon which he said, with complacency, "Get you gone! When King James comes back,* you shall be in the 'Muses' Welcome!'" My lord and Dr. Johnson disputed a little, whether the savage or the London shopkeeper had the best existence; his lordship, as usual, preferring the savage. My lord was extremely hospitable, and I saw both Dr. Johnson and him liking each other better every hour.

Dr. Johnson having retired for a short time, his lordship spoke of his conversation as I could have wished. Dr. Johnson had said, "I have done greater feats with my knife than this;" though he had eaten a very hearty dinner. My lord, who affects or believes he follows an abstemious system, seemed struck with Dr. Johnson's manner of living. I had a particular satisfaction in being under the roof of Monboddo, my lord being my father's old friend, and having been always very good to me. We were cordial together. He asked Dr. Johnson and me to stay all night. When I said we must be at Aberdeen, he replied, "Well, I am like the Romans: I shall say to you, 'Happy to come—happy to depart!'" He thanked Dr. Johnson for his visit.—JOHNSON: "I little thought, when I had the honour to meet your lordship in London, that I should see you at Monboddo." After dinner, as the ladies were going away, Dr. Johnson would stand up. He insisted that politeness was of great consequence in society. "It is," said he, "fictitious benevolence. It supplies the place of it amongst those who see each other only in public, or but little. Depend upon it, the want of it never fails to produce something disagreeable to one or other. I have always applied to good breeding what Addison in his "Cato" says of honour:

> "'Honour's a sacred tie; the law of kings;
> The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
> That aids and strengthens Virtue where it meets her,
> And imitates her actions where she is not.'"

When he took up his large oak stick, he said, "My lord, that's Homeric;" thus pleasantly alluding to his lordship's favourite writer.

Gory, my lord's black servant, was sent as our guide, to conduct us to the high road. The circumstance of each of them having a

* I find some doubt has been entertained concerning Dr. Johnson's meaning here. It is to be supposed that he meant, "when a king shall again be entertained in Scotland."—BOSWELL.

black servant was another point of similarity between Johnson and Monboddo. I observed how curious it was to see an African in the North of Scotland, with little or no difference of manners from those of the natives. Dr. Johnson laughed to see Gory and Joseph riding together most cordially. "Those two fellows," said he, "one from Africa, the other from Bohemia, seem quite at home." He was much pleased with Lord Monboddo to-day. He said, he would have pardoned him for a few paradoxes when he found he had so much that was good: but that, from his appearance in London, he thought him all paradox; which would not do. He observed, that his lordship had talked no paradoxes to-day. "And as to the savage and the London shopkeeper," said he, "I don't know but I might have taken the side of the savage equally, had anybody else taken the side of the shopkeeper." He had said to my lord, in opposition to the value of the savage's courage, that it was owing to his limited power of thinking; and repeated Pope's verses, in which "Macedonia's madman" is introduced, and the conclusion is,

"Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose."

I objected to the last phrase, as being low.—JOHNSON: "Sir, it is intended to be low: it is satire. The expression is debased, to debase the character."

When Gory was about to part from us, Dr. Johnson called to him, "Mr. Gory, give me leave to ask you a question; are you baptised?" Gory told him he was, and confirmed by the Bishop of Durham. He then gave him a shilling.

We had tedious driving this afternoon, and were somewhat drowsy. Last night I was afraid Dr. Johnson was beginning to faint in his resolution; for he said, "If we must ride much, we shall not go; and there's an end on't." To-day, when he talked of Sky* with spirit, I said, "Why, sir, you seemed to me to despond yesterday. You are a delicate Londoner; you are a maccaroni; you can't ride."—JOHNSON: "Sir, I shall ride better than you. I was only afraid I should not find a horse able to carry me." I hoped then there would be no fear of getting through our wild Tour.

We came to Aberdeen at half an hour past eleven. The New Inn, we were told, was full. This was comfortless. The waiter, however, asked if one of our names was Boswell, and brought me a letter left at the inn: it was from Mr. Thrale, inclosing one to Dr. Johnson. Finding who I was, we were told they would contrive to

* The name of the island is now invariably spelt Skye; but in this and other instances the orthography of the author, which was the practice of his times, is retained. We have, however, corrected and made uniform the spelling of the names of individuals, in which Boswell was careless.—ED.

lodge us by putting us for a night into a room with two beds. The waiter said to me, in the broad strong Aberdeenshire dialect, "I thought I knew you, by your likeness to your father." My father puts up at the New Inn when on his circuit. Little was said to-night. I was to sleep in a little press-bed in Dr. Johnson's room. I had it wheeled out into the dining-room, and there I lay very well.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 22.

I sent a message to Professor Thomas Gordon, who came and breakfasted with us. He had secured seats for us at the English chapel. We found a respectable congregation, and an admirable organ, well played by Mr. Tait.

We walked down to the shore: Dr. Johnson laughed to hear that Cromwell's soldiers taught the Aberdeen people to make shoes and stockings, and to plant cabbages. He asked, if weaving the plaids was ever a domestic art in the Highlands, like spinning or knitting. They could not inform him here. But he conjectured probably, that where people lived so remote from each other, it was likely to be a domestic art; as we see it was among the ancients, from Penelope.* I was sensible to-day, to an extraordinary degree, of Dr. Johnson's excellent English pronunciation. I cannot account for its striking me more now than any other day, but it was as if new to me; and I listened to every sentence which he spoke as to a musical composition. Professor Gordon gave him an account of the plan of education in his college. Dr. Johnson said, it was similar to that at Oxford. Waller the poet's great-grandson was studying

* The finely variegated plaids were no doubt made by skilled weavers. The women, according to Pennant, spun their husbands' clothes, and knitted the stockings. They had several native dyes. The juice of the tops of heath supplied them with a yellow, the roots of the white water-lily with a brown, those of the yellow water-iris with a black, and the *Galium verum*, the rue of the islanders, with a red not inferior to madder. Martin describes the islanders as particular about the colours and patterns of their plaids. "For this reason," he says, "the women are at great pains, first to give an exact pattern of the plaid upon a piece of wood, having the number of every thread of the stripe upon it." He adds an observation which seems to prove that the clan patterns were then recognised: "Every isle differs from each other in their fancy of making plaids, as to the stripes in breadth and colours. This humour is as different through the mainland of the Highlands, in so far that they who have seen those places are able at the first view of a man's plaid to guess the place of his residence." ("Martin's Description of the Western Islands," London, 1703.) The above remark about Cromwell and the city of Aberdeen is highly absurd. That a collegiate and trading town of eight or nine thousand inhabitants, which Aberdeen was at the time of Cromwell, should be without shoemakers is too ridiculous for serious refutation. In fact, the shoemakers were an important craft in that city, taking part as a body in processions and masques so early as 1442. Cabbages, salad, &c., were introduced into England from the Netherlands about 1520 or 1530, and we may conclude that the citizens of Aberdeen, possessing such an array of churchmen and professors, would not be a century behind their English neighbours.—ED.

here. Dr. Johnson wondered that a man should send his son so far off, when there were so many good schools in England. He said, "At a great school there is all the splendour and illumination of many minds; the radiance of all is concentrated in each, or at least reflected upon each. But we must own that neither a dull boy, nor an idle boy, will do so well at a great school as at a private one. For at a great school there are always boys enough to do well easily, who are sufficient to keep up the credit of the school; and after whipping being tried to no purpose, the dull or idle boys are left at the end of a class, having the appearance of going through the course, but learning nothing at all. Such boys may do good at a private school, where constant attention is paid to them, and they are watched. So that the question of public or private education is not properly a general one; but whether one or the other is best for my son."

We were told the present Mr. Waller was a plain country gentleman, and his son would be such another. I observed, a family could not expect a poet but in a hundred generations. "Nay," said Dr. Johnson, "not one family in a hundred can expect a poet in a hundred generations." He then repeated Dryden's celebrated lines,

> "Three poets in three distant ages born,
> Greece, Italy, and England did adorn:
> The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
> The next in majesty; in both the last.
> The force of Nature could no further go,
> To make a third she joined the other two."

and a part of a Latin translation of it done at Oxford,* he did not then say by whom.

He received a card from Sir Alexander Gordon, who had been his acquaintance twenty years ago in London, and who, "if forgiven for not answering a line from him," would come in the afternoon. Dr. Johnson rejoiced to hear of him, and begged he would come and dine with us. I was much pleased to see the kindness with which Dr. Johnson received his old friend Sir Alexander; a gentleman of good family, Lismore, but who had not the estate. The King's College here made him Professor of Medicine, which affords him a decent subsis-

* London, 2nd May, 1778. Dr. Johnson acknowledged that he was himself the author of the translation above alluded to, and dictated it to me as follows:

> Quos laudet vates Graius Romanus et Anglus
> Tres tria temporibus secla dedere suis.
> Sublime ingenium Graius; Romanus habebat
> Carmen grande sonans; Anglus utrumque tulit.
> Nil majus Natura capit; clarare priores
> Quæ potuere duos tertius unus habet.



tence. He told us that the value of the stockings exported from Aberdeen was, in peace, a hundred thousand pounds; and amounted, in time of war, to one hundred and seventy thousand pounds. Dr. Johnson asked what made the difference. Here we had a proof of the comparative sagacity of the two professors. Sir Alexander answered, "Because there is more occasion for them in war." Professor Thomas Gordon answered, "Because the Germans, who are our great rivals in the manufacture of stockings, are otherwise employed in time of war."—JOHNSON: "Sir, you have given a very good solution."*

At dinner, Dr. Johnson ate several platefuls of Scotch broth, with barley and peas in it, and seemed very fond of the dish. I said, "You never ate it before."—JOHNSON: "No, sir; but I don't care how soon I eat it again." My cousin, Miss Dallas, formerly of Inverness, was married to Mr. Riddoch, one of the ministers of the English chapel here. He was ill, and confined to his room; but she sent us a kind invitation to tea, which we all accepted. She was the same lively, sensible, cheerful woman as ever. Dr. Johnson here threw out some jokes against Scotland. He said, "You go first to Aberdeen; then to Enbru (the Scottish pronunciation of Edinburgh); then to Newcastle, to be polished by the colliers; then to York; then to London." And he laid hold of a little girl, Stuart Dallas, niece to Mrs. Riddoch, and representing himself as a giant, said he would take her with him, telling her in a hollow voice that he lived in a cave, and had a bed in the rock, and she should have a little bed cut opposite to it.

He thus treated the point as to prescription of murder in Scotland. "A jury in England would make allowance for deficiencies of evidence, on account of lapse of time; but a general rule that a crime should not be punished, or tried for the purpose of punishment, after twenty years, is bad. It is cant to talk of the king's advocate delaying a prosecution from malice. How unlikely is it the king's advocate should have malice against persons who commit murder, or should even know them at all! If the son of the murdered man should kill the murderer, who got off merely by prescription, I would help him to make his escape, though were I upon his jury I would not acquit him. I would not advise him to commit such an act; on the

* Professor Thomas Gordon held his chair for the long period of sixty-one years. He died March 11th, 1797, aged eighty-three. Sir Alexander Gordon was appointed assistant and successor to Dr. John Gregory in 1766. Dr. Gregory resigned two years afterwards, and Sir A. Gordon was duly admitted as Professor of Medicine. He resigned his chair March 19th, 1782, and died six days afterwards. Sir Alexander was an amiable, gentlemanly man. He was very fond of horticulture, and in the grounds of the college are traces of a pond which he had constructed and filled with rare aquatic plants that he had brought from abroad.—ED.

contrary, I would bid him submit to the determination of society, because a man is bound to submit to the inconveniences of it, as he enjoys the good; but the young man, though politically wrong, would not be morally wrong. He would have to say, 'Here I am amongst barbarians, who not only refuse to do justice, but encourage the greatest of all crimes. I am therefore in a state of nature; for so far as there is no law, it is a state of nature; and consequently, upon the eternal and immutable law of justice, which requires that he who sheds man's blood should have his blood shed, I will stab the murderer of my father.'"

We went to our inn and sat quietly. Dr. Johnson borrowed at Mr. Riddoch's a volume of Massillon's Discourses on the Psalms; but I found he read little in it. Ogden, too, he sometimes took up and glanced at; but threw it down again. I then entered upon religious conversation. Never did I see him in a better frame; calm, gentle, wise, holy. I said, "Would not the same objection hold against the Trinity as against Transubstantiation?" "Yes," said he, "if you take three and one in the same sense If you do so, to be sure you cannot believe it: but the three Persons in the Godhead are Three in one sense, and One in another. We cannot tell how, and that is the mystery!"

I spoke of the satisfaction of Christ. He said his notion was that it did not atone for the sins of the world; but, by satisfying divine justice, by showing that no less than the Son of God suffered for sin, it showed to men and innumerable created beings the heinousness of it, and therefore rendered it unnecessary for divine justice to be exercised against sinners, as it otherwise must have been; that in this way it might operate even in favour of those who had never heard of it. As to those who did hear of it, the effect it should produce would be repentance and piety, by impressing upon the mind a just notion of sin: that original sin was the propensity to evil, which no doubt was occasioned by the fall. He presented this solemn subject in a new light to me,* and rendered much more rational and clear the doctrines of what our Saviour has done for us, as it removed the notion of imputed righteousness in co-operating, whereas, by this view, Christ has done all already that he had to do, or is ever to do, for mankind, by making his great satisfaction; the consequences of which

* My worthy, intelligent, and candid friend, Dr. Kippis, informs me that several divines have thus explained the mediation of our Saviour. What Dr. Johnson now delivered was but a temporary opinion; for he afterwards was fully convinced of the propitiatory sacrifice, as I shall show at large in my future work, "The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D."—BOSWELL.

[Dr. Kippis was one of the pupils of Dr. Doddridge. He was an indefatigable literary labourer, chiefly in biography. He died in 1795, aged seventy.—ED.]

will affect each individual according to the particular conduct of each. I would illustrate this by saying that Christ's satisfaction resembles a sun placed to show light to men, so that it depends upon themselves whether they will walk the right way or not, which they could not have done without that sun, "the Sun of righteousness." There is, however, more in it than merely giving light—"a light to lighten the Gentiles;" for we are told there "is healing under his wings." Dr. Johnson said to me, "Richard Baxter commends a treatise by Grotius, 'De Satisfactione Christi.' I have never read it, but I intend to read it, and you may read it." I remarked, upon the principle now laid down we might explain the difficult and seemingly hard text, "They that believe shall be saved, and they that believe not shall be damned." They that believe shall have such an impression made upon their minds as will make them act so that they may be accepted by God.

We talked of one of our friends taking ill, for a length of time, a hasty expression of Dr. Johnson's to him, on his attempting to prosecute a subject that had a reference to religion beyond the bounds within which the Doctor thought such topics should be confined in a mixed company.—JOHNSON: "What is to become of society, if a friendship of twenty years is to be broken off for such a cause?" As Bacon* says,

"Who, then, to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns the water, or but writes in dust."

I said he should write expressly in support of Christianity; for that, although a reverence for it shines through his works in several places, that is not enough. "You know," said I, "what Grotius has done, and what Addison has done. You should do also." He replied, "I hope I shall."

MONDAY, AUGUST 23.

Principal Campbell,† Sir Alexander Gordon, Professor Gordon, and Professor Ross‡ visited us in the morning, as did Dr. Gerard, who had come six miles from the country on purpose. We went and

* The Rev. Dr. Phannel Bacon, a now neglected poet, author of "The Artificial Kite," 1719, a series of dramatic pieces, collected and published in 1757 under the title of "Humorous Ethics," and various other productions. He was rector of Balden, in Oxfordshire, and vicar of Bramber, in Sussex. He died January 10, 1783, aged eighty-three.—ED.

† The Rev. Dr. George Campbell, author of "A Dissertation on Miracles," "The Philosophy of Rhetoric," and other works. He died April 6th, 1796. Campbell was the Paley of Scotland; a man of great and various talents, who did eminent service to the cause of Christian truth.—ED.

‡ This gentleman died in 1777. His death was occasioned by swallowing a spider in a glass of wine!—"Scots' Magazine."—ED.

saw the Marischal College,* and at one o'clock we waited on the magistrates in the town-hall, as they had invited us in order to present Dr. Johnson with the freedom of the town, which Provost Jopp did with a very good grace. Dr. Johnson was much pleased with this mark of attention, and received it very politely.† There was a pretty numerous company assembled. It was striking to hear all of them drinking "Dr. Johnson! Dr. Johnson!" in the town-hall of Aberdeen, and then to see him with his burgess-ticket, or diploma,‡ in his hat, which he wore as he walked along the street, according to the usual custom. It gave me great satisfaction to observe the regard, and indeed fondness too, which everybody here had for my father.

While Sir Alexander Gordon conducted Dr. Johnson to old Aberdeen, Professor Gordon and I called on Mr. Riddoch, whom I found to be a grave, worthy clergyman. He observed that, whatever might be said of Dr. Johnson while he was alive, he would, after he was dead, be looked upon by the world with regard and astonishment on account of his Dictionary.

Professor Gordon and I walked over to the Old College, which Dr. Johnson had seen by this time. I stepped into the chapel, and looked at the tomb of the founder, Archbishop [Bishop] Elphinston, of whom I shall have occasion to write in my History of James IV. of Scotland, the patron of my family.§

* Dr. Beattie was so kindly entertained in England, that he had not yet returned home.—BOSWELL.

† He does not appear to have made a speech on the occasion, as is customary in acknowledgment of such honours. The omission is worthy of notice in reference to the question as to Johnson's oratorical powers. See Boswell's "Life," 1771. Johnson confessed to Lord Stowell that he had several times tried to speak in the Society of Arts and Sciences, but "had found he could not get on."—ED.

‡ Dr. Johnson's burgess-ticket was in these words: "Aberdoniæ, vigesimo tertio die mensis Augusti, anno Domini millesimo septingentesimo septuagesimo tertio, in presentia honorabilium virorum, Jacobi Jopp, armigeri, præpositi, Adami Duff, Gulielmi Young, Georgii Marr, et Gulielmi Forbes, Balivorum, Gulielmi Rainie Decani guildæ, et Joannis Nicoll Thesaurarii dicti burgi. Quo die vir generosus et doctrina clarus, Samuel Johnson, LL.D., receptus et admissus fuit in municipes et fratres guildæ præfati burgi de Aberdeen. In deditissimi amoris et affectus ac eximiæ observantiæ tesseram, quibus dicti Magistratus eum amplectuntur. Extractum per me,
BOSWELL.] "ALEX. CARNEGIE."

§ This was one of Boswell's many broken resolutions and ineffectual wishes; he never wrote a history of James IV. On examination, he was probably not proud of the sort of patronage bestowed on the founder of his family. From the treasurer's books in the reign of James IV. it appears that Thomas Boswell was connected with the train of that sovereign; Mr Pitcairn conjectures as a minstrel. In one entry he is found employed in paying "the wife of the king's inns," and "the boy that ran the king's horse," 18s. Another entry shows that 56s. were paid by the Court for "twa hidis to be jakkis to Thomas Boswell and Walter Trumbull" against the *raid* of Eskadale. A sum of 28s. was also paid for "dancing-gear" to Thomas Boswell and Pate Sinclair; and on the 31st

We dined at Sir Alexander Gordon's. The Provost, Professor Ross, Professor Dunbar, Professor Thomas Gordon, were there After dinner came in Dr. Gerard, Professor Leslie, Professor Macleod. We had little or no conversation in the morning; now we were but barren. The professors seemed afraid to speak.

Dr. Gerard told us that an eminent printer was very intimate with Warburton.—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, he has printed some of his works, and perhaps bought the property of some of them. The intimacy is such as one of the professors here may have with one of the carpenters who is repairing the college."* "But" said Gerard, "I saw a letter from him to this printer, in which he says that the one-half of the clergy of the Church of Scotland are fanatics, and the other half infidels."—JOHNSON: "Warburton has accustomed himself to write letters just as he speaks, without thinking any more of what he throws out. When I read Warburton first, and observed his force and his contempt of mankind, I thought he had driven the world before him; but I soon found that was not the case; for Warburton, by extending his abuse, rendered it ineffectual."

He told me, when we were by ourselves, that he thought it very wrong in the printer to show Warburton's letter, as it was raising a body of enemies against him. He thought it foolish in Warburton to write so to the printer; and added, "Sir, the worst way of being intimate is by scribbling." He called Warburton's "Doctrine of Grace" a poor performance, and so he said was Wesley's Answer. Warburton, he observed, had laid himself very open. In particular, he was weak enough to say, that, in some disorders of the imagination, people had spoken with tongues, had spoken languages which they never knew before; a thing as absurd as to say that in some disorders of the imagination people had been known to fly.

I talked of the difference of genius, to try if I could engage Gerard in a disquisition with Dr. Johnson; but I did not succeed.† I men-

of December, 1505, the treasurer charges "to thirty dozen of bells for dancers, delivered to Thomas Boswell, £4 10s." About this time, however, the Court favourite received a grant of the lands of Auchinleck, and other possessions in Ayrshire. He accompanied his royal master in his invasion of England, in 1513, and, as his descendant was proud to state, fell with him at Flodden.—ED.

* Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, was the party alluded to, and this reference to him, though the name was concealed, gave great offence to his friends. Mr. Strahan was then a Member of Parliament, "and his merit," says Dr. Beattie, "entitled him to be on a footing of intimacy with any bishop or any British subject." He had conferred substantial favours on Johnson himself, who really esteemed and respected him, notwithstanding the above splenetic remark.—See Boswell's "Life of Johnson," under date 1771. —ED.

† Dr. Gerard wrote an "Essay on Genius," and other metaphysical and philosophical treatises. He died February 22nd, 1795.—ED.

tioned as a curious fact, that Locke had written verses.—JOHNSON: "I know of none, sir, but a kind of exercise prefixed to Dr. Sydenham's Works, in which he has some conceits about the dropsy, in which water and burning are united, and how Dr. Sydenham removed fire by drawing off water, contrary to the usual practice, which is to extinguish fire by bringing water upon it. I am not sure that there is a word of all this; but it is such kind of talk."*

* All this, as Dr. Johnson suspected at the time, was the immediate invention of his own lively imagination; for there is not one word of it in Mr. Locke's complimentary performance. My readers will, I have no doubt, like to be satisfied by comparing them, and at any rate it may entertain them to read verses composed by our great metaphysician, when a Bachelor in Physic.

AUCTORI, IN TRACTATUM EJUS DE FEBRIBUS.

Febriles æstus victumque ardoribus orbem
  Flevit non tantis par Medicina malis.
Nam post mille artes, medicæ tentamina curæ,
  Ardet adhuc Febris, nec velit arte regi.
Præda sumus flammis; solum hoc speramus ab igne,
  Ut restet paucus, quem capit urna, cinis.
Dum quærit medicus febris causamque modumque,
  Flammarum et tenebras, et sine luce faces;
Quas tractat patitur flammas, et febre calescens,
  Corruit ipse suis victima rapta focis.
Qui tardos potuit morbos artusque trementes
  Sistere, febrili se videt igne rapi.
Sic faber exesos fulsit tubicine muros,
  Dum trahit antiquas lenta ruina domos.
Sed si flamma vorax miseras incenderit ædes,
  Unica flagrantes tunc sepelire salus.
Fit fuga, tectonicas nemo tunc invocat artes;
  Cum perit artificis non minus usta domus.
Se tandem *Sydenham* febrisque Scholæque furori
  Opponens, morbi quærit et artis opem.
Non temere incusat tectæ putedinis ignes;
  Nec fictus, febres qui fovet, humor erit.
Non bilem ille movet, nulla hic pituita; salutis
  Quæ spes, si fallax ardeat intus aqua?
Nec doctas magno rixas ostentat hiatu,
  Quis ipsis major febribus ardor inest.
Innocuas placide corpus jubet urere flammas;
  Et justo rapidos temperat igne focos.
Quid febrim exstinguat, varius quid postulat usus,
  Solari ægrotos qua potes arte, docet.
Hactenus ipsa suum timuit Natura calorem,
  Dum sæpe incerto, quo calet, igne perit:
Dum reparat tacitos male provida sanguinis ignes,
  Prælusit busto, fit calor iste rogus.
Jam secura suas foveant præcordia flammas,
  Quem Natura negat, dat Medicina modum.
Nec solum faciles compescit sanguinis æstus,
  Dum dubia est inter spemque metumque salus;
Sed fatale malum domuit, quodque astra malignum
  Credimus, iratam vel genuisse Stygem.

We spoke of Fingal. Dr. Johnson said calmly, "If the poems were really translated, they were certainly first written down. Let



Mr. Macpherson deposit the manuscript in one of the colleges at Aberdeen, where there are people who can judge; and, if the professors certify the authenticity, then there will be an end of the controversy. If he does not take this obvious and easy method, he gives the best reason to doubt; considering too, how much is against it *à priori*."*

Extorsit Lachesi cultros, Pestique venenum
  Abstulit, et tantos non sinit esse metus.
Quis tandem arte novâ domitam mitescere Pestem
  Credat, et antiquas ponere posse minas?
Post tot mille neces, cumulataque funera busto,
  Victa jacet parvo vulnere dira Lues;
Ætheriæ quanquam spargunt contagia flammæ,
  Quicquid inest istis ignibus, ignis erit.
Delapsæ cœlo flammæ licet acrius urant,
  Has gelidâ exstingui non nisi morte putas?
Tu meliora paras, victrix Medicina; tuusque,
  Pestis quæ superat cuncta, triumphus erit.
Vive liber, victis febrilibus ignibus; unus
  Te simul et mundum qui manet, ignis erit.

J. LOCKE, A.M., Ex Æde Christi, Oxon.

* A large portion of the poems was confessedly written down from oral recitation, and a manuscript in the handwriting of Mr. Macpherson or any of his coadjutors would have been no evidence. It appears, however, that Macpherson did make an attempt to give satisfaction to the public. He left for some months all the originals of his translation open to inspection and examination in Becket the bookseller's shop, and intimated by advertisement in the newspapers that he had done so. No person called to look at them, and his disdain of public censure became still stronger. See letter from Dr. Blair to Henry Mackenzie in Highland Society's Report.—ED.

We sauntered after dinner in Sir Alexander's garden, and saw his little grotto, which is hung with pieces of poetry written in a fair hand. It was agreeable to observe the contentment and kindness of this quiet, benevolent man. Professor Macleod was brother to Macleod of Talisker, and brother-in-law to the Laird of Col.* He gave me a letter to young Col. I was weary of this day, and began to think wishfully of being again in motion. I was uneasy to think myself too fastidious, whilst I fancied Dr. Johnson quite satisfied. But he owned to me that he was fatigued and teased by Sir Alexander's doing too much to entertain him. I said it was all kindness.—JOHNSON: "True, sir; but sensation is sensation."—BOSWELL: "It is so: we feel pain equally from the surgeon's probe as from the sword of the foe."

We visited two bookseller's shops, and could not find Arthur Johnston's Poems. We went and sat near an hour at Mr. Riddoch's. He could not tell distinctly how much education at the college here costs, which disgusted Dr. Johnson. I had pledged myself that we should go to the inn, and not stay supper. They pressed us, but he was resolute. I saw Mr. Riddoch did not please him. He said to me afterwards, "Sir, he has no vigour in his talk." But my friend should have considered that he himself was not in good humour: so that it was not easy to talk to his satisfaction. We sat contentedly at our inn. He then became merry, and observed how little we had either heard or said at Aberdeen: that the Aberdonians had not started a single mawkin (the Scottish word for hare) for us to pursue.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 24.

We set out about eight in the morning, and breakfasted at Ellon. The landlady said to me, "Is not this the great Doctor that is going about through the country?" I said, "Yes." "Ay," said she, "we heard of him. I made an errand into the room on purpose to see him. There's something great in his appearance: it is a pleasure to have such a man in one's house; a man who does so much good. If I had thought of it, I would have shown him a child of mine, who has had a lump on his throat for some time." "But," said I, "he is not a doctor of physic." "Is he an oculist?" said the landlord. "No," said I, "he is only a very learned man."—LANDLORD: "They say he is the greatest man in England, except Lord Mansfield." Dr. Johnson was highly entertained with this, and I do think he was pleased, too. He said, "I like the exception; to have called me the greatest man in

* Professor Macleod became successively Sub-Principal and Principal of King's College. He was famous as a caterer for the College, his Highland connexions giving him great influence in the Western Islands. He died September 11th, 1815, aged eighty-eight.—ED.

England would have been an unmeaning compliment; but the exception marked that the praise was in earnest; and, in Scotland, the exception must be Lord Mansfield or—Sir John Pringle."

He told me a good story* of Dr. Goldsmith. Graham, who wrote "Telemachus, a Masque," was sitting one night with him and Dr. Johnson, and was half drunk. He rattled away to Dr. Johnson: "You are a clever fellow, to be sure; but you cannot write an essay like Addison, or verses like the 'Rape of the Lock.'" At last he said,* "Doctor, I should be happy to see you at Eton." "I shall be glad to wait on you," answered Goldsmith. "No," said Graham, "'tis not you I mean, Doctor Minor, 'tis Doctor Major there." Goldsmith was excessively hurt by this. He afterwards spoke of it himself. "Graham," said he, "is a fellow to make one commit suicide."

We had received a polite invitation to Slains Castle. We arrived there just at three o'clock, as the bell for dinner was ringing. Though, from its being just on the North-east Ocean, no trees will grow here, Lord Errol has done all that can be done. He has cultivated his fields so as to bear rich crops of every kind, and he has made an excellent kitchen-garden, with a hot-house. I had never seen any of the family; but there had been a card of invitation written by the Honourable Charles Boyd, the Earl's brother.† We were conducted into the house, and at the dining-room door were met by that gentleman, whom both of us first took to be Lord Errol; but he soon corrected our mistake. My lord was gone to dine in the neighbourhood, at an entertainment given by Mr. Irvine, of Drum. Lady Errol received us politely, and was very attentive to us during the time of dinner. There was nobody at table but her ladyship, Mr. Boyd, and some of the children, their governor and governess. Mr. Boyd put Dr. Johnson in mind of having dined with him at Cumming, the Quaker's, along with a Mr. Hall and Miss Williams; this was a bond of connexion between them. For me, Mr. Boyd's acquaintance with my father was enough. After dinner Lady Errol favoured us with a sight of her young family, whom she made stand up in a row. There were six daughters and two sons. It was a very pleasing sight.

Dr. Johnson proposed our setting out. Mr. Boyd said he hoped

* I am sure I have related this story exactly as Dr. Johnson told it to me; but a friend who has often heard him tell it informs me that he usually introduced a circumstance which ought not to be omitted. "At last, sir, Graham, having now got to about the pitch of looking at one man and talking to another, said, Doctor, &c. "What effect (Dr. Johnson used to add) this had on Goldsmith, who was as irascible as a hornet, may be easily conceived."—BOSWELL.

† This is explained by Johnson in a letter to Mrs. Thrale. When he was at the English church in Aberdeen he was espied by Lady Di. Middleton (daughter of the Earl of Stamford, and wife of Mr. Middleton, of Lenton), who mentioned the circumstance to Mr. Boyd, and hence the invitation to visit Slains Castle.—ED.

we would stay all night; his brother would be at home in the evening, and would be very sorry if he missed us. Mr. Boyd was called out of the room. I was very desirous to stay in so comfortable a house, and I wished to see Lord Errol. Dr. Johnson, however, was right in resolving to go, if we were not asked again, as it is best to err on the safe side in such cases, and to be sure that one is quite welcome. To my great joy, when Mr. Boyd returned, he told Dr. Johnson that it was Lady Errol who had called him out, and said that she would never let Dr. Johnson into the house again if he went away that night; and that she had ordered the coach to carry us to see a great curiosity on the coast, after which we should see the house. We cheerfully agreed.

Mr. Boyd was engaged in 1745-6, on the same side with many unfortunate mistaken noblemen and gentlemen. He escaped, and lay concealed for a year in the island of Arran, the ancient territory of the Boyds. He then went to France, and was about twenty years on the Continent. He married a French lady, and now lived very comfortably at Aberdeen, and was much at Slains Castle. He entertained us with great civility. He had a pompousness of formal plenitude in his conversation which I did not dislike. Dr. Johnson said "there was too much elaboration in his talk." It gave me pleasure to see him, a steady branch of the family, setting forth all its advantages with much zeal. He told us that Lady Errol was one of the most pious and sensible women in the island; had a good head, and as good a heart. He said she did not use force or fear in educating her children.—Johnson: "Sir, she is wrong; I would rather have the rod to be the general terror to all, to make them learn, than tell a child if you do thus or thus you will be more esteemed than your brothers or sisters. The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't; whereas, by exciting emulation, and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other."

During Mr. Boyd's stay in Arran, he had found a chest of medical books, left by a surgeon there, and he read them till he acquired some skill in physic, in consequence of which he is often consulted by the poor. There were several here waiting for him as patients. We walked round the house till stopped by a cut made by the influx of the sea. The house is built quite upon the shore; the windows look upon the main ocean, and the King of Denmark is Lord Errol's nearest neighbour on the north-east.

We got immediately into the coach and drove to Dunbui, a rock near the shore, quite covered with sea-fowls; then to a circular basin

of large extent, surrounded with tremendous rocks. On the quarter next the sea there is a high arch in the rock, which the force of the tempest has driven out. This place is called Buchan's Buller, or the Buller of Buchan, and the country people call it the Pot. Mr. Boyd said it was called so from the French *bouloir*. It may be more simply traced from "boiler" in our own language. We walked round this monstrous cauldron. In some places the rock is very narrow, and on each side there is a sea deep enough for a man of war to ride in, so that it is somewhat horrid to move along. However, there is earth and grass upon the rock, and a kind of road marked out by the print of feet, so that one makes it out pretty safely, yet it alarmed me to see Dr. Johnson striding irregularly along. He insisted on taking a boat, and sailing into the Pot. We did so. He was stout, and wonderfully alert. The Buchan men all showing their teeth, and speaking with that sharp accent which distinguishes them, was to me a matter of curiosity. He was not sensible of the difference of pronunciation in the South and North of Scotland, which I wondered at.

As the entry into the Buller is so narrow that oars cannot be used as you go in, the method taken is to row very hard when you come near it, and give the boat such a rapidity of motion that it glides in. Dr. Johnson observed what an effect this scene would have had, were we entering into an unknown place. There are caves of considerable depth, I think, one on each side. The boatman had never entered either of them far enough to know the size. Mr. Boyd told us that it is customary for the company at Peterhead Well to make parties, and come and dine in one of the caves here.

He told us that, as Slains is at a considerable distance from Aberdeen, Lord Errol, who has a very large family, resolved to have a surgeon of his own. With this view he educated one of his tenant's sons, who is now settled in a very neat house and farm just by, which we saw from the road. By the salary which the Earl allows him, and the practice which he has had, he is in very easy circumstances. He had kept an exact account of all that had been laid out on his education, and he came to his lordship one day, and told him that he had arrived at a much higher situation than ever he expected; that he was now able to pay what his lordship had advanced, and begged he would accept of it. The Earl was pleased with the generous gratitude and genteel offer of the man, but refused it. Mr. Boyd also told us Cumming, the Quaker, first began to distinguish himself by writing against Dr. Leechman on Prayer, to prove it unnecessary, as God knows best what should be, and will order it without our asking—the old hackneyed objection.*

* Thomas Cumming, a merchant, distinguished for the part he took in the acquisition

When we returned to the house we found coffee and tea in the drawing-room. Lady Errol was not there, being, as I supposed, engaged with her young family. There is a bow-window fronting the sea. Dr. Johnson repeated the ode, "Jam satis terris," while Mr. Boyd was with his patients. He spoke well in favour of entails, to preserve lines of men whom mankind are accustomed to reverence. His opinion was, that so much land should be entailed as that families should never fall into contempt, and as much left free as to give them all the advantages of property in case of any emergency. "If," said he, "the nobility are suffered to sink into indigence, they of course become corrupt, they are ready to do whatever the king chooses, therefore it is fit that they should be kept from becoming poor, unless it is fixed that when they fall below a certain standard of wealth they should lose their peerages. We know the House of Peers have made noble stands, when the House of Commons durst not. The two last years of Parliament they dare not contradict the populace."

This room is ornamented with a number of fine prints, and with a whole-length picture of Lord Errol, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. This led Dr. Johnson and me to talk of our amiable and elegant friend, whose panegyric he concluded by saying, "Sir Joshua Reynolds, sir, is the most invulnerable man I know; the man with whom if you should quarrel, you would find the most difficulty how to abuse."

Dr. Johnson observed the situation here was the noblest he had ever seen, better than Mount Edgecumbe, reckoned the first in England; because, at Mount Edgecumbe, the sea is bounded by land on the other side, and, though there is the grandeur of a fleet, there is also the impression of there being a dockyard, the circumstances of which are not agreeable. At Slains is an excellent old house. The noble owner has built of brick, along the square in the inside, a gallery, both on the first and second storey, the house being no higher; so that he has always a dry walk, and the rooms, to which formerly there was no approach but through each other, have now all separate entries from the gallery, which is hung with Hogarth's works and other prints. We went and sat awhile in the library. There is a valuable numerous collection. It was chiefly made by Mr. Falconer, husband to the late Countess of Errol in her own right. This Earl has added a good many modern books.

of Senegal in 1758. He planned the expedition, and, as he predicted, the French surrendered without a contest. "If it was the first military scheme of any Quaker," says Smollett, "let it be remembered it was also the first successful expedition of this war, and one of the first that ever was carried on, according to the pacific system of the Quakers, without the loss of a drop of blood on either side." ("History of England," A. D., 1758.) "In 1745, my friend, Tom Cumming, the Quaker, said he would not fight, but he would drive an ammunition-cart." (Johnson in Boswell's "Life," 1783.) This energetic Quaker died in 1774.—Ed.

About nine the Earl came home. Captain Gordon, of Park, was with him. His lordship put Dr. Johnson in mind of their having dined together in London, along with Mr. Beauclerk. I was exceedingly pleased with Lord Errol. His dignified person and agreeable countenance with the most unaffected affability, give me high satisfaction. From perhaps a weakness, or, as I rather hope, more fancy and warmth of feeling than is quite reasonable, my mind is ever impressed with admiration for persons of high birth, and I could with the most perfect honesty expatiate on Lord Errol's good qualities, but he stands in no need of my praise. His agreeable manners and softness of address prevented that constraint which the idea of his being Lord High Constable of Scotland might otherwise have occasioned. He talked very easily and sensibly with his learned guest. I observed that Dr. Johnson, though he showed



LORD ERROL.

that respect to his lordship which, from principle, he always does to high rank, yet, when they came to argument, maintained that manliness which becomes the force and vigour of his understanding. To show external deference to our superiors is proper; to seem to yield to them in opinion is meanness.* The Earl said grace, both

* Lord Chesterfield, in his Letters to his son, complains of one who argued in an indiscriminate manner with men of all ranks. Probably the noble lord had felt with some uneasiness what it was to encounter stronger abilities than his own. If a peer will engage at foils with his inferior in station, he must expect that his inferior in station will avail himself of every advantage; otherwise it is not a fair trial of strength and skill. The same will hold in a contest of reason, or of wit. A certain king entered the lists of genius with Voltaire. The consequence was, that, though the king had great and brilliant talents, Voltaire had such a superiority that his majesty could not bear it; and the poet was dismissed, or escaped, from that court. In the reign of James I. of England, Crichton, Lord Sanquhar, a peer of Scotland, from a vain ambition to excel a fencing-master in his own art, played at rapier and dagger with him The fencing-master, whose fame and bread were at stake, put out one of his lordship's eyes

before and after supper, with much decency. He told us a story of a man who was executed at Perth some years ago for murdering a woman who was with child by him, and a former child he had by her. His hand was cut off; he was then pulled up, but the rope broke, and he was forced to lie an hour on the ground, till another rope was brought from Perth, the execution being in a wood at some distance, at the place where the murders were committed. "There," said my lord, "I see the hand of Providence." I was really happy here. I saw in this nobleman the best dispositions and best principles; and I saw him, in my mind's eye, to be the representative of the ancient Boyds of Kilmarnock. I was afraid he might have urged drinking, as, I believe, he used formerly to do; but he drank port and water out of a large glass himself, and let us do as we pleased. He went with us to our rooms at night, said he took the visit very kindly, and told me my father and he were very old acquaintance, that I now knew the way to Slains, and he hoped to see me there again.

I had a most elegant room, but there was a fire in it which blazed, and the sea, to which my windows looked, roared, and the pillows were made of the feathers of some sea-fowl which had to me a disagreeable smell; so that by all these causes I was kept awake a good while. I saw in imagination Lord Errol's father, Lord Kilmarnock, who was beheaded on Tower-hill in 1746, and I was somewhat dreary. But the thought did not last long, and I fell asleep.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25.

We got up between seven and eight, and found Mr. Boyd in the dining-room, with tea and coffee before him, to give us breakfast. We were in an admirable humour. Lady Errol had given each of us a copy of an ode by Beattie on the birth of her son, Lord Hay Mr. Boyd asked Dr. Johnson how he liked it. Dr. Johnson, who did not admire it, got off very well by taking it out and reading the second and third stanzas of it with much melody. This, without his saying a word, pleased Mr. Boyd. He observed, however, to Dr. Johnson that the expression as to the family of Errol,

"A thousand years have seen it shine,"

compared with what went before, was an anti-climax, and that it would have been better,

"Ages have seen," &c.

Dr. Johnson said, "So great a number as a thousand is better. *Dolus*

Exasperated at this, Lord Sanquhar hired ruffians, and had the fencing-master assassinated; for which his lordship was capitally tried, condemned, and hanged. Not being a peer of England, he was tried by the name of Robert Crichton, Esq.; but he was admitted to be a baron of three hundred years standing.—See the State Trials; and the History of England by Hume, who applauds the impartial justice executed upon a man of high rank.—BOSWELL.

latet in universalibus. Ages might be only two ages."* He talked of the advantage of keeping up the connexions of relationship, which produce much kindness. "Every man," said he, "who comes into the world has need of friends. If he has to get them for himself, half his life is spent before his merit is known. Relations are a man's ready friends, who support him. When a man is in real distress, he flies into the arms of his relations. An old lawyer, who had much experience in making wills, told me that after people had deliberated long, and thought of many for their executors, they settled at last by fixing on their relations. This shows the universality of the principle."

I regretted the decay of respect for men of family, and that a nabob now would carry an election from them.—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, the nabob will carry it by means of his wealth, in a country where money is highly valued, as it must be where nothing can be had without money; but, if it comes to personal preference, the man of family will always carry it. There is generally a scoundrelism about a low man." Mr. Boyd said that was a good *ism.*

I said I believed mankind were happier in the ancient feudal state of subordination than they are in the modern state of independency. —JOHNSON: "To be sure, the chief was, but we must think of the number of individuals. That they were less happy seems plain; for the state from which all escape as soon as they can, and to which none return after they have left it, must be less happy; and this is the case with the state of dependence on a chief or great man."

I mentioned the happiness of the French in their subordination, by the reciprocal benevolence and attachment between the great and those in lower rank. Mr. Boyd gave us an instance of their gentlemanly spirit. An old Chevalier de Malthe, of ancient noblesse, but in low circumstances, was in a coffee-house at Paris, where was Julien, the great manufacturer, at the Gobelins, of the fine tapestry, so much distinguished both for the figures and the colours. The chevalier's carriage was very old. Says Julien, with a plebeian insolence, "I think, sir, you had better have your carriage new painted." The che-

* The truth of Johnson's remark has been finely illustrated by Campbell's naval ode, "Ye Mariners of England:"

> "Whose flag has braved a thousand years
> The battle and the breeze."

Lord Errol, the courteous entertainer of the travellers, died June 3rd, 1778, aged fifty-two. Dr. Beattie, in communicating an account of his death to Mrs. Montagu, eulogises his character and adds—"His stature was six feet four inches, and his proportions most exact. His countenance and deportment exhibited such a mixture of the sublime and the graceful as I have never seen united in any other man. He often put me in mind of an ancient hero; and I remember Dr. Samuel Johnson was positive that he resembled Homer's character of Sarpedon." ("Life of Dr. Beattie," Vol. II. p. 333.) Mr. Boyd died December 27th, 1780.—ED.

valier looked at him with indignant contempt, and answered, "Well, sir, you may take it home and dye it!" All the coffee-house rejoiced at Julien's confusion.

We set out about nine. Dr. Johnson was curious to see one of those structures which northern antiquarians call a Druid's temple. I had a recollection of one at Strichen, which I had seen fifteen years ago; so we went four miles out of our road, after passing Old Deer, and went thither. Mr. Fraser, the proprietor, was at home, and showed it to us. But I had augmented it in my mind, for all that remains is two stones set up on end, with a long one laid upon them, as was usual, and one stone at a little distance from them. That stone was the capital one of the circle which surrounded what now remains. Mr. Fraser was very hospitable.* There was a fair at Strichen, and

* He is the worthy son of a worthy father, the late Lord Strichen, one of our judges, to whose kind notice I was much obliged. Lord Strichen was a man not only honest, but highly generous; for after his succession to the family estate, he paid a large sum of debts contracted by his predecessor, which he was not under any obligation to pay. Let me here, for the credit of Ayrshire, my own county, record a noble instance of liberal honesty in William Hutchison, drover, in Lanehead, Kyle, who formerly obtained a full discharge from his creditors upon a composition of his debts; but upon being restored to good circumstances, invited his creditors last winter to a dinner, without telling the reason, and paid them their full sums, principal and interest. They presented him with a piece of plate, with an inscription to commemorate this extraordinary instance of true worth; which should make some people in Scotland blush, while, though mean themselves, they strut about under the protection of great alliance, conscious of the wretchedness of numbers who have lost by them, to whom they never think of making reparation, but indulge themselves and their families in most unsuitable expense.—BOSWELL.

[Lord Strichen died 15th February, 1775. He sat on the bench for the unprecedentedly long period of forty-five years. As one of the Scottish Judges by whom the Douglas cause was tried, his lordship coincided in opinion with Boswell, using, among others, the following curious illustration. "It has been said that the proof of Lady Jane Douglas's pregnancy depends chiefly upon eyesight. Why, my lords, don't we owe half our knowledge to the eye? Is it not by the eye we acquire our knowledge of astronomy, the effects of the moon, the change of tides? We know the progress of the seasons by the observation of our eye-sight; and why may not the advancement of pregnancy be ascertained by similar observation?" In 1731 Lord Strichen married Ann, Countess of Bute, who thus announces the event to a female friend, the Hon. Mrs. Mac Neil of Ugdale.

"*Edr.*, *21st October*, 1731.

"MY DEAREST PEGGY,—Since the time I reccaved yours I have had much bussness, and have, as I sepose you will have heard, dispached some things of consequence, as I hope for my own happiness, and no disadvantage to ether my childreen or ther friends, rether otherways. I am sure I could have married non who have a more real regard for you then the gentilman I have choss. We often mind you and drink your health, as I conclude you doe ours.

"The letters you wrote me was most diverting, but I must tell you your Camelton gentrey are no coungererrs, ore they would not tell such lyes. I assure you the intension of my marriage was known to non, but so fare as I told my mother, it was a thing resolved one; but for my brothers I defer'd telling them till I could not help it, fearing they would not be pleased with my changing my condision one any terms; but to shew you how pepel may be mistaken, my mother, who approved of the thing upon my first

he had several of his neighbours from it at dinner. One of them, Dr. Fraser, who had been in the army, remembered to have seen Dr. Johnson at a lecture on experimental philosophy at Lichfield. The Doctor recollected being at the lecture, and he was surprised to find here somebody who knew him.

Mr. Fraser sent a servant to conduct us by a short passage into the high road. I observed to Dr. Johnson that I had a most disagreeable notion of the life of country gentlemen; that I left Mr. Fraser just now as one leaves a prisoner in a jail. Dr. Johnson said that I was right in thinking them unhappy, for that they had not enough to keep their mind in motion.

I started a thought this afternoon which amused us a great part of the way. "If," said I, "our club should come and set up in St. Andrews as a college to teach all that each of us can in the several departments of learning and taste, we should rebuild the city: we should draw a wonderful concourse of students." Dr. Johnson entered fully into the spirit of this project. We immediately fell to distributing the offices. I was to teach civil and Scotch law; Burke, politics and eloquence; Garrick, the art of public speaking; Langton was to be our Grecian, Colman our Latin, professor; Nugent to teach physic; Lord Charlemont, modern history; Beauclerk, natural philosophy; Vesey, Irish antiquities, or Celtic learning;* Jones, Oriental learn-

telling her (a year agoe) quite repented of her aprobation, and would fain have made me give my friend the slipe when our engagement was equal to ye priest's siremony, and my brothers, one the conterery, who's displeasur I only fear'd, went into the thing the minnet I told them of my resolusion, in so much that they both have asur'd me that they aprove of my choise, that ther is non in Briton they would have bin so well pleased with (to use their own words). My sister Argyle writes me, that the Duke took the account of my resolusion to marry in a most reasonable way, and as for my choise, thinks non could make any objections to it. I have bin att the more pains to write, because good Mrs. Hails has spreed twenty lyes with relation to my brother's carage (and aprobation) upon my change of condision, for which I don't resolve to speack ore countinance her any more.

"It was a strange accident befell Thom's son; however, thess losses are easely made up to one of Peggy's agge. I am of oppinion Tom will get more bearns than ever he will take the causion to provid for; but I imagin he will have his own hopes. I shall doe him no harme that way, not being very young, and having had many childreen alredey, which may indid be to likly, yet since Lady Delape had a daughter last sumer, I am resolved not to dispair till I am 50; since, without a mireckel, a woman may have a child till that age," &c.

This specimen of the epistolary intercourse of the *haut ton* of Scottish society, in the early part of last century is given in the "Historical Account of the Family of Fraser, 1825." The lady was not disappointed in her hopes of issue by her second marriage. She had a son, Alexander Fraser of Strichen, the "worthy" entertainer of Johnson and Boswell. The grandson of this gentleman, Thomas Alexander Fraser, succeeded as heir of entail to the large estates of Lovat in Inverness-shire, in 1816, and in 1837 was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Lovat.—ED.]

* Since the first edition, it has been suggested by one of the club, who knew Mr. Vesey better than Dr. Johnson and I, that we did not assign him a proper place; for he

ing; Goldsmith, poetry and ancient history; Chamier, commercial politics; Reynolds, painting and the arts which have beauty for their object; Chambers, the law of England. Dr. Johnson at first said, "I'll trust theology to nobody but myself;" but upon due consideration that Percy is a clergyman, it was agreed that Percy should teach practical divinity and British antiquities, Dr. Johnson himself, logic, metaphysics, and scholastic divinity. In this manner did we amuse ourselves, each suggesting, and each varying or adding, till the whole was adjusted. Dr. Johnson said, "We only wanted a mathematician since Dyer died, who was a very good one; but as to everything else, we should have a very capital university."*

We got at night to Banff. I sent Joseph on to Duff House; but Earl Fife was not at home, which I regretted much, as we should have had a very elegant reception from his lordship. We found here but an indifferent inn.† Dr. Johnson wrote a long letter to Mrs. Thrale. I wondered to see him write so much so easily. He verified his own doctrine, that "a man may always write when he will set himself doggedly to it."

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26.

We got a fresh chaise here, a very good one, and very good horses. We breakfasted at Cullen. They set down dried haddocks,

was quite unskilled in Irish antiquities and Celtic learning, but might with propriety have been made professor of architecture, which he understood well, and has left a very good specimen of his knowledge and taste in that art, by an elegant house built on a plan of his own formation, at Lucan, a few miles from Dublin.—BOSWELL.

* Our Club, originally at the Turk's Head, Gerrard-street, then at Prince's, Sackville-street, now at Baxter's, Dover-street, which at Mr. Garrick's funeral acquired a name for the first time, and was called "The Literary Club," was instituted in 1764, and now consists of thirty-five members. It has, since 1773, been greatly augmented; and though Dr. Johnson with justice observed, that, by losing Goldsmith, Garrick, Nugent, Chamier, Beauclerk, we had lost what would make an eminent club, yet when I mention, as an accession, Mr. Fox, Dr. George Fordyce, Sir Charles Bunbury, Lord Ossory, Mr. Gibbon, Dr. Adam Smith, Mr. R. B. Sheridan, the Bishops of Kilaloe and St. Asaph, Dean Marley, Mr. Steevens, Mr. Dunning, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Scott of the Commons, Earl Spencer, Mr. Wyndham of Norfolk, Lord Elliott, Mr. Malone, Dr. Joseph Warton, the Rev. Thomas Warton, Lord Lucan, Mr. Burke junior, Lord Palmerston, Dr. Burney, Sir William Hamilton, and Dr. Warren, it will be acknowledged that we might establish a second university of high reputation.—BOSWELL.

† Here, unluckily, the windows had no pulleys; and Dr. Johnson, who was constantly eager for fresh air, had much struggling to get one of them kept open. Thus he had a notion impressed upon him, that this wretched defect was general in Scotland; in consequence of which he has erroneously enlarged upon it in his "Journey." I regretted that he did not allow me to read over his book before it was printed. I should have changed very little; but I should have suggested an alteration in a few places where he has laid himself open to be attacked. I hope I should have prevailed with him to omit or soften his assertion, that "a Scotsman must be a sturdy moralist, who does not prefer Scotland to truth," for I really think it is not founded; and it is harshly said.—BOSWELL.

broiled along with our tea. I ate one; but Dr. Johnson was disgusted by the sight of them, so they were removed.* Cullen has a comfortable appearance, though but a very small town, and the houses mostly poor buildings.

I called on Mr. Robertson, who has the charge of Lord Findlater's affairs, and was formerly Lord Monboddo's clerk, was three times in France with him, and translated Condamine's account of the Savage Girl, to which his lordship wrote a preface, containing several remarks of his own. Robertson said he did not believe so much as his lordship did; that it was plain to him the girl confounded what she imagined with what she remembered; that, besides, she perceived Condamine and Lord Monboddo forming theories, and she adapted her story to them.

Dr. Johnson said, "It is a pity to see Lord Monboddo publish such notions as he has done; a man of sense, and of so much elegant learning. There would be little in a fool doing it, we should only laugh; but when a wise man does it, we are sorry. Other people have strange notions, but they conceal them. If they have tails, they hide them, but Monboddo is as jealous of his tail as a squirrel." I shall here put down some more remarks of Dr. Johnson's on Lord Monboddo, which were not made exactly at this time, but come in well from connexion. He said, he did not approve of a judge's calling himself Farmer Burnett,† and going about with a little

* Sir Walter Scott has entered a protest, in the name of his country, against Johnson's taste in the matter of haddocks. "A Finnan haddock," he says, "dried over the smoke of the sea-weed and sprinkled with salt-water during the process, acquires a relish of a very peculiar and delicate flavour, inimitable on any other coast than that of Aberdeenshire." (Croker's Boswell). Johnson might have replied, "Sir, you do not see your way through the question." The fish served up to the travellers at Cullen was the common dried haddock. Sir Walter alludes to the peculiar sort prepared at Finnan, a fishing-village six miles south of Aberdeen. "Your genuine haddock may be distinguished by his bright yellow colour, by his peculiar odour, and by other marks familiar to the learned. He should never be kept above a day, ought to be roasted by a very quick fire, and served up and eaten immediately. So highly is he esteemed that the burghs on the Frith of Forth, and other places, have regular manufactories of a spurious article, which they vend under his name." ("Book of Bon-Accord," Aberdeen, 1839.) The ordinary dried haddock is, however, a very palatable addition to the breakfast-table, and great quantities of the fish are now sent to the London market. —ED.

† It is the custom in Scotland for the Judges of the Court of Session to have the title of *lords* from their estates; thus Mr. Burnett is Lord *Monboddo*, as Mr. Home was Lord *Kames*. There is something a little awkward in this; for they are denominated in deeds by their *names*, with the addition of "one of the Senators of the College of Justice;" and subscribe their Christian and sur-names, as *James Burnett*, *Henry Home*, even in judicial acts.—BOSWELL.

[As the ladies of these official dignitaries do not bear any share in their husbands honours, they are distinguished only by their lords' family name. They were not always contented with this species of Salique law, which certainly is somewhat inconsistent. But

round hat. He laughed heartily at his lordship's saying he was an enthusiastical farmer; "for," said he, "what can he do in farming by his enthusiasm?" Here, however, I think Dr. Johnson mistaken. He who wishes to be successful or happy ought to be enthusiastical—that is to say, very keen in all the occupations or diversions of life. An ordinary gentleman-farmer will be satisfied with looking at his fields once or twice a-day; an enthusiastical farmer will be constantly employed on them—will have his mind earnestly engaged; will talk perpetually of them. But Dr. Johnson has much of the *nil admirari* in smaller concerns. That survey of life which gave birth to his "Vanity of Human Wishes" early sobered his mind. Besides, so great a mind as his cannot be moved by inferior objects; an elephant does not run and skip like lesser animals.

Mr. Robertson sent a servant with us, to show us through Lord Findlater's wood, by which our way was shortened, and we saw some part of his domain, which is indeed admirably laid out. Dr. Johnson did not choose to walk through it. He always said that he was not come to Scotland to see fine places, of which there were enough in England; but wild objects, mountains, waterfalls, peculiar manners; in short, things which he had not seen before. I have a notion that he at no time has had much taste for rural beauties. I have myself very little.

Dr. Johnson said there was nothing more contemptible than a country gentleman living beyond his income, and every year growing poorer and poorer. He spoke strongly of the influence which a man has by being rich. "A man," said he, "who keeps his money, has in reality more use from it than he can have by spending it." I observed that this looked very like a paradox; but he explained it thus: "If it were certain that a man would keep his money locked up for ever, to be sure he would have no influence; but, as so many want money, and he has the power of giving it, and they know not but by gaining his favour they may obtain it, the rich man will always have the greatest influence. He, again, who lavishes his money is laughed at as foolish, and in a great degree with justice, considering how much is spent from vanity. Even those who partake of a man's hospitality have but a transient kindness for him. If he has not the command of money, people know he cannot help them if he would; whereas the rich man always can, if he will, and for the chance of that will have much weight."—Boswell: "But philosophers and satirists have all treated a miser as contemptible."—Johnson: "He is so philosophically;

their pretensions to title are said to have been long since repelled by James V., the Sovereign who founded the College of Justice. "I," said he, "made the carles lords, but who the devil made the carlines ladies?" (Scott. Note in "Redgauntlett.")—Ed.]

but not in the practice of life."—BOSWELL: "Let me see, now; I do not know the instances of misers in England, so as to examine into their influence."—JOHNSON: "We have had few misers in England."—BOSWELL: "There was Lowther."—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, Lowther, by keeping his money, had the command of the county, which the family has now lost by spending it.* I take it, he lent a great deal, and that is the way to have influence and yet preserve one's wealth. A man may lend his money upon very good security, and yet have his debtor much under his power."—BOSWELL: "No doubt, sir. He can always distress him for the money; as no man borrows who is able to pay on demand quite conveniently."

We dined at Elgin, and saw the noble ruins of the cathedral. Though it rained much, Dr. Johnson examined them with a most patient attention. He could not here feel any abhorrence at the Scottish reformers, for he had been told by Lord Hailes that it was destroyed before the Reformation, by the Lord of Badenoch,† who

* I do not know what was at this time the state of the parliamentary interest of the ancient family of Lowther, a family before the Conquest; but all the nation knows it to be very extensive at present. A due mixture of severity and kindness, economy and munificence, characterises its present representative.—BOSWELL.

[The family of Lowther has since illustrated its nobility by its patronage of Wordsworth the poet.—ED.]

† *Note by Lord Hailes.*—"The cathedral of Elgin was burnt by the Lord of Badenoch because the Bishop of Moray had pronounced an award not to his liking. The indemnification that the see obtained was, that the Lord of Badenoch stood for three days barefooted at the great gate of the cathedral. The story is in the Chartulary of Elgin."—BOSWELL.

[The Lord of Badenoch alluded to is better known in history and tradition by the title of the Wolf of Badenoch. This notorious personage was Alexander Stewart; or in Gaelic, *Alister More Mac an Righ*, a natural son of King Robert II. The Highlanders considered the fertile plains of Moray, peopled by a Flemish race, as a country in which all men were free to take their prey. Stewart had plundered the Church lands; the Bishop of Moray excommunicated him; and in revenge the Wolf descended with his followers and ravaged the district. He first burned the town of Forres, and then, on the feast of St. Botolph 1390, he set fire to Elgin Cathedral, to the canons and chaplains' houses, and to the greater part of the town. He did penance for the outrage in the Blackfriars at Perth, and promised to make indemnification to the Bishop of Moray; but he died in less than four years afterwards, February 20th, 1394. The magnificent ruins of Elgin Cathedral show that the Wolf of Badenoch did not complete his work of destruction. The pointed arches and their decorations speak of a period anterior to his fiery *raid;* but as every subsequent bishop was compelled to devote a third of his temporalities to the completion of the pile, large additions were made in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The building was in the form of a Passion or Jerusalem Cross, having five towers, two at each end, and one, 198 feet high, in the centre. In 1568, from miserable parsimony, the Privy Council, under the Regent Morton, stripped the lead from the roof of the cathedral and shipped it to Holland for sale. The vessel foundered. "I hope every reader," says Johnson, "will rejoice that this cargo of sacrilege was lost at sea." The cathedral soon went to decay, and in 1711 the great tower fell. Of late years attention has been paid to the preservation of the venerable pile, and the rubbish which had been accumulated has been cleared away, disclosing more fully the graceful and noble proportions and ornate tracery of unquestionably the finest ruin in Scotland.—ED.]

had a quarrel with the bishop. The bishop's house, and those of the other clergy, which are still pretty entire, do not seem to have been proportioned to the magnificence of the cathedral, which has been of



ELGIN CATHEDRAL.

great extent, and had very fine carved work. The ground within the walls of the cathedral is employed as a burying-place. The family of Gordon have their vault here, but it has nothing grand.

We passed Gordon Castle* this forenoon, which has a princely

* I am not sure whether the Duke was at home. But, not having the honour of being much known to his Grace, I could not have presumed to enter his castle, though to introduce even so celebrated a stranger. We were at any rate in a hurry to get forward to the wildness which we came to see. Perhaps, if this noble family had still preserved that sequestered magnificence which they maintained when Catholics, corresponding with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, we might have been induced to have procured proper letters of introduction, and devoted some time to the contemplation of venerable superstitious state.—BOSWELL.

[Alexander Duke of Gordon, born 1743, died 1827. About the time of his Grace's death a considerable part of Gordon Castle was destroyed by fire. The present castle (now the seat of the Duke of Richmond) is chiefly of modern erection. It is of great size, being 570 feet in length, and of imposing appearance, though somewhat formal and monotonous in its regularity. The grounds are extensive, studded with noble trees, and containing a fine deer-park and gardens. One favourite lime-tree is 317 feet in circumference, all the branches touching the ground. Duke Alexander wrote some humorous Scotch songs, praised by Burns, and was famous for his skill in mechanics. He kept a turning-lathe, and delighted to make snuff-boxes for his friends. Queen Charlotte once requested him to turn a set of neck-ornaments for her, which he did in gold. Her Majesty wore them at a Drawing-room; "but I thought it as well," said the

appearance. Fochabers, the neighbouring village, is a poor place, many of the houses being ruinous; but it is remarkable, they have in general orchards well stored with apple-trees. Elgin has what in England are called piazzas, that run in many places on each side of the street. It must have been a much better place formerly. Probably it had piazzas all along the town, as I have seen at Bologna. I approved much of such structures in a town, on account of their conveniency in wet weather. Dr. Johnson disapproved of them, "because (said he) it makes the under-storey of a house very dark, which greatly over-balances the conveniency, when it is considered how small a part of the year it rains; how few are usually in the street at such times; that many who are might as well be at home: and the little that people suffer, supposing them to be as much wet as they commonly are in walking a street."

We fared but ill at our inn here; and Dr. Johnson said, this was the first time he had seen a dinner in Scotland that he could not eat.

In the afternoon, we drove over the very heath where Macbeth met the witches, according to tradition.* Dr. Johnson again solemnly repeated—

> "How far is't called to Fores? What are these,
> So withered, and so wild in their attire?
> They look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
> And yet are on't."

He repeated a good deal more of "Macbeth." His recitation was grand and affecting, and, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed to me, had no more tone than it should have; it was the better for it. He then parodied the "All hail" of the witches to Macbeth, addressing himself to me. I had purchased some land called Dalblair; and as in Scotland it is customary to distinguish landed men by the name of

Duke, "to take myself off to Gordon Castle; else I might perhaps have been appointed necklace-maker to the Queen and the Princesses." His Grace had an old librarian, Mr. James Hoy (a correspondent of Burns's) who was called the *Duke's Crammer*. His forenoon duty was to read the new books, as they arrived at the castle, while the Duke worked at his turning-lathe; and in the afternoons, over a bottle of claret, he *filled* his patron with all that he considered worth remembering in them. Had Johnson visited Gordon Castle the quality and manner of *his* literary communications to the Duke would have formed a curious contrast to those of the old Scotch librarian.—ED.]

* In reality they did not reach the spot till the following day. Johnson traces the journey correctly. Boswell had been misled by his memory or by looking into Pennant, who fell into the same error. ("Tour in Scotland in 1769.") The "blasted heath" lies to the west of Forres, about halfway between that town and Nairn. A round knoll planted with fir-trees, and known by the name of "Macbeth's Hillock," has from time immemorial been pointed out as the place where the Thane met the weird sisters. In the immediate neighbourhood is the old castle of Inshock, once a seat of the Hays of Lochloy; and the hills of Rosshire and Sutherland are seen across the Frith. The once-dreary table-land of the moor is now almost all under cultivation—either with woods or arable farms, and the public highway passes through it.—ED.

their estates, I had thus two titles, Dalblair and Young Auchinleck. So my friend, in imitation of

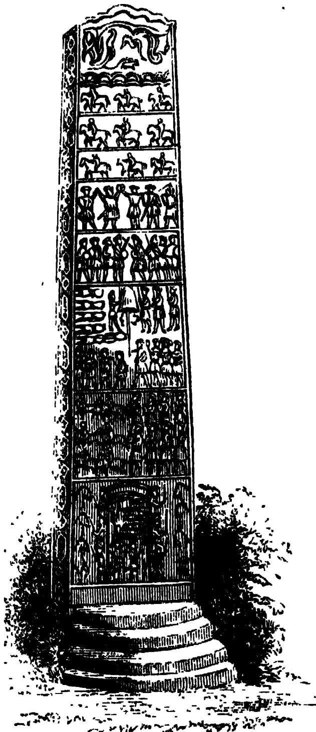
"All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!"

condescended to amuse himself with uttering

"All hail, Dalblair! hail to thee, Laird of Auchinleck!"

We got to Fores at night, and found an admirable inn, in which Dr. Johnson was pleased to meet with a landlord who styled himself "Wine Cooper, from LONDON."

FRIDAY, AUGUST 27.



FORES PILLAR.

It was dark when we came to Fores last night, so we did not see what is called King Duncan's monument.* I shall now mark some gleanings of Dr. Johnson's conversation. I spoke of "Leonidas," and said there were some good passages in it.—JOHNSON: "Why, you must seek for them." He said, Paul Whitehead's *Manners* was a poor performance. Speaking of Derrick, he told me "he had a kindness for him, and had often said, that if his letters had been written by one of a more established name they would have been thought very pretty letters."

This morning I introduced the subject of the origin of evil.—JOHNSON: "Moral evil is occasioned by free will, which implies choice between good and evil. With all the evil that there is, there is no man but would rather be a free agent than a mere machine without the evil; and what is

* Boswell must allude to "Forres Pillar" or "Sweno's Stone," a curiously carved obelisk, 23 feet in height above the ground, and said to be 12 feet under ground. It stands in a field about half a mile to the east of the town. It is commonly supposed to commemorate the expulsion of the Danes after the Battle of Mortlach in the reign of Malcolm II. The antiquity of the stone is pointed out incidentally in a charter granted

best for each individual must be best for the whole. If a man would rather be the machine, I cannot argue with him. He is a different being from me."—BOSWELL: "A man, as a machine, may have agreeable sensations; for instance, he may have pleasure in music." —JOHNSON: "No, sir, he cannot have pleasure in music; at least no power of producing music; for he who can produce music may let it alone; he who can play upon a fiddle may break it; such a man is not a machine." This reasoning satisfied me. It is certain, there cannot be a free agent unless there is the power of being evil as well as good. We must take the inherent possibilities of things into consideration, in our reasonings or conjectures concerning the works of God.

We came to Nairn to breakfast. Though a county town and a royal burgh, it is a miserable place. Over the room where we sat, a girl was spinning wool with a great wheel, and singing an Erse song: "I'll warrant you," said Dr. Johnson, "one of the songs of Ossian." He then repeated these lines:

> "Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound.
> All at her work the village maiden sings;
> Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around,
> Revolves the sad vicissitude of things."

I thought I had heard these lines before.—JOHNSON: "I fancy not, sir; for they are in a detached poem, the name of which I do not remember, written by one Giffard, a parson."

I expected Mr. Kenneth Macaulay, the minister of Calder, who published the "History of St. Kilda," a book which Dr. Johnson liked, would have met us here, as I had written to him from Aberdeen. But I received a letter from him, telling me that he could not leave home, as he was to administer the sacrament the following Sunday, and earnestly requesting to see us at his manse. "We'll go," said Dr. Johnson; which we accordingly did. Mrs. Macaulay received us, and told us her husband was in the church distributing tokens.* We arrived between twelve and one o'clock, and it was near three before he came to us.

by Alexander II., of the lands of Burgue, extending "a magno quercu in Malvin usque ad rune Pictorum." The carved figures and runic tracery on the pillar are singularly elaborate and striking.—ED.

* In Scotland there is a great deal of preparation before administering the sacrament. The minister of the parish examines the people as to their fitness, and to those of whom he approves gives little pieces of tin [pewter], stamped with the name of the parish, as tokens, which they must produce before receiving it. This is a species of priestly power, and sometimes may be abused. I remember a law-suit brought by a person against his parish minister, for refusing him admission to that sacred ordinance. —BOSWELL.

Dr. Johnson thanked him for his book, and said it was a very pretty piece of topography. Macaulay did not seem much to mind the compliment. From his conversation, Dr. Johnson was persuaded that he had not written the book which goes under his name. I myself always suspected so; and I have been told it was written by the learned Dr. John Macpherson of Sky, from the materials collected by Macaulay. Dr. Johnson said privately to me, "There is a combination in it of which Macaulay is not capable." However, he was exceedingly hospitable; and, as he obligingly promised us a route for our tour through the Western Isles, we agreed to stay with him all night.*



CAWDOR CASTLE.

After dinner, we walked to the old castle of Calder (pronounced Cawder), the Thane of Cawdor's seat. I was sorry that my friend,

* Mr. Macaulay had, previous to his settlement at Calder, been minister of Ardnamurchan, in Argyleshire, and visited St. Kilda in 1758, as missionary to the island, from the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. His "History of St. Kilda" was published in 1764. It is not very accurate in details, but is well written. Passages of the

this "prosperous gentleman," was not there. The old tower must be of great antiquity. There is a draw-bridge, what has been a moat, and an ancient court. There is a hawthorn-tree, which rises like a wooden pillar through the rooms of the castle; for, by a strange conceit, the walls have been built round it. The thickness of the walls, the small slanting windows, and a great iron door at the entrance on the second storey as you ascend the stairs, all indicate the rude times in which this castle was erected. There were here some large venerable trees.*

work are somewhat Johnsonian in expression: *e. g.*, "Silver and gold, stately houses and costly furniture, together with the fantastic luxury of dress and the table, they neither have nor desire. To rise in fleets and armies, amidst infinite toils and dangers; to earn posts or pensions, after having wriggled themselves into the favour of the great, at the expense of honour and conscience; to create overgrown estates, after having practised all the vile arts of avarice, frauds, extortion and servility, are passions and wishes which Providence has kindly concealed from them. The humble blessings of bread and wild-fowl, of peaceful cottages and little flocks, of angling-rods and hunting-ropes, are all the riches, honours, and profits they aspire after. If at a distance from the seats of justice, they are absolute strangers to the law's delays; if ignorant and unphilosophical, they are libertines neither in belief or practice, nor with learned speculations strike at the foundation of virtue, nor produce any breach of the public tranquillity or happiness."—See "Wilson's Voyage Round Scotland," 1842, in which there is a highly interesting account of St. Kilda. The population of the little island consists of about a score of families, or 105 souls, who pay their rent (about 60*l.*) by means of the feathers of sea-fowl, of which united they are bound to contribute [illegible] stones, nd eac family also gives the proprietor twenty-three pecks of barley every year. The solan geese, fulmar, and other varieties of sea-fowl on the coast a[illegible] innum[illegible]able, and the men are bold cragsmen. Mr. Wilson was much st[illegible] with their fearless mode of collecting the eggs and young of the various sea-fowl, from the faces of the vast precipitous cliffs which overhang the sea.—ED.]

* The royal licence to build and fortify a castle at Calder was granted by James II., in the year 1454. From the nature of the ground the castle could never have been surrounded by a moat, properly so called, but by a dry fosse or ditch. The hawthorn-tree does not rise "through the rooms of the castle," but merely reaches the top of an arched vault or dungeon, in the centre of the structure, which had been built over the tree on the rock. The iron door securing this gloomy and singular apartment was carried off from Lochindorb Castle by special permission from the Crown. The Campbells acquired the estate by marriage, in 1510. A certain Thane dying in 1494, left a posthumous child, a daughter, named Muriel, or Marion. She was carried off when about six years of age by Campbell, of Inverliver, who came with a following of sixty men. Muriel's grandmother, in order to identify the child, seared and marked her on the hip with a key, and her two uncles, Alexander and Hugh Calder, pursued the party with what assistance they could muster. A conflict took place in Strathnairn; Campbell sent forward the child under an escort, and dressed up a sheaf of corn to represent the young heiress. The *ruse* succeeded; Muriel was taken off, and ultimately became the wife of Sir John Campbell, third son of Argyle. In the heat of the conflict between the Campbells and Calders, when the tide seemed to run against the former, Inverliver exclaimed in Gaelic, "It is a far cry to Loch Awe, and a distant help to the Campbells;" a saying which became proverbial in the north, to express imminent danger and distant relief. Boswell's friend, the "prosperous gentleman," was John Campbell, Esq., M.P. who died in 1779, and was succeeded by his grandson. The latter was elevated to the peerage in 1796, by the title of Lord Cawdor. The tradition as to the site of the castle and the mysterious hawthorn-tree is, that a wise man counselled the Thane to load an ass with a chest

I was afraid of a quarrel between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Macaulay, who talked slightingly of the lower English clergy. The Doctor gave him a frowning look, and said, "This is a day of novelties; I have seen old trees in Scotland, and I have heard the English clergy treated with disrespect."

I dreaded that a whole evening at Calder manse would be heavy; however, Mr. Grant, an intelligent and well-bred minister in the neighbourhood [parish of Daviot] was there, and assisted us by his conversation. Dr. Johnson, talking of hereditary occupations in the Highlands, said, "There is no harm in such a custom as this; but it is wrong to enforce it, and oblige a man to be a tailor or a smith because his father has been one." This custom, however, is not peculiar to our Highlands; it is well known that in India a similar practice prevails.

Mr. Macaulay began a rhapsody against creeds and confessions. Dr. Johnson showed that what he called imposition was only a voluntary declaration of agreement in certain articles of faith, which a Church has a right to require, just as any other society can insist on certain rules being observed by its members. Nobody is compelled to be of the Church, as nobody is compelled to enter into a society. This was a very clear and just view of the subject; but Macaulay could not be driven out of his track. Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, you are a bigot to laxness."

Mr. Macaulay and I laid the map of Scotland before us, and he pointed out a route for us from Inverness, by Fort Augustus, to Glenelg, Sky, Mull, Icolmkill, Lorn, and Inverary, which I wrote down. As my father was to begin the northern circuit about the 18th of September, it was necessary for us either to make our tour with great expedition so as to get to Auchinleck before he set out, or to protract it so as not to be there till his return, which would be about the 10th of October. By Macaulay's calculation we were not to land in Lorn till the 20th of September. I thought that the interruptions by bad days, or by occasional excursions, might make

full of gold, and to build his castle with the money, at the third hawthorn-tree at which the animal should stop. A similar tradition is related as to the site of the ruined Abbey of Altenberg, in Germany. The monks devolved upon an ass the choice of the situation for their new convent, and loaded him with the money to be expended on the building. "He went on till he entered a shady grove, that affords a delicious refuge from the burning rays of the afternoon sun, and stopped where a bright rivulet, trickling from the Spechtshard, and marking its course by a strip of the liveliest green, fell into the beautiful Dhun. His sonorous voice was drowned in the exulting psalms of the monks, and on this, the loveliest spot of the whole valley, the sacred edifice was erected." ("Byways of History," by Mrs. Percy Sinnett, 1847.) The ass of Cawdor was no less choice in his taste. The site of the castle, on the range of a romantic, richly-wooded stream, is eminently picturesque and beautiful.—ED.

it ten days later; and I thought, too, that we might perhaps go to Benbecula, and visit Clanranald, which would take a week of itself.

Dr. Johnson went up with Mr. Grant to the library, which consisted of a tolerable collection; but the Doctor thought it rather a lady's library, with some Latin books in it by chance, than the library of a clergyman. It had only two of the Latin fathers, and one of the Greek fathers in Latin. I doubted whether Dr. Johnson would be present at a Presbyterian prayer. I told Mr. Macaulay so, and said that the Doctor might sit in the library while we were at family worship. Mr. Macaulay said he would omit it rather than give Dr. Johnson offence; but I would by no means agree that an excess of politeness, even to so great a man, should prevent what I esteem as one of the best pious regulations. I know nothing more beneficial, more comfortable, more agreeable than that the little societies of each family should regularly assemble and unite in praise and prayer to our heavenly Father, from whom we daily receive so much good, and may hope for more in a higher state of existence. I mentioned to Dr. Johnson the over-delicate scrupulosity of our host; he said he had no objection to hear the prayer. This was a pleasing surprise to me, for he refused to go and hear Principal Robertson preach. "I will hear him," said he, "if he will get up into a tree and preach; but I will not give a sanction by my presence to a Presbyterian assembly."

Mr. Grant having prayed, Dr. Johnson said his prayer was a very good one, but objected to his not having introduced the Lord's Prayer. He told us that an Italian of some note in London said once to him, "We have in our service a prayer called the 'Pater Noster,' which is a very fine composition. I wonder who is the author of it." A singular instance of ignorance in a man of some literature and general inquiry!

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28.

Dr. Johnson had brought a Sallust with him in his pocket from Edinburgh. He gave it last night to Mr. Macaulay's son, a smart young lad about eleven years old. Dr. Johnson had given an account of the education at Oxford, in all its gradations. The advantage of being a servitor to a youth of little fortune struck Mrs. Macaulay much. I observed it aloud. Dr. Johnson very handsomely and kindly said that if they would send their boy to him when he was ready for the University, he would get him made a servitor, and would perhaps do more for him. He could not promise to do more, but would undertake for the servitorship.*

* Dr. Johnson did not neglect what he had undertaken. By his interest with the

I should have mentioned that Mr. White, a Welshman, who has been many years factor (*i. e.* steward) on the estate of Calder, drank tea with us last night, and upon getting a note from Mr. Macaulay, asked us to his house. We had not time to accept his invitation. He gave us a letter of introduction to Mr. Ferne, master of stores at Fort George. He showed it to me; it recommended "two celebrated gentlemen; no less than Dr. Johnson, author of his 'Dictionary,' and Mr. Boswell, known at Edinburgh by the name of Paoli." He said he hoped I had no objection to what he had written, if I had he would alter it. I thought it was a pity to check his effusions, and acquiesced; taking care, however, to seal the letter, that it might not appear that I had read it.

A conversation took place about saying grace at breakfast (as we do in Scotland) as well as at dinner and supper; in which Dr. Johnson said, "It is enough if we have stated seasons of prayer, no matter when. A man may as well pray when he mounts his horse, or a woman when she milks her cow (which Mr. Grant told us is done in the Highlands), as at meals; and custom is to be followed."*

We proceeded to Fort George.† When we came into the square, I sent a soldier with the letter to Mr. Ferne. He came to us immediately, and along with him came Major Brewse, of the Engineers, pronounced Bruce. He said he believed it was originally the same Norman name with Bruce. That he had dined at a house in London where were three Bruces, one of the Irish line, one of the Scottish line, and himself of the English line. He said he was shown it in the Heralds' Office spelt fourteen different ways. I told him the different spellings of my name. Dr. Johnson observed that there had been great disputes about the spelling of Shakspeare's name; at last it was thought that it would be settled by looking at the original copy of his will; but, upon examining it, he was found to have written it himself no less than three different ways.‡

Rev. Dr. Adams, master of Pembroke College, Oxford, where he was educated for some time, he obtained a servitorship for young Macaulay. But it seems he had other views; and I believe went abroad.—BOSWELL. [The death of his father, and consequently reduced circumstances of the family, had probably frustrated the scheme. The Rev. Kenneth Macaulay died at Calder, in 1779, and was succeeded by Mr. Grant, mentioned above.—ED.]

* He could not bear to have it thought that, in any instance whatever, the Scots are more pious than the English. I think grace as proper at breakfast as at any other meal. It is the pleasantest meal we have. Dr. Johnson has allowed the peculiar merit of breakfast in Scotland.—BOSWELL.

† Built after the rebellion of 1745, and constructed for a garrison of about two thousand men. It is the most complete fort in the United Kingdom.—ED.

‡ The three signatures of the poet attached to his will in Doctors' Commons are so indistinctly written, that it is impossible to tell how he spelt his name. Two others exist, connected with a purchase in the Blackfriars. Fac-similes of the whole have

Mr. Ferne and Major Brewse first carried us to wait on Sir Eyre Coote, whose regiment, the 37th, was lying here, and who then commanded the fort. He asked us to dine with him, which we agreed to do.

Before dinner we examined the fort. The Major explained the fortification to us, and Mr. Ferne gave us an account of the stores. Dr. Johnson talked of the proportions of charcoal and saltpetre in making gunpowder, of granulating it, and of giving it a gloss. He made a very good figure upon these topics. He said to me afterwards that he had talked ostentatiously. We reposed ourselves a little in Mr. Ferne's house. He had everything in neat order as in England, and a tolerable collection of books. I looked into Pennant's "Tour in Scotland." He says little of this fort, but that "the barracks, &c., form several streets." This is aggrandising. Mr. Ferne observed, if he had said they formed a square, with a row of buildings before it, he would have given a juster description. Dr. Johnson remarked, "How seldom descriptions correspond with realities; and the reason is that people do not write them till some time after, and then their imagination has added circumstances."

We talked of Sir Adolphus Oughton. The Major said he knew a great deal for a military man.—JOHNSON: "Sir, you will find few men of any profession who know more. Sir Adolphus is a very extraordinary man; a man of boundless curiosity and unwearied diligence."

I know not how the Major contrived to introduce the contest between Warburton and Lowth.—JOHNSON: "Warburton kept his temper all along, while Lowth was in a passion. Lowth published some of Warburton's letters. Warburton drew him on to write some very abusive letters, and then asked his leave to publish them; which he knew Lowth could not refuse after what he had done. So that Warburton contrived that he should publish, apparently with Lowth's consent, what could not but show Lowth in a disadvantageous light."*

been carefully engraved, but the orthography is still unsettled. The poet seems to have dashed off his signature carelessly, little fancying that it was to be examined and debated, like the will in Swift's satire, *totidem syllabis* and *totidem literis*. The clerks spell it *Shackspeare*, which seems to mark the common pronunciation. There may have been, as Mr. Hunter suggests, a rustic and a courtly mode—Mr. *Sharkspeare* in the country, and in polished or scholastic circles, as in poetry, the more stately *Shakespeare*. A copy of Florio's Montaigne, 1609, now in the British Museum, bears the poet's name on a blank page, and in this instance the spelling is clearly "Shakspere;" but doubts are entertained as to the genuineness of the signature. The poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece"—the only works which we know to have been published by the poet himself—bave the name printed on the title-page "Shake-speare."—ED.

* Here Dr. Johnson gave us part of a conversation held between a Great Personage

At three the drum beat for dinner. I, for a little while, fancied myself a military man, and it pleased me. We went to Sir Eyre Coote's, at the governor's house, and found him a most gentlemanlike man. His lady is a very agreeable woman, with an uncommonly mild and sweet tone of voice. There was a pretty large company; Mr. Ferne, Major Brewse, and several officers. Sir Eyre had come from the East Indies by land, through the deserts of Arabia. He told us the Arabs could live five days without victuals, and subsist for three weeks on nothing else but the blood of their camels, who could lose so much of it as would suffice for that time, without being exhausted. He highly praised the virtue of the Arabs, their fidelity if they undertook to conduct any person, and said they would sacrifice their lives rather than let him be robbed. Dr. Johnson, who is always for maintaining the superiority of civilised over uncivilised men, said, "Why, sir, I can see no superior virtue in this. A sergeant and twelve men, who are my guard, will die rather than that I shall be robbed." Colonel Pennington, of the 37th Regiment, took up the argument with a good deal of spirit and ingenuity.—PENNINGTON: "But the soldiers are compelled to this by fear of punishment."—JOHNSON: "Well, sir, the Arabs are compelled by the fear of infamy."—PENNINGTON: "The soldiers have the same fear of infamy, and the fear of punishment besides; so have less virtue, because they act less voluntarily." Lady Coote observed very well that it ought to be known if there was not among the Arabs some punishment for not being faithful on such occasions.

We talked of the stage. I observed that we had not now such a company of actors as in the last age, Wilks, Booth, &c. &c.—JOHNSON: "You think so because there is one who excels all the rest so much: you compare them with Garrick, and see the deficiency. Garrick's great distinction is his universality; he can represent all modes of life but that of an easy, fine-bred gentleman."—PENNINGTON: He should give over playing young parts."—JOHNSON: "He does not take them now; but he does not leave off those which he has been used to play, because he does them better than anyone else can do them. If you had generations of actors, if they swarmed like bees, the young ones might drive off the old. Mrs. Cibber, I think, got more reputation than she deserved, as she had a great

and him, in the library at the Queen's Palace, in the course of which this contest was considered. I have been at great pains to get that conversation as perfectly preserved as possible. It may, perhaps, at some future time, be given to the public.—BOSWELL. [The conversation is fully reported by Boswell in his "Life of Johnson," February, 1767. —ED.]

sameness, though her expression was undoubtedly very fine. Mrs. Clive was the best player I ever saw. Mrs. Pritchard was a very good one, but she had something affected in her manner: I imagine she had some player of the former age in her eye which occasioned it." *

Colonel Pennington said, Garrick sometimes failed in emphasis; as for instance, in Hamlet,

"I will speak *daggers* to her, but use *none*."

instead of

"I will *speak* daggers to her, but *use* none."

We had a dinner of two complete courses, variety of wines, and the regimental band of music playing in the square before the windows after it. I enjoyed this day much. We were quite easy and cheerful. Dr. Johnson said, "I shall always remember this fort with gratitude." I could not help being struck with some admiration at finding upon this barren sandy point, such buildings, such a dinner, such company: it was like enchantment. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, said to me more rationally, that it did not strike him as anything extraordinary, because he knew there was a large sum of money expended in building a fort; here was a regiment. If there had been less than what we found it would have surprised him. He looked coolly and deliberately through all the gradations: my warm imagination jumped from the barren sands to the splendid dinner and brilliant company; to borrow the expression of an absurd poet,

"Without ands or ifs
I leapt from off the sands upon the cliffs."

The whole scene gave me a strong impression of the power and excellence of human art.

We left the fort between six and seven o'clock; Sir Eyre Coote, Colonel Pennington, and several more accompanied us down stairs and saw us into our chaise. There could not be greater attention paid to any visitors. Sir Eyre spoke of the hardships which Dr. Johnson had before him.—BOSWELL: "Considering what he has said of us, we must make him feel something rough in Scotland." Sir Eyre said to him, "You must change your name, sir."—BOSWELL: "Ay, to Dr. Macgregor."†

* Much agreeable gossip about all these theatrical personages—who enjoy a sort of classic renown in the annals of the English stage—will be found in Colley Cibber's "Apology" for his Life (1739), in Davies's "Life of Garrick" (1780), and in "Horace Walpole's Letters." Pope committed an egregious blunder in deposing Theobald to make the vivacious Colley Cibber hero of the "Dunciad."—ED.

† The "wicked clan Gregor" was denounced and proscribed by statute; and the lieges were charged not to harbour any of the name, or assist them with meat, drink, or



We got safely to Inverness, and put up at Mackenzie's inn. Mr. Keith, the collector of excise here, my old acquaintance at Ayr, who had seen us at the fort, visited us in the evening, and engaged us to dine with him next day, promising to breakfast with us and take us to the English chapel; so that we were at once commodiously arranged.

Not finding a letter here that I expected I felt a momentary impatience to be at home. Transient clouds darkened my imagination, and in those clouds I saw events from which I shrunk; but a sentence or two of the Rambler's conversation gave me firmness, and I considered that I was upon an expedition for which I had wished for years, and the recollection of which would be a treasure to me for life.

clothing. The above familiar glimpse of Sir Eyre Coote, the gallant conqueror of Hyder Ali, and preserver of our Indian empire, has a pleasing effect. Sir Eyre was despatched a second time to India, as Commander-in-Chief, in 1778, and having retrieved the glory of the British arms, died at Madras in 1783. " Nor is he yet forgotten. Now and then a whiteheaded old Sepoy may still be found who loves to talk of Porto Novo and Pollilore. It is but a short time since one of those aged men came to present a memorial to an English officer who holds one of the highest employments in India. A print of Coote hung in the room. The veteran recognised at once that face and figure which he had not seen for more than half a century, and, forgetting his salam to the living, halted, drew himself up, and, with solemn reverence, paid his military obeisance to the dead."—"Macaulay's Essays," ed. 1850, p. 614.—ED.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 29.

Mr. Keith breakfasted with us. Dr. Johnson expatiated rather too strongly upon the benefits derived to Scotland from the Union, and the bad state of our people before it. I am entertained with his copious exaggeration upon that subject, but I am uneasy when people are by who do not know him as well as I do, and may be apt to think him narrow-minded;* I therefore diverted the subject.

The English chapel to which we went this morning was but mean.† The altar was a bare fir table, with a coarse stool for kneeling on, covered with a piece of thick sail-cloth doubled, by way of cushion. The congregation was small. Mr. Tait, the clergyman, read prayers very well, though with much of the Scotch accent. He preached on "Love your enemies." It was remarkable that, when talking of the connexions amongst men, he said, that some connected themselves with men of distinguished talents, and, since they could not equal them, tried to deck themselves with their merit by being their companions. The sentence was to this purpose. It had an odd coincidence with what might be said of my connecting myself with Dr. Johnson.

After church we walked down to the quay. We then went to Macbeth's castle. I had a romantic satisfaction in seeing Dr. John-

* It is remarkable that Dr. Johnson read this gentle remonstrance, and took no notice of it to me.—BOSWELL. [If ruffled for a moment by the "gentle remonstrance," Johnson must have been soothed to complacency by the next passage in the Journal.—ED.]

† A better church was afterwards erected, which in its turn gave way to the present edifice, a very handsome and commodious structure. Inverness, when Johnson saw it, was a little old-fashioned Highland town—a northern emporium or capital for all the country north of the Spey, though not above half its present size, and with a population of only five or six thousand. There was some shipping at the harbour, and a few merchants exported malt, salt-fish, skins, &c., to Holland and the Thames, receiving cloths, wines, and other commodities in exchange. There was no banking establishment nearer than Aberdeen. Shortly after the Union a weekly post was established by foot-runners through the central Highlands; but in 1755 this was supplanted by a post thrice a week by way of Aberdeen. The first post-chaise was brought to the town in 1760, and was for some time the only four-wheeled carriage in the district. In 1770 the first cargo of coals was commissioned, the common fuel then and long afterwards being peats or turf. The houses were mostly thatched, and had winding stairs in front. Tea had crept slowly into use before 1773, but ale was the common beverage of the people; and there was seldom any want of smuggled brandy, or of good claret, which could be had at from eighteen-pence to two shillings a bottle. Fish and game were abundant. All classes—merchants, lawyers and tradesmen—took the world easy in those uncompeting days. The Christmas festivities were usually kept up for two or three weeks—the gentlemen playing at bowls during the day, and the ladies amusing themselves at the card-tables. One of the duties of lawyers' clerks—smart young Highlanders in kilts—was to find out their masters at night, wherever they might happen to be, and to see them safe home! In the earlier times, however, the quiet citizens had been sorely beset by tyrannical chiefs and lawless clans, and suffered severely in the wars of Montrose and the rebellions of 1715 and 1745.—ED.

son actually in it. It perfectly corresponds with Shakspeare's description, which Sir Joshua Reynolds has so happily illustrated, in one of his notes on our immortal poet:

"This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses," &c.

Just as we came out of it a raven perched on one of the chimney-tops and croaked. Then I repeated,

" ——— The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements."*

We dined at Mr. Keith's. Mrs. Keith was rather too attentive to Dr. Johnson, asking him many questions about his drinking only water. He repressed that observation by saying to me, "You may remember that Lady Errol took no notice of this."

* The ruined fortress commonly called "Macbeth's Castle," which was blown up in 1746, was erected subsequent to the period of the great usurper. The ancient castle stood at a short distance from this spot, on an eminence still called "The Crown." The original fortress was early in ruins. There is in existence an old deed, dated at Inverness in 1362, by which Robert de Chisholm grants to the altars of the Holy Cross six acres of land within the lands of the "old castle of Inverness." Malcolm Canmore is said to have destroyed the castle on account of his father, King Duncan, having been murdered there, or because it was Macbeth's castle; and he erected a new fortress to the westward of the former, on a commanding situation overlooking the town and river. Either of the sites would answer Shakspere's description, which no doubt was purely fanciful, introduced, as Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks, to give repose to the mind of the reader or the spectator after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes in the drama, and as a contrast to the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. There is a strong probability that Macbeth had a castle at Inverness. The Pictish sovereign, Brudei, had a residence at the mouth of the Ness about the year 565, as we learn from Adomnan's "Life of Columba." Macbeth was *Maormor* or governor of Ross-shire, and by his marriage he became also governor of the province of Moray; so that the whole region from the Spey to the confines of Sutherland, and extending westwards to Argyle, was under his charge. Inverness would therefore be a central point in his government. King Duncan, at the time of his death, was on a progress to Caithness, to chastise Torfin, the Jarl or Earl of Caithness, who had refused to render tribute to the Crown. He was thus obliged to traverse the territories of Macbeth, and the opportunity may have suggested the murder, especially as both Macbeth and his wife Gruodh had private wrongs to revenge. Fordun and the "Chronicon Elegiacum" concur in stating that Macbeth slew Duncan, and that Duncan died *at Elgin*. He was slain, according to Fordun, at Bothgofuane or Bothgowan—in Gaelic, "the blacksmith's house." Boethius, who published his history in 1526, was the first to state that Macbeth was instigated by his wife to murder Duncan *at Inverness*. We do not look in Shakspere for historical facts; but the chequered character of Macbeth, his warlike energy and ambition, his remorse for his great crime, as evinced by his penitential gifts to the Church and his largesses to the poor, and his commanding talents, which extorted obedience and admiration to the last, are faithfully depicted by the poet. Even his superstitious fears and beliefs are natural not only to the age and country, but to his character as a great military leader. "There is so much of chance in warfare," as Coleridge has remarked, "and such vast events are connected with the acts of a single individual, that the proper temperament for generating or receiving superstitious impressions is naturally produced." All history, from Brutus down to Napoleon, attests this fact.—Ed.

Dr. Johnson has the happy art (for which I have heard my father praise the old Earl of Aberdeen) of instructing himself, by making every man he meets tell him something of what he knows best. He led Keith to talk to him of the excise in Scotland; and in the course of conversation mentioned that his friend Mr. Thrale, the great brewer, paid twenty thousand pounds a-year to the revenue, and that he had four casks, each of which holds sixteen hundred barrels—above a thousand hogsheads.*

After this there was little conversation that deserves to be remembered; I shall, therefore, here again glean what I have omitted on former days. Dr. Gerard, at Aberdeen, told us that when he was in Wales he was shown a valley inhabited by Danes, who still retain their own language and are quite a distinct people. Dr. Johnson thought it could not be true, or all the kingdom must have heard of it. He said to me, as we travelled, "These people, sir, that Gerard talks of may have somewhat of a *peregrinity* in their dialect, which relation has augmented to a different language." I asked him if *peregrinity* was an English word; he laughed, and said "No." I told him this was the second time that I had heard him coin a word. When Foote broke his leg, I observed that it would make him fitter for taking off George Faulkner as *Peter Paragraph*, poor George having a wooden leg. Dr. Johnson at that time said, "George will rejoice at the *depeditation* of Foote;" and when I challenged that word, laughed, and owned he had made it, and added that he had not made above three or four in his dictionary.†

Having conducted Dr. Johnson to our inn, I begged permission to leave him for a little, that I might run about and pay some short

* Barclay and Perkins's brewhouse, Park-street, Southwark, was founded by Henry Thrale, the friend of Dr. Johnson, and sold by Johnson and his brother executor, in behalf of Mrs. Thrale, for 135,000*l.* Barclay was a descendant of the famous Barclay, who wrote the "Apology for the Quakers," and Perkins was the chief clerk in Thrale's establishment. The establishment in Park-street is now the largest of its kind in the world. The buildings extend over ten acres, and the machinery includes two steam-engines. The store-cellars contain 126 vats, varying in their contents from 4000 barrels down to 500. About 160 horses are employed in conveying beer to different parts of London. The quantity brewed in 1826 was 380,180 barrels, upon which a duty of 10s. the barrel, 180,090*l.*, was paid to the revenue; and in 1835 the malt consumed exceeded 100,000 quarters.—(Cunningham's "Hand-book for London.") It is stated in Mr. Charles Knight's "London," that the number of barrels of beer brewed by the twelve principal brewers in London was 281,145, in 1782; 1,097,231, in 1808; and 2,119,447, in 1836.—Ed.

† When upon the subject of this peregrinity, he told me some particulars concerning the compilation of his Dictionary, and concerning his throwing off Lord Chesterfield's patronage, of which very erroneous accounts have been circulated. These particulars, with others which he afterwards gave me, as also his celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield, which he dictated to me, I reserve for his "Life."—Boswell. [They will be found in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," under the date of 1754.—Ed.]

visits to several good people of Inverness. He said to me, "You have all the old-fashioned principles, good and bad." I acknowledge I have. That of attention to relations in the remotest degree, or to worthy persons in every state whom I have once known, I inherit from my father. It gave me much satisfaction to hear everybody at Inverness speak of him with uncommon regard. Mr. Keith and Mr. Grant, whom we had seen at Mr. Macaulay's, supped with us at the inn. We had roasted kid, which Dr. Johnson had never tasted before. He relished it much.*

MONDAY, AUGUST 30.

This day we were to begin our *equitation*,† as I said; for *I* would

* Mr. Grant used to relate that on this occasion Johnson was in high spirits. In the course of conversation he mentioned that Mr. Banks (afterwards Sir Joseph) had, in his travels in New South Wales, discovered an extraordinary animal called the kangaroo. The appearance, conformation, and habits of this quadruped were of the most singular kind; and in order to render his description more vivid and graphic, Johnson rose from his chair and volunteered an imitation of the animal. The company stared; and Mr. Grant said nothing could be more ludicrous than the appearance of a tall, heavy, grave-looking man, like Dr. Johnson, standing up to mimic the shape and motions of a kangaroo. He stood erect, put out his hands like feelers, and, gathering up the tails of his huge brown coat so as to resemble the pouch of the animal, made two or three vigorous bounds across the room! Mr. Grant lived to the great age of eighty-five, and died at Calder Manse, June 28th, 1828. He had been minister of Calder, or Cawdor, for forty-eight years, and was highly esteemed as a divine, and as a fine specimen of an intelligent gentleman of the old school.—ED.

† Or, as Johnson characteristically expresses it, "We were now to bid farewell to the luxury of travelling, and to enter upon a country upon which perhaps no wheel has ever rolled. We could, indeed, have used our postchaise one day longer along the military road to Fort Augustus, but we could have hired no horses beyond Inverness." Things are now changed. The Highland roads, under charge of a parliamentary commission, are perhaps the finest in the kingdom, and are yearly travelled by hundreds of tourists. The military roads were constructed between 1726 and 1737. About five hundred soldiers, under charge of non-commissioned officers, were employed during the summer in the formation of these roads, extra pay being given to them for their labour. The undertaking had been forced upon the Government by the state of the Highlands in 1715, as at that time the royal army could not penetrate farther into the Highlands than Blair Athole. The old roads were merely the tracks of cattle and horses, intersected by numerous rapid streams, which, being frequently swollen into torrents by heavy rains, rendered them impassable. The military roads were afterwards found insufficient for the purposes of civil life. They were laid out with other views than commerce and industry, and were often dangerously steep and inconvenient. The road by which Johnson travelled to Fort Augustus is partly one of this description; but the fatigue is compensated by the view of the Fall of Foyers, and by miles of beautiful birch trees, which shade the waters of Loch Ness and clothe the sides of the neighbouring mountains. A more convenient road to Fort Augustus and the West Highlands has been made on the opposite bank of Loch Ness. In 1803 Parliament passed an act granting twenty thousand pounds towards making roads and building bridges in the Highlands, and for enabling the proprietors to charge their estates with a proportion of the expense of maintaining the different lines of communication. Subsequent grants were made for the same purpose; and by 1820 no less than 875 miles of roads were made, at a cost to Parliament of 267,000*l*., to the counties of 214,000*l*., and to individual proprietors of

needs make a word too. It is remarkable that my noble and, to me most constant friend, the Earl of Pembroke (who, if there is too much ease on my part, will please to pardon what his benevolent, gay, social intercourse and lively correspondence have insensibly produced) has since hit upon the very same word. The title of the first edition of his lordship's very useful book was, in simple terms, "A Method of Breaking Horses and Teaching Soldiers to Ride." The title of the second edition is "Military Equitation."



LOCH NESS.

estates of 60,000*l.* The whole of these lines are now under one management, and are kept up at an expense of about 10,000*l.* a-year, of which one-half is paid by Government. To complete this interior communication, and to develope more fully the resources of the Highlands, the Caledonian Canal was also constructed. These improvements, contemporaneous with sheep husbandry, and the better cultivation of the soil, have vastly increased the value of Highland estates. As an example of this we may cite the estate of Glengarry, a wild, romantic, and once almost inaccessible country, in which feudal manners long remained. This property in 1788 did not yield more than 800*l.* per annum; and in fifty years afterwards the rental was 7000*l.* We shall see other instances of similar increase as we accompany the travellers on their Hebridean journey.—Ed.

We might have taken a chaise to Fort Augustus, but had we not hired horses at Inverness we should not have found them afterwards, so we resolved to begin here to ride. We had three horses, for Dr. Johnson, myself, and Joseph, and one which carried our portmanteaus, and two Highlanders who walked along with us, John Hay and Lauchlan Vass, whom Dr. Johnson has remembered with credit in his "Journey," though he has omitted their names. Dr. Johnson rode very well.

About three miles beyond Inverness we saw, just by the road, a very complete specimen of what is called a Druid's temple. There was a double circle, one of very large, the other of smaller stones. Dr. Johnson justly observed that "to go and see one Druidical temple is only to see that it is nothing, for there is neither art nor power in it; and seeing one is quite enough."

It was a delightful day. Loch Ness and the road upon the side of it, shaded with birch-trees, and the hills above it, pleased us much. The scene was as sequestered and agreeably wild as could be desired, and, for a time, engrossed all our attention.

To see Dr. Johnson in any new situation is always an interesting object to me; and as I saw him now for the first time on horseback, jaunting about at his ease in quest of pleasure and novelty, the very different occupations of his former laborious life, his admirable productions, his "London," his "Rambler," &c., &c., immediately presented themselves to my mind, and the contrast made a strong impression on my imagination.

When we had advanced a good way by the side of Loch Ness I perceived a little hut, with an old-looking woman at the door of it. I thought here might be a scene that would amuse Dr. Johnson, so I mentioned it to him. "Let's go in," said he. We dismounted, and we and our guides entered the hut. It was a wretched little hovel of earth only, I think, and for a window had only a small hole, which was stopped with a piece of turf that was taken out occasionally to let in light. In the middle of the room or space which we entered was a fire of peat, the smoke going out at a hole in the roof; she had a pot upon it, with goat's flesh boiling. There was at one end, under the same roof but divided by a kind of partition made of wattles, a pen or fold, in which we saw a good many kids.

Dr. Johnson was curious to know where she slept. I asked one of the guides, who questioned her in Erse. She answered, with a tone of emotion, saying, as he told us, she was afraid we wanted to go to bed to her. This coquetry, or whatever it may be called, of so wretched a being, was truly ludicrous. Dr. Johnson and I

afterwards were merry upon it. I said it was he who alarmed the poor woman's virtue. "No, sir," said he, "she'll say, There came a wicked young fellow, a wild dog, who I believe would have ravished me, had there not been with him a grave old gentleman who repressed him; but when he gets out of the sight of his tutor, I'll warrant you he'll spare no woman he meets, young or old." "No, sir," I replied, "she'll say, There was a terrible ruffian who would have forced me, had it not been for a civil decent young man who, I take it, was an angel sent from heaven to protect me."

Dr. Johnson would not hurt her delicacy by insisting on "seeing her bedchamber," like Archer, in the "Beaux Stratagem." But my curiosity was more ardent; I lighted a piece of paper, and went into the place where the bed was. There was a little partition of wicker, rather more neatly done than that for the fold, and close by the wall was a kind of bedstead of wood, with heath upon it by way of bed, at the foot of which I saw some sort of blankets or covering rolled up in a heap. The woman's name was Fraser; so was her husband's: he was a man of eighty. Mr. Fraser, of Balnain, allows him to live in this hut, and keep sixty goats, for taking care of his woods, where he then was. They had five children, the eldest only thirteen: two were gone to Inverness to buy meal; the rest were looking after the goats. This contented family had four stacks of barley, twenty-four sheaves in each: they had a few fowls. We were informed that they lived all the spring without meal, upon milk and curds and whey alone. What they get for their goats, kids, and fowls, maintains them during the rest of the year.

She asked us to sit down and take a dram; I saw one chair; she said she was as happy as any woman in Scotland; she could hardly speak any English except a few detached words. Dr. Johnson was pleased at seeing, for the first time, such a state of human life. She asked for snuff; it is her luxury, and she uses a great deal. We had none; but gave her sixpence a-piece. She then brought out her whiskey-bottle; I tasted it, as did Joseph and our guides, so I gave her sixpence more. She sent us away with many prayers in Erse.

We dined at a public-house called the General's Hut, from General Wade, who was lodged there when he commanded in the North. Near it is the meanest parish kirk I ever saw; it is a shame it should be on a high road.* After dinner we passed through a good deal of mountainous country. I had known Mr. Trapaud, the

* Both the hut and the kirk have been rebuilt, but neither very splendidly. With respect to the General's Hut, Johnson describes it more correctly than Boswell, as "the temporary abode of Wade, while he superintended the works upon the road."—Ed.

deputy governor of Fort Augustus, twelve years ago, at a circuit at Inverness, where my father was judge. I sent forward one of our guides, and Joseph, with a card to him, that he might know Dr. Johnson and I were coming up, leaving it to him to invite us or not. It was dark when we arrived; the inn was wretched. Government ought to build one, or give the resident governor an additional salary; as in the present state of things he must necessarily be put to a great expense in entertaining travellers. Joseph announced to us, when we alighted, that the governor waited for us at the gate of the fort: we walked to it. He met us, and with much civility conducted us to his house. It was comfortable to find ourselves in a well-built little square, and a neatly furnished house, in good company, and with a good supper before us: in short, with all the conveniencies of civilised life in the midst of rude mountains. Mrs. Trapaud, and the governor's daughter, and her husband, Captain Newmarsh, were all most obliging and polite. The governor had excellent animal spirits, the conversation of a soldier, and somewhat of a Frenchman, to which his extraction entitles him. He is brother to General Cyrus Trapaud. We passed a very agreeable evening.*

TUESDAY, AUGUST 31.

The governor has a very good garden. We looked at it, and at the rest of the fort, which is but small, and may be commanded from a variety of hills around. We also looked at the galley or sloop belonging to the fort, which sails upon the Loch, and brings what is wanted for the garrison. Captains Urie and Darippe, of the 15th regiment of Foot, breakfasted with us. They had served in America, and entertained Dr. Johnson much with an account of the Indians. He said he could make a very pretty book out of them, were he to stay there. Governor Trapaud was much struck with Dr. Johnson. "I like to hear him," said he, "it is so majestic; I should be glad to hear him speak in your court." He pressed us to stay dinner; but I considered that we had a rude road before us, which we could more easily encounter in the morning, and that it was hard to say when we might get up were we to sit down to good entertainment, in good company: I therefore begged the governor would excuse us. Here, too, I had another very pleasing proof how

* Mr. Trapaud died at Fort Augustus, December 2nd, 1796, aged eighty-four. He was aide-de-camp to General Ponsonby at the battle of Fontenoy, and to General Huske at Culloden, where he was wounded. We may remark that Johnson seems to have enjoyed an unwonted night's rest in the fort; for three years and a half afterwards he enters in his diary that he had passed the previous night in such sweet uninterrupted sleep as he had not known since he slept at Fort Augustus.—ED.

much my father is regarded. The governor expressed the highest respect for him, and bade me tell him, that if he would come that



FORT AUGUSTUS.

way on the northern circuit he would do him all the honours of the garrison.

Between twelve and one we set out, and travelled eleven miles through a wild country, till we came to a house in Glenmorison, called Anoch, kept by a Macqueen.* Our landlord was a sensible fellow; he had learned his grammar, and Dr. Johnson justly observed, that "a man is the better for that as long as he lives." There were some books here: a Treatise against Drunkenness, translated from the French; a volume of the Spectator; a volume of Prideaux's Connexion, and Cyrus's Travels. Macqueen said he had more volumes; and his pride seemed to be much piqued that we were surprised at his having books.

Near to this place we had passed a party of soldiers, under a sergeant's command, at work upon the road. We gave them two shillings to drink; they came to our inn, and made merry in the barn. We went and paid them a visit, Dr. Johnson saying, "Come, let's go and give 'em another shilling a-piece." We did so, and he was saluted "my lord" by all of them. He is really generous, loves influence, and has the way of gaining it. He said, "I am quite feudal, sir." Here I agree with him. I said, I regretted I was

† *A* Macqueen is a Highland mode of expression. An Englishman would say *one* Macqueen. But where there are clans or tribes of men, distinguished by patronymic surnames, the individuals of each are considered as if they were of different species, at least as much as nations are distinguished; so that a Macqueen, a Macdonald, a Maclean, is said as we say, a Frenchman, an Italian, a Spaniard.—BOSWELL.

not the head of a clan; however, though not possessed of such an hereditary advantage, I would always endeavour to make my tenants follow me. I could not be a patriarchal chief, but I would be a feudal chief.

The poor soldiers got too much liquor; some of them fought and left blood upon the spot, and cursed whiskey next morning. The house here was built of thick turfs, and thatched with thinner turfs and heath; it had three rooms in length, and a little room which projected. Where we sat, the side-walls were wainscoted, as Dr. Johnson said, with wicker, very neatly plaited: our landlord had made the whole with his own hands.

After dinner, Macqueen sat by us awhile, and talked with us; he said all the laird of Glenmorison's people would bleed for him, if they were well used, but that seventy men had gone out of the glen to America; that he himself intended to go next year, for that the rent of his farm, which twenty years ago was only five pounds, was now raised to twenty pounds; that he could pay ten pounds and live, but no more. Dr. Johnson said, he wished Macqueen laird of Glenmorison, and the laird to go to America. Macqueen very generously answered, he should be sorry for it, for the laird could not shift for himself in America as he could do.*

* Glenmoriston affords one of the first of Johnson's Highland pictures. He was now fairly in the mountain territory, remote from towns, and amidst a strange people and strange modes of life. His innkeeper at Anoch was the type of a class original and distinct, but now almost gone. Macqueen was a gentleman of the old Highland stamp, who considered himself a public benefactor by condescending to keep a change-house. He was married to a laird's daughter, and could both read Latin and write Celtic poetry. He was famous in the glen for his ready wit and his talent at telling a story or rehearsing a legend. Still he kept a sharp eye on the main chance; and he grumbled because his farm was too dear. He paid twenty pounds of rent; and he told Johnson that he kept one hundred sheep, as many goats, twelve milch cows, and twenty-eight beeves, ready for the drover. He had also a considerable range of hill-ground, capable of grazing from fifty to sixty cattle in summer; and it was generally let to the low-country farmers about Inverness and Nairnshire. In addition to the land he had the advantage of the inn—not great, perhaps, yet the road through Glenmoriston was the main artery of communication with the West Highlands and islands, and the inn at Anoch was a drove-stance or resting-place for the cattle going south from Skye. On the whole, Macqueen could not have had a very bad bargain, and the farm, without any inn attached to it, now lets for about seventy pounds. Part of the cottage walls, which serve as an inclosure for the sheep at shearing-time, mark the site of the old hostelrie. Macqueen did not carry out his intention of going to America. He lived at Anoch fifteen years after his entertainment of the *olla Sassenach*, or jolly Englishman, as he used to call Johnson. He then removed to Dalcataig, another farm in the neighbourhood, and survived till past ninety. His pretty daughter, who made tea for the travellers, became Mrs. Mackintosh, wife of a watchmaker in Morayshire, and died without issue. With respect to the laird of Glenmoriston, long since gathered to his fathers, but whom the too-ready tongue of Macqueen has condemned to an immortality of odium, we believe that serious injustice has been done. Johnson states his rental to have been 400*l.* per annum, or *three halfpence an acre*. It was only about 300*l.*; and, in order to keep his people on the

I talked of the officers whom we had left to-day, how much service they had seen, and how little they got for it, even of fame.—JOHNSON: "Sir, a soldier gets as little as any man can get."—BOSWELL: "Goldsmith has acquired more fame than all the officers last war who were not generals."—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, you will find ten thousand fit to do what they did, before you find one who does what Goldsmith has done; you must consider that a thing is valued according to its rarity. A pebble that paves the street is in itself more useful than the diamond upon a lady's finger." I wish our friend Goldsmith had heard this.

I yesterday expressed my wonder that John Hay, one of our guides, who had been pressed a-board a man-of-war, did not choose to continue in it longer than nine months, after which time he got off.—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, no man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a gaol; for being in a ship is being in a gaol, with the chance of being drowned."

We had tea in the afternoon, and our landlord's daughter, a modest civil girl, very neatly dressed, made it for us; she told us that she had been a year at Inverness, and learnt reading and writing, sewing, knitting, working lace, and pastry. Dr. Johnson made her a present of a book which he had bought at Inverness.*

estate, the poor laird had offered to the tacksmen, who were all relations of his own, leases of their farms for periods of nineteen, thirty-eight, or fifty-seven years, at the former rent, nearly the whole of which was paid to them by their sub-tenants. The tacksmen, or gentlemen-farmers, by this sub-letting enjoyed their own possessions almost rent free. None of them, however, would remain in the country. A rage for emigration then prevailed, and some of their friends who had fled to America after the affair of the '45 (in which laird and tenants were engaged), returned with such glowing accounts of the western world that all resolved to go and partake of the golden shower. The glen was left half desolate, and the laird was obliged to accept such tenants (Macqueen among the number) as presented themselves from other districts. Few of the Highland farmers on the mainland then kept sheep excepting in small numbers, that could be watched all day and housed at night. Foxes were so numerous that sheep were not safe on the hills. The practice was to graze the working oxen of the low-country farmers, which were sent to the hills in May, when labour was over, and taken back again at the fall of the season. Such of the tenants as did not follow this system usually kept a number of mares—wild animals that were never housed or handled—from which they reared *garrons*, or rough horses, and Highland ponies. The latter were spirited beasts, sure-footed as Spanish mules, and sold readily at the great Inverness Mary-mass fair. This fair used to last a whole week. Every marketable commodity from John o'Groat's to the Corran of Ardgour—horses, timber, bark, staves, wearing-apparel, and provisions —was there bought and sold. At length sheep were generally introduced; fox-hunters were established in every district; and the sheep multiplied so fast that no other kind of stock or produce paid the farmer so well. The rent of Glenmoriston, which eighty years since was only 300*l.*, gradually rose to 2,400*l.*, the present rental; and the grandson of the unfortunate laird of 1773 sees around him in 1852 a happy and prosperous tenantry, every one of whom was born in the glen.—ED.

* This book has given rise to much inquiry, which has ended in ludicrous surprise. Several ladies, wishing to learn the kind of reading which the great and good

The room had some deals laid across the joists, as a kind of ceiling. There were two beds in the room, and a woman's gown was hung on a rope to make a curtain of separation between them. Joseph had sheets, which my wife had sent with us, laid on them. We had much hesitation, whether to undress, or lie down with our clothes on. I said at last, "I'll plunge in! There will be less harbour for vermin about me when I am stripped!" Dr. Johnson said, he was like one hesitating whether to go into the cold bath. At last he resolved too. I observed he might serve a campaign.—JOHNSON: "I could do all that can be done by patience; whether I should have strength enough I know not."

He was in excellent humour. To see the Rambler as I saw him to-night was really an amusement. I yesterday told him I was thinking of writing a poetical letter to him, On his return from Scotland, in the style of Swift's [Pope's] humorous epistle in the character of Mary Gulliver to her husband, Captain Lemuel Gulliver, on his return to England from the country of the Houyhnhnms:

> "At early morn I to the market haste,
> Studious in everything to please thy taste,
> A curious *fowl* and *sparagrass* I chose;
> For I remembered you were fond of those:
> Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats;
> Sullen you turn from both, and call for OATS."

He laughed, and asked in whose name I would write it. I said in Mrs. Thrale's. He was angry. "Sir, if you have any sense of decency or delicacy you won't do that!"—BOSWELL: "Then let it be in Cole's, the landlord of the Mitre tavern, where we have so often sat together."—JOHNSON: "Ay, that may do."

After we had offered up our private devotions, and had chatted a little from our beds, Dr. Johnson said, "God bless us both, for Jesus

Dr. Johnson esteemed most fit for young women, desired to know what book he had selected for this Highland nymph. "They never adverted," said he, "that I had nó *choice* in the matter. I have said that I presented her with a book which I *happened* to have about me." And what was this book? My readers, prepare your features for merriment. It was "Cocker's Arithmetic!" Wherever this was mentioned, there was a loud laugh, at which Dr. Johnson, when present, used sometimes to be a little angry. One day, when we were dining at General Oglethorpe's, where we had many a valuable day, I ventured to interrogate him. "But, sir, is it not somewhat singular that you should *happen* to have 'Cocker's Arithmetic' about you on your journey? What made you buy such a book at Inverness?" He gave me a very sufficient answer. "Why, sir, if you are to have but one book with you upon a journey, let it be a book of science. When you have read through a book of entertainment, you know it, and it can do no more for you; but a book of science is inexhaustible."—BOSWELL.

[The book was long kept with care, but is now lost. The person who waited upon Johnson in the Inverness bookseller's shop, a young woman, showed him some *new works*. One of these was "The Rambler," at which he seemed much pleased.—LD.]

Christ's sake! Good night!" I pronounced "Amen." He fell asleep immediately. I was not so fortunate for a long time. I fancied myself bit by innumerable vermin under the clothes, and that a spider was travelling from the wainscot towards my mouth. At last I fell into insensibility.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

I awaked very early. I began to imagine that the landlord, being about to emigrate, might murder us to get our money, and lay it upon the soldiers in the barn. Such groundless fears will arise in the mind before it has resumed its vigour after sleep! Dr. Johnson had had the same kind of ideas; for he told me afterwards, that he considered so many soldiers having seen us would be witnesses, should any harm be done, and that circumstance, I suppose, he considered as a security. When I got up, I found him sound asleep in his miserable stye, as I may call it, with a coloured handkerchief tied round his head. With difficulty could I awaken him. It reminded me of Henry the Fourth's fine soliloquy on sleep; for there was here as uneasy a pallet as the poet's imagination could possibly conceive.*

A redcoat of the 15th Regiment, whether officer or only sergeant I could not be sure, came to the house, in his way to the mountains to shoot deer, which it seems the Laird of Glenmorison does not hinder anybody to do. Few, indeed, can do them harm. We had him to breakfast with us. We got away about eight. Macqueen walked some miles to give us a convoy. He had, in 1745, joined the Highland army at Fort Augustus, and continued in it till after the battle of Culloden. As he narrated the particulars of that ill-advised but brave attempt, I could not refrain from tears. There is a certain association of ideas in my mind upon that subject by which I am strongly affected. The very Highland names, or the sound of a bagpipe, will stir my blood, and fill me with a mixture of melancholy and respect for courage; with pity for an unfortunate and superstitious regard for antiquity, and thoughtless inclination for war; in short, with a crowd of sensations with which sober rationality has nothing to do.

* "O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sound of sweetest melody?"
—SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV., ACT. III., Sc. 1.

We passed through Glensheal, with prodigious mountains on each side. We saw where the battle was fought in the year 1719.* Dr. Johnson owned he was now in a scene of as wild nature as he could see; but he corrected me sometimes in my inaccurate observations. "There," said I, "is a mountain like a cone."—JOHNSON: "No, sir. It would be called so in a book, but when a man comes to look at it he sees it is not so. It is indeed pointed at the top, but one side of it is larger than the other." Another mountain I called immense.—JOHNSON: "No; it is no more than a considerable protuberance."

We came to a rich green valley, comparatively speaking, and stopped a while to let our horses rest and eat grass.† We soon afterwards came to Auchnasheal, a kind of rural village, a number of cottages being built together, as we saw all along in the Highlands. We passed many miles this day without seeing a house, but only little summer huts, called *shielings*. Even Campbell, servant to Mr. Murchison, factor to the Laird of Macleod in Glenelg, ran along

* An indecisive effort, in favour of the exiled family, which was speedily extinguished. The insurgents were led by the Earl of Seaforth, and consisted of a number of the men of Kintail and Lewis, with about three hundred Spanish auxiliaries. The royalist force was commanded by General Wightman. The result was favourable to Seaforth, but not such as to induce him to continue the contest. The Chief of the Mackenzies, it is said, had borrowed for the day the services of a friendly clan, on condition that, however the battle went, they should return next morning; "this occasional assistance being only regarded in the light of a neighbourly accommodation to Lord Seaforth." (SCOTT.) A curious specimen of feudal politeness! The Earl, who was wounded in the action, escaped to Spain. Sir Walter Scott has given a version of a famous farewell song, composed by Seaforth's family bard, on the occasion of his departure after the battle of Glensheal:—

"For a far foreign land he has hoisted his sail,
Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!"

The Earl was pardoned, and George II. made him a grant of the feu-duties due to the Crown out of his forfeited estate. This unwonted show of generosity was the less important, as the tenants, with clannish fidelity, had secretly conveyed their rents to the Earl in Spain.—ED.

† Dr. Johnson, in his "Journey," thus beautifully describes his situation here:—"I sat down on a bank, such as a writer of romance might have delighted to feign. I had, indeed, no trees to whisper over my head; but a clear rivulet streamed at my feet. The day was calm, the air soft, and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude. Before me, and on either side, were high hills, which, by hindering the eye from ranging, forced the mind to find entertainment for itself. Whether I spent the hour well, I know not; for here I first conceived the thought of this narration." The Critical Reviewers, with a spirit and expression worthy of the subject, say, "We congratulate the public on the event with which this quotation concludes, and are fully persuaded that the hour in which the entertaining traveller conceived this narrative will be considered, by every reader of taste, as a fortunate event in the annals of literature. Were it suitable to the task in which we are at present engaged to indulge ourselves in a poetical flight, we would invoke the winds of the Caledonian mountains to blow for ever, with their softest breezes, on the bank where our author reclined, and request of Flora that it might be perpetually adorned with the gayest and most fragrant productions of the year."—BOSWELL.

with us to-day. He was a very obliging fellow. At Auchnasheal, we sat down on a green turf seat at the end of a house; they brought us out two wooden dishes of milk, which we tasted. One of them was frothed like a syllabub. I saw a woman preparing it with such a stick as is used for chocolate, and in the same manner. We had a considerable circle about us, men, women and children, all Macraes,* Lord Seaforth's people. Not one of them could speak English I observed to Dr. Johnson it was much the same as being with a tribe of Indians. "Yes, sir; but not so terrifying." I gave all who chose it snuff and tobacco. Governor Trapaud had made us buy a quantity at Fort Augustus, and put them up in small parcels. I also gave each person a bit of wheat bread, which they had never tasted before. I then gave a penny a-piece to each child. I told Dr. Johnson of this; upon which he called to Joseph and our guides for change for a shilling, and declared that he would distribute among the children. Upon this being announced in Erse there was a great stir; not only did some children come running down from neighbouring huts, but I observed one black-haired man, who had been with us all along, had gone off, and returned, bringing a very young child. My fellow-traveller then ordered the children to be drawn up in a row; and he dealt about his copper, and made them and their parents all happy. The poor Macraes, whatever may be their present state, were of considerable estimation in the year 1715, when there was a line in a song,

"And a' the brave M'Craas are coming."†

* Boswell spells the name "M'Craa;" Johnson "Macrae;" the latter is the usual orthography. The Macraes are said to have come originally from Ireland, about the middle of the 13th century. Dr. George Mackenzie, who has written a genealogical account of the Mackenzies, mentions that when Colin Fitzgerald, the founder of the Mackenzies, came from Ireland, in the year 1263; a number of the Macraes were of his party in the battle of Largs, which is presumed to be in consequence of a friendly attachment then known to have subsisted between them and their ancestors. At what period they removed to Kintail from the Aird, near Beanly, where tradition first places them, is not known; but it is stated, that "they were earnestly invited thither by Mackenzie, who had then no kindred of his blood—the first six barons or lairds of Kintail having each but one lawful son to succeed the other." They accordingly did remove to Kintail, and they continued ever after to be the firmest adherents of the family of Mackenzie of Seaforth. In the sixteenth century the Macraes possessed almost the whole of Kintail in *wadset*, or redeemable mortgage. They served the Mackenzies in every quarrel with the neighbouring clans, and seem never to have had a chief of their own.—Ed.

† The M'Craas, or Macraes, were since that time brought into the king's army by Lord Seaforth. When they lay in Edinburgh Castle, in 1778, and were ordered to embark for Jersey, they, with a number of other men in the regiment, for different reasons, but especially an apprehension that they were to be sold to the East India Company, though enlisted not to be sent out of Great Britain without their own consent, made a determined mutiny, and encamped upon the lofty mountain, Arthur's

There was great diversity in the faces of the circle around us . some were as black and wild in their appearance as any American



JOHNSON AND HIGHLAND CHILDREN.

savages whatever. One woman was as comely almost as the figure of Sappho, as we see it painted. We asked the old woman, the mistress of the house where we had the milk (which, by the bye, Dr. Johnson told me, for I did not observe it myself, was built not of turf but of stone), what we should pay. She said, "what we pleased." One of our guides asked her in Erse if a shilling was enough. She said "Yes;" but some of the men bade her ask more. This vexed me, because it showed a desire to impose upon strangers, as they

Seat, where they remained three days and three nights, bidding defiance to all the force in Scotland. At last they came down, and embarked peaceably, having obtained formal articles of capitulation, signed by Sir Adolphus Oughton, Commander-in-Chief, General Skene, Deputy-Commander, the Duke of Buccleugh, and the Earl of Dunmore, which quieted them. Since the secession of the Commons of Rome to the Mons Sacer, a more spirited exertion has not been made. I gave great attention to it from first to last, and have drawn up a particular account of it. Those brave fellows have since served their country effectually at Jersey, and also in the East Indies, to which, after being better informed, they voluntarily agreed to go.—BOSWELL.

knew that even a shilling was high payment. The woman, however, honestly persisted in her first price, so I gave her half-a-crown; thus we had one good scene of life uncommon to us. The people were very much pleased, gave us many blessings, and said, "they had not had such a day since the old Laird of Macleod's time."

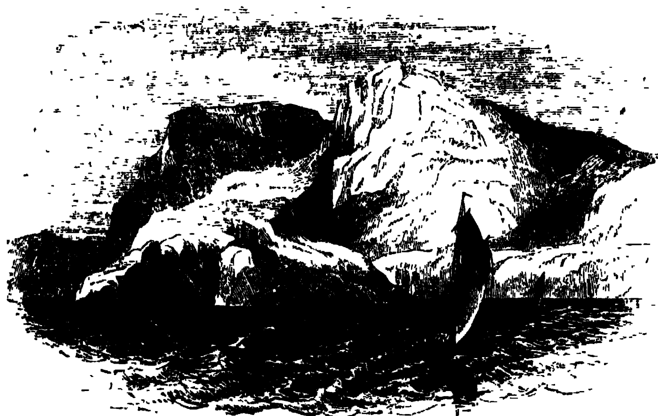
Dr. Johnson was much refreshed by this repast. He was pleased when I told him he would make a good chief. He said, "Were I a chief, I would dress my servants better than myself, and knock a fellow down if he looked saucy to a Macdonald in rags. But I would not treat men as brutes; I would let them know why all of my clan were to have attention paid to them; I would tell my upper servants why, and make them tell the others."

We rode on well till we came to the high mountain called the Rattakin, by which time both Dr. Johnson and the horses were a good deal fatigued. It is a terrible steep to climb, notwithstanding the road is formed slanting along it; however, we made it out. On the top of it we met Captain Macleod, of Balmenoch (a Dutch officer who had come from Sky), riding with his sword slung across him. He asked, "Is this Mr. Boswell?" which was a proof that we were expected. Going down the hill on the other side was no easy task. As Dr. Johnson was a great weight, the two guides agreed that he should ride the horses alternately. Hay's were the two best, and the Doctor would not ride but upon one or other of them, a black or a brown; but as Hay complained much after ascending the Rattakin, the Doctor was prevailed with to mount one of Vass's greys. As he rode upon it down hill, it did not go well, and he grumbled; I walked on a little before, but was excessively entertained with the method taken to keep him in good humour. Hay led the horse's head, talking to Dr. Johnson as much as he could, and (having heard him in the forenoon express a pastoral pleasure on seeing the goats browsing) just when the Doctor was uttering his displeasure, the fellow cried with a very Highland accent, "See, such pretty goats!" Then he whistled, *whu!* and made them jump. Little did he conceive what Dr. Johnson was. Here, now, was a common ignorant Highland clown imagining that he could divert, as one does a child, Dr. Samuel Johnson! The ludicrousness, absurdity, and extraordinary contrast between what the fellow fancied and the reality was truly comic.

It grew dusky, and we had a very tedious ride for what was called five miles, but I am sure would measure ten. We had no conversation. I was riding forward to the inn at Glenelg, on the shore opposite to Sky, that I might take proper measures before Dr. Johnson, who was now advancing in dreary silence, Hay leading his horse,

miles; but this he could not understand. "Well," said Dr. Johnson, "never talk to me of the native good sense of the Highlanders. Here is a fellow who calls one mile two, and yet cannot comprehend that twelve such imaginary miles make in truth but six."*

We reached the shore of Armidale before one o'clock. Sir Alexander Macdonald came down to receive us. He and his lady (formerly Miss Bosville, of Yorkshire), were then in a house built by a tenant at this place, which is in the district of Slate [Sleat] the family mansion here having been burned in Sir Donald Macdonald's time.



DUNTULM CASTLE.

The most ancient seat of the chief of the Macdonalds in the Isle of Sky was at Duntulm, where there are the remains of a stately castle.† The principal residence of the family is now at Mugstot, at which there is a considerable building. Sir Alexander and Lady Macdonald had come to Armidale, on their way to Edinburgh, where it was necessary for them to be soon after this time.

Armidale is situated on a pretty bay of the narrow sea which flows between the mainland of Scotland and the Isle of Sky. In

* The boatman must have referred only to the fact that distance at sea, and particularly where the sea runs between high lands, is nearly twice as great as it appears to be; and all he meant to say, in his broken English, was, that an apparent distance, which would prove only one mile on land, would be found to be two miles at sea.—Ed.

† Said to have been the residence of David, one of the most powerful of the Vikingr, or piratical kings, who invaded the island. It was called David's Fort, and was occupied as a residence by the chiefs of Macdonald so late as 1715. Near the ruins is an eminence called the Hill of Pleas, on which the chiefs used to sit in state, dispensing justice and determining differences among their people.—Ed.

front there is a grand prospect of the rude mountains Moidart and Knoidart. Behind are hills gently rising, and covered with a finer verdure than I expected to see in this climate, and the scene is enlivened by a number of little clear brooks.

Sir Alexander Macdonald having been an Eton scholar,* and being a gentleman of talents, Dr. Johnson had been very well pleased with him in London. But my fellow-traveller and I were now full of the old Highland spirit, and were dissatisfied at hearing of racked rents and emigration, and finding a chief not surrounded by his clan.† Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, the Highland chiefs should not be

* See his Latin verses, addressed to Dr. Johnson, in the Appendix.—BOSWELL.

† In his first edition Boswell had remarked, "Instead of finding the head of the Macdonalds surrounded with his clan and a festive entertainment, we had a small company, and cannot boast of our cheer." Johnson, in his letters to Mrs. Thrale, is also loud in his condemnation of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Sir Alexander was perhaps retrenching. A few months previous we find him giving a grand masked ball in his house at Edinburgh to about seventy persons of quality and distinction, who assembled at seven o'clock, and were all dismissed by about three next morning! Johnson complains that at Armidale Sir Alexander had no cook, nor much provision; nor had the lady the common decencies of her tea-table, as they picked up their sugar with their fingers! The chief himself writes complacently of his reception of the strangers. The following is a copy of a letter addressed by him to Mr. Macpherson, the translator of Ossian:—

"*London*, 5*th June*, 1774.

"SIR,—The annexed congratulatory Ode was written and presented by me to Mr. Samuel Johnson the day of his arriving at my house. I had assembled some of my friends to welcome him when he landed. From my windows he viewed the ocean; he trembled for the distress of the small boat.. which were fishing, and likely to be overwhelmed in the gulf—a sight unusual to him, a station frequently experienced by them. I wish my time and my abilities had been such as to have permitted and enabled me to have conducted and placed you on the right hand of Fingal when we trod the hallowed mansions of the hero. A sketch drawn by me is unworthy of your acceptance, whose genius is above my capacity, and unnecessary, as your pencil has already made our every sense of feeling to catch the fire and glow with the warmth of perfection! I am, with the greatest pride in ranking myself amid your admirers, dear Sir, your most humble servant, "ALEX. MACDONALD.

"James Macpherson, Esq., London."

This epistle is worthy of the Ode, and completes the picture drawn by Boswell! We are indebted to Sir David Brewster for a copy of the letter. Sir David possesses most of the papers left by his distinguished father-in-law, Mr. Macpherson, and we may remark that there is no document in the collection that throws any light on the Ossianic controversy. Macpherson appears to have been the author of some verses published in 1782, in consequence of a report that Johnson was to be married to Mrs. Thrale. They are dated Brighton, November 4th, 1782, and are intended to ridicule the *sesquipedalia verba* of Johnson; but the imitation is extravagant and indelicate. Armidale, or Armadale, the scene of Johnson's ungracious introduction to the Hebrides, has, from the amenity of its situation, been chosen as the residence of the Macdonald family in Skye. A fine modern building, in the Gothic style, was erected there by Lord Macdonald about the year 1816. In a window in the staircase is a portrait in stained glass of the famous Somerled, Lord of the Isles, the founder of the family, and who held, about the middle of the twelfth century, a wild independent sovereignty in the Hebrides. Sir Alexander Macdonald was elevated to the peerage in 1777, under the title of Baron Macdonald of Sleat, county of Antrim. He died September 12th, 1759.—ED.

allowed to go further south than Aberdeen. A strong-minded man like Sir James Macdonald may be improved by an English education, but in general they will be tamed into insignificance."

We found here Mr. Janes, of Aberdeenshire, a naturalist. Janes said he had been at Dr. Johnson's, in London, with Ferguson, the astronomer.—Johnson: "It is strange that, in such distant places, I should meet with any one who knows me. I should have thought I might hide myself in Sky."

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

This day proving wet, we should have passed our time very uncomfortably, had we not found in the house two chests of books, which we eagerly ransacked. After dinner, when I alone was left at table with the few Highland gentlemen who were of the company, having talked with very high respect of Sir James Macdonald, they were all so much affected as to shed tears. One of them was Mr. Donald Macdonald, who had been lieutenant of grenadiers, in the Highland regiment raised by Colonel Montgomery, now Earl of Eglintoun, in the war before last, one of those regiments which the late Lord Chatham prided himself in having brought from "the mountains of the north;" by doing which he contributed to extinguish in the Highlands the remains of disaffection to the present Royal Family. From this gentleman's conversation I first learnt how very popular his Colonel was among the Highlanders; of which I had such continued proofs, during the whole course of my tour, that on my return I could not help telling the noble Earl himself that I did not before know how great a man he was.

We were advised by some persons here to visit Rasay, in our way to Dunvegan, the seat of the Laird of Macleod. Being informed that the Rev. Mr. Donald Macqueen was the most intelligent man in Sky, and having been favoured with a letter of introduction to him by the learned Sir James Foulis, I sent it to him by an express, and requested he would meet us at Rasay: and at the same time inclosed a letter for the Laird of Macleod, informing him that we intended in a few days to have the honour of waiting on him at Dunvegan.

Dr. Johnson this day endeavoured to obtain some knowledge of the state of the country; but complained that he could get no distinct information about anything from those with whom he conversed.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

My endeavours to rouse the English-bred chieftain, in whose house we were, to the feudal and patriarchal feelings, proving ineffectual, Dr. Johnson this morning tried to bring him to our way

of thinking.—JOHNSON: "Were I in your place, sir, in seven years I would make this an independent island. I would roast oxen whole, and hang out a flag as a signal to the Macdonalds to come and get beef and whiskey." Sir Alexander was still starting difficulties.—JOHNSON: "Nay, sir; if you are born to object I have done with you. Sir, I would have a magazine of arms."—SIR ALEXANDER: "They would rust."—JOHNSON: "Let there be men to keep them clean. Your ancestors did not use to let their arms rust."

We attempted in vain to communicate to him a portion of our enthusiasm. He bore with so polite a good-nature our warm, and what some might call Gothic expostulations, on this subject, that I should not forgive myself were I to record all that Dr Johnson's ardour led him to say. This day was little better than a blank.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

I walked to the parish church of Slate, which is a very poor one.* There are no church bells in the island. I was told there were once some; what has become of them I could not learn. The minister not being at home there was no service. I went into the church, and saw the monument of Sir James Macdonald, which was elegantly executed at Rome, and has the following inscription, written by his friend, George Lord Lyttelton:

To the memory
Of SIR JAMES MACDONALD, BART.
Who in the flower of youth
Had attained to so eminent a degree of knowledge,
In Mathematics, Philosophy, Languages,
And in every other branch of useful and polite learning,
As few have acquired in a long life
Wholly devoted to study:
Yet to this erudition he joined
What can rarely be found with it,
Great talents for business,
Great propriety of behaviour,
Great politeness of manners.
His eloquence was sweet, correct, and flowing;
His memory vast and exact;
His judgment strong and acute;
All which endowments, united
With the most amiable temper
And every private virtue,

* The church is situated at Kilmore, about the middle of the parish. It is an old building, and has the date 1631 marked on it. It has been lately repaired, and is seated for nearly 500.—"Statistical Account of Scotland," 1840.—ED.

Procured him, not only in his own country,
But also from foreign nations,
The highest marks of esteem.
In the year of our Lord
1766,
The 25th of his life,
After a long and extremely painful illness,
Which he supported with admirable patience and fortitude,
He died at Rome,
Where, notwithstanding the difference of religion,
Such extraordinary honours were paid to his memory
As had never graced that of any other British subject
Since the death of Sir Philip Sidney.
The fame he left behind him is the best consolation
To his afflicted family,
And to his countrymen in this isle,
For whose benefit he had planned
Many useful improvements,
Which his fruitful genius suggested,
And his active spirit promoted,
Under the sober direction
Of a clear and enlightened understanding.
Reader, bewail our loss,
And that of all Britain!
In testimony of her love,
And as the best return she can make
To her departed son,
For the constant tenderness and affection
Which, even to his last moments,
He showed for her,
His much-afflicted mother,
The LADY MARGARET MACDONALD,
Daughter to the EARL of EGLINTOUNE,
Erected this Monument,
A.D. 1768.*

* This extraordinary young man, whom I had the pleasure of knowing intimately, having been deeply regretted by his country, the most minute particulars concerning him must be interesting to many. I shall therefore insert his two last letters to his mother, Lady Margaret Macdonald, which her ladyship has been pleased to communicate to me.

"*Rome, July* 9th, 1766.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Yesterday's post brought me your answer to the first letter in which I acquainted you of my illness. Your tenderness and concern upon that account are the same I have always experienced, and to which I have often owed my life. Indeed, it never was in so great danger as it has been lately; and though it would have been a very great comfort to me to have had you near me, yet perhaps I ought to rejoice, on your account, that you had not the pain of such a spectacle. I have been now a week in Rome, and wish I could continue to give you the same good account of my recovery as I did in my last; but I must own that, for three days past, I have been in a very weak and miserable state, which, however, seems to give no uneasiness to my physicians. My stomach has been greatly out of order, without any visible cause; and the

Dr. Johnson said the inscription should have been in Latin, as everything intended to be universal and permanent should be.

This being a beautiful day, my spirits were cheered by the mere effect of climate: I had felt a return of spleen during my stay at Armidale, and had it not been that I had Dr. Johnson to contemplate, I should have sunk into dejection, but his firmness supported me. I looked at him as a man whose head is turning giddy at sea looks at a rock or any fixed object. I wondered at his tranquillity. He said, "Sir, when a man retires into an island, he is to turn his thoughts entirely to another world: he has done with this."—BOSWELL: "It appears to me, sir, to be very difficult to unite a due attention to this world and that which is to come; for, if we engage eagerly in the affairs of life, we are apt to be totally forgetful of a future state; and, on the other hand, a steady contemplation of the awful concerns of eternity renders all objects here so insignificant as to make us indifferent and negligent about them."—JOHNSON: "Sir, Dr. Cheyne has laid down a rule to himself on this subject which should be imprinted on every mind, 'To neglect nothing to secure my eternal peace, more than if I had been certified I should die within the day; nor to mind anything that my secular obligations and duties demanded of me less than if I had been insured to live fifty years more.'"

I must here observe, that though Dr. Johnson appeared now to be philosophically calm, yet his genius did not shine forth as in com-

palpitation does not decrease. I am told that my stomach will soon recover its tone, and that the palpitation must cease in time. So I am willing to believe; and with this hope support the little remains of spirits which I can be supposed to have on the forty-seventh day of such an illness. Do not imagine I have relapsed, I only recover slower than I expected. If my letter is shorter than usual, the cause of it is a dose of physic, which has weakened me so much to-day that I am not able to write a long letter. I will make up for it next post, and remain always

"Your most sincerely affectionate Son,

"J. MACDONALD."

He grew gradually worse; and on the night before his death he wrote as follows from Frescati:

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Though I did not mean to deceive you in my last letter from Rome, yet certainly you would have very little reason to conclude of the very great and constant danger I have gone through ever since that time. My life, which is still almost entirely desperate, did not at that time appear to me so, otherwise I should have represented, in its true colours, a fact which acquires very little horror by that means, and comes with redoubled force by deception. There is no circumstance of danger and pain of which I have not had the experience, for a continued series of above a fortnight; during which time I have settled my affairs, after my death, with as much distinctness as the hurry and the nature of the thing could admit of. In case of the worst, the Abbé Grant will be my executor in this part of the world, and Mr. Mackenzie in Scotland, where my object has been to make you and my younger brother as independent of the eldest as possible."—BOSWELL. [Lady Margaret Macdonald survived till March 30th 1799.—ED.]

panies, where I have listened to him with admiration. The vigour of his mind was, however, sufficiently manifested, by his discovering no symptoms of feeble relaxation in the dull, "weary, flat, and unprofitable" state in which we now were placed.

I am inclined to think that it was on this day he composed the following Ode upon the Isle of Sky, which a few days afterwards he showed me at Rasay:—

ODA.

Ponti profundis clausa recessibus,
Strepens procellis, rupibus obsita,
Quam grata defesso virentem
Skia sinum nebulosa pandis!

His cura, credo, sedibus exulat;
His blanda certe pax habitat locis:
Non ira, non mœror quietis
Insidias meditatur horis.

At non cavatâ rupe latescere,
Menti nec ægræ montibus aviis
Prodest vagari, nec frementes
E scopulo numerare fluctus.

Humana virtus non sibi sufficit;
Datur nec æquum cuique animum sibi
Parare posse, ut Stoicorum
Secta crepet nimis alta fallax.

Exæstuantis pectoris impetum,
Rex summe, solus tu regis arbiter,
Mentisque, te tollente, surgunt,
Te recidunt moderante fluctus.*

* VARIOUS READINGS.

Line 2. In the manuscript, Dr. Johnson, instead of *rupibus obsita*, had written *imbribus uvida*, and *uvida nubibus*, but struck them both out.

Lines 15 and 16. Instead of these two lines, he had written, but afterwards struck out, the following:—

"Parare posse, utcunque jactet
Grandiloquus nimis alta Zeno."—BOSWELL.

[The following is a translation of the above Ode, altered from the "Scots Magazine," February, 1786:—

Close on old ocean's utmost bounds,
Girt with wild waves and rocky mounds,
How grateful to the wearied eye
Spreads thy green bosom, misty SKYE!

Care surely flies these soft retreats,
And Peace adorns thy gentle seats;
Nor Grief nor Anger's voice affright
The calm tranquillity of night.

After supper, Dr. Johnson told us that Isaac Hawkins Browne drank freely for thirty years, and that he wrote his poem, "De Animi Immortalitate," in some of the last of these years. I listened to this with the eagerness of one who, conscious of being himself fond of wine, is glad to hear that a man of so much genius and good thinking as Browne had the same propensity.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

We set out, accompanied by Mr. Donald Macleod (late of Canna) as our guide; we rode for some time along the district of Slate, near the shore. The houses in general are made of turf covered with grass. The country seemed well peopled. We came into the district of Strath, and passed along a wild moorish tract of land till we arrived at the shore. There we found good verdure and some curious whin-rocks, or collections of stones, like the ruins of the foundations of old buildings: we saw also three cairns of considerable size.

About a mile beyond Broadfoot [Broadford] is Corrichatachin, a farm of Sir Alexander Macdonald's, possessed by Mr. Mackinnon,* who received us with a hearty welcome, as did his wife, who was what we call in Scotland a lady-like woman. Mr. Pennant, in the course of his tour to the Hebrides, passed two nights at this gentleman's house. On its being mentioned that a present had here been

And yet to climb the hilly heath,
Or seek the hollow cave beneath,
Or count the white waves as they flow,
Can bring no cure to mental woe.

All human aid is weak. The mind
Contentment cannot force or bind,
And more delusive, weak, and vain
The ancient Stoic's lofty strain!

The storms that heave the troubled breast,
GREAT KING! Thou only lull'st to rest;
And, as Thy wise decrees dispose,
The tide of passion ebbs or flows.—ED.]

* That my readers may have my narrative in the style of the country through which I am travelling, it is proper to inform them that the chief of a clan is denominated by his surname alone; as Macleod, Mackinnon, Mackintosh. To prefix *Mr.* to it would be a degradation from *the* Macleod, &c. My old friend, the laird of Macfarlane, the great antiquary, took it highly amiss when General Wade called him Mr. Macfarlane. Dr. Johnson said he could not bring himself to use this mode of address, it seemed to him to be too familiar, as it is the way in which, in all other places, intimates or inferiors are addressed. When the chiefs have titles they are denominated by them, as Sir James Grant, Sir Allan Maclean. The other Highland gentlemen, of landed property, are denominated by their estates, as Rasay, Boisdale; and the wives of all of them have the title of ladies. The tacksmen, or principal tenants, are named by their farms, as Kingsburgh, Corrichatachin; and their wives are called the mistress of Kingsburgh, the mistress of Corrichatachin. Having given this explanation, I am at liberty to use that mode of speech which generally prevails in the Highlands and the Hebrides.—BOSWELL.

made to him of a curious specimen of Highland antiquity, Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, it was more than he deserved: the dog is a Whig."

We here enjoyed the comfort of a table plentifully furnished, the satisfaction of which was heightened by a numerous and cheerful company; and we, for the first time, had a specimen of the joyous social manners of the inhabitants of the Highlands. They talked in their own ancient language with fluent vivacity, and sung many Erse songs with such spirit that, though Dr. Johnson was treated with the greatest respect and attention, there were moments in which he seemed to be forgotten. For myself, though but a Lowlander, having picked up a few words of the language, I presumed to mingle in their mirth, and joined in the choruses with as much glee as any of the company. Dr. Johnson being fatigued with his journey retired early to his chamber, where he composed the following Ode, addressed to Mrs. Thrale:—

ODA.

Permeo terras, ubi nuda rupes
Saxeas miscet nebulis ruinas,
Torva ubi rident steriles coloni
Rura labores.

Pervagor gentes, hominum ferorum
Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu
Squallet informis, tugurique fumis
Fœda latescit.

Inter erroris salebrosa longi,
Inter ignotæ strepitus loquelæ,
Quot modis mecum, quid agat, requiro,
Thralia dulcis?

Seu viri curas pia nupta mulcet,
Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,
Sive cum libris novitate pascit
Sedula mentem;

Sit memor nostri, fideique merces,
Stet fides constans, meritoque blandum
Thraliæ discant resonare nomen
Litora Skiæ.*

Scriptum in Skiá, Sept. 6, 1773.

* Johnson appears to have altered the last stanza of his Ode. In the copy given in the Oxford edition of his works, two lines stand thus—

"Sit memor nostri, fideique solvat
Fida mercedem," &c.

The "Ode de Skia Insula" was, shortly after the publication of Boswell's Journal, translated as follows, by a lady, Miss Knight:—

O'er stony lands, where naked rocks,
The marks of nature's fearful shocks,
In misty clouds appear;

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

Dr. Johnson was much pleased with his entertainment here. There were many good books in the house: Hector Boethius, in Latin; Cave's Lives of the Fathers; Baker's Chronicle; Jeremy Collier's Church History; Dr. Johnson's small Dictionary; Craufurd's Officers of State, and several more:—a mezzotinto of Mrs. Brooks the actress (by some strange chance in Sky*), and also a print of Macdonald of Clanranald, with a Latin inscription about the cruelties after the battle of Culloden, which will never be forgotten.

It was a very wet, stormy day; we were therefore obliged to remain here, it being impossible to cross the sea to Rasay.

I employed a part of the forenoon in writing this Journal. The rest of it was somewhat dreary, from the gloominess of the weather and the uncertain state which we were in, as we could not tell but it might clear up every hour. Nothing is more painful to

Through dismal fields, whose barren soil
Derides the swain's laborious toil,
My wandering steps I bear.

Through nations wild, a hardy race,
Where life no cultivated grace,
No elegance can know;
But shrinks abashed from human eyes,
And in the smoky hovel lies—
Through scenes like these I go.

Amidst unknown and barbarous speech,
While wandering o'er this distant beach,
In all my watery way;
How think'st thou of thy absent friend,
How dost thou, whither dost thou tend—
My gentle Thralia, say?

If, pious wife, thy husband's cares,
Thou softly soothe, or infant heirs
Watch o'er as mother kind;
Or 'mid the charms of lettered lore
Thou add new treasures to thy store,
And feed thy active mind;

Remember me, thy friendship guard
Of constant friendship due reward,
Howe'er on distant ground;
Ah! let thy faith be still the same,
And justly Thralia's pleasing name
Shall Skia's shores resound.—Ed.

* Mr. Croker states that Mrs. Brooks's father was a Scotchman of the name of Watson, who lost his property and fled his country for the Stuart cause in 1745, a circumstance which would readily account for the lady's portrait being in the Highlands. We find that Lieut. Thomas Watson, of Ogilvy's Regiment, tobacconist in Perth, was convicted of high treason and sentenced to death, but reprieved. His name is in the list of attainted persons, Exchequer Chamber, Edinburgh, Sept. 24, 1747.—Ed.

the mind than a state of suspense, especially when it depends upon the weather, concerning which there can be so little calculation. As Dr. Johnson said of our weariness on the Monday at Aberdeen, "Sensation is sensation;" Corrichatachin, which was last night a hospitable house, was, in my mind, changed to-day into a prison. After dinner I read some of Dr. Macpherson's "Dissertations on the Ancient Caledonians." I was disgusted by the unsatisfactory conjectures as to antiquity before the days of record. I was happy when tea came. Such, I take it, is the state of those who live in the country. Meals are wished for from the cravings of vacuity of mind as well as from the desire of eating. I was hurt to find even such a temporary feebleness, and that I was so far from being that robust wise man who is sufficient for his own happiness. I felt a kind of lethargy of indolence. I did not exert myself to get Dr. Johnson to talk, that I might not have the labour of writing down his conversation. He inquired here if there were any remains of the second sight. Mr. Macpherson, minister of Slate, said he was resolved not to believe it, because it was founded on no principle.—JOHNSON: "There are many things, then, which we are sure are true, that you will not believe. What principle is there why a loadstone attracts iron; why an egg produces a chicken by heat; why a tree grows upwards, when the natural tendency of all things is downwards? Sir, it depends upon the degree of evidence that you have."* Young Mr. Mackinnon mentioned one Mackenzie, who is

* Johnson's reasoning resembles that of Martin, who devotes a chapter of his work to "An Account of the Second Sight, in Irish called Taish." Martin was a firm believer, and is at some pains to vindicate the seers. "If everything," he says, "for which the learned are not able to give a satisfying account be condemned as impossible, we may find many other things generally believed that must be rejected as false by this rule. For instance, yawning and its influence, and that the loadstone attracts iron, and yet these are true as well as harmless, though we can give no satisfying account of their causes. And if we know so little of natural causes, how much less can we pretend to things that are supernatural?" (Martin's "Western Islands." London, 1703.) Even in Martin's time the second sight had greatly declined; not one in ten, he said, saw it then that saw it twenty years before. Other supernatural beliefs were giving way. "A spirit, by the country people called *browny*, was frequently seen in all the most considerable families in the isles and north of Scotland, in the shape of a tall man; but within these twenty or thirty years past he is seen but rarely. There were spirits also that appeared in the shape of women, horses, swine, cats, and some like fiery balls, which would follow men in the fields; but there has been but few instances of these for forty years past." The decline of these superstitions must be attributed to the efforts of the clergy and to the greater intercourse which had taken place on the part of the tacksmen and chiefs with the southern districts. Education made little way in the Highlands until the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge commenced its admirable labours in 1709 with *five schools*, extended before the close of the century to two hundred. Even in 1825 seventy in the hundred of the population of the Hebrides were unable to read. Johnson's credulity as to the second-sight, when he was so incredulous in other matters, is one of the prominent features in his strangely-mingled character. He was eager to believe in super-

still alive, who had often fainted in his presence, and when he recovered mentioned visions which had been presented to him. He told Mr. Mackinnon that at such a place he should meet a funeral, and that such and such people would be the bearers, naming four: and three weeks afterwards he saw what Mackenzie had predicted. The naming the very spot in a country where a funeral comes a long way, and the very people as bearers when there are so many out of whom a choice may be made, seems extraordinary. We should have sent for Mackenzie had we not been informed that he could speak no English. Besides, the facts were not related with sufficient accuracy.

Mrs. Mackinnon, who is a daughter of old Kingsburgh, told us that her father was one day riding in Sky, and some women, who were at work in a field on the side of the road, said to him they had heard two *taiscks* (that is, two voices of persons about to die), and what was remarkable, one of them was an English *taisck*, which they never heard before. When he returned, he at that very place met two funerals, and one of them was that of a woman who had come from the main land, and could speak only English. This, she remarked, made a great impression upon her father.

How all the people here were lodged I know not. It was partly done by separating man and wife, and putting a number of men in one room, and of women in another.*

natural agency as some relief to that dread of death and morbid melancholy which clouded his masculine understanding and genuine piety. In this respect the English philosopher, with all his town-bred tastes and habits, was on a level with the rude islander of the Hebrides, nursed amidst storms and solitude.—ED.

* This introduction of the travellers to the house of a Highland tacksman, or large farmer, afforded a favourable specimen of the class; and another was subsequently given at Kingsburgh. The reader may compare these sketches with the description of Dandie Dinmont's establishment at Liddesdale. There were the same rough abundance and generous hospitality in all of them; but the Highland domicile displayed a share of that feudal politeness which descended from the chief to all the clan; and there was generally more of "book-learning." Travelling from one end of a Highland parish to another was then a serious business. It was not merely that the roads were bad, but there were so many old families by the way whom you could not pass by without calling upon, that what with a late sitting at one place, and a dance at another, a journey that is now performed in one day usually took a week or more.

"For long, though cheerful, was the way;
And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day."—*Cowley*.

Corrichatachin was always a full house. Its own inmates were numerous. These were, at the time of Johnson's visit, Lachlan Mackinnon and his son Charles, who lived together, and were married to mother and daughter—the ladies who did the honours of the tea-drinking to the travellers. There were also present the ministers of Sleat and Strath, the former married to a daughter of the elder Corry. The elder Mrs. Mackinnon had been previously married to a Mr. Macalister, by whom she had a large family. One of these became governor of Penang; two others rose to be colonels in the East-India Company's service; and a fourth purchased the estate of Strathaird in Skye. Old Corry

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

When I waked the rain was much heavier than yesterday; but the wind had abated. By breakfast the day was better, and in a little while it was calm and clear. I felt my spirits much elated; the propriety of the expression, "the sunshine of the breast," now struck* me with peculiar force, for the brilliant rays penetrated into my very soul. We were all in better humour than before. Mrs. Mackinnon, with unaffected hospitality and politeness, expressed her happiness in having such company in her house, and appeared to understand and relish Dr. Johnson's conversation, as indeed all the company seemed to do. When I knew she was old Kingsburgh's daughter, I did not wonder at the good appearance which she made.

She talked as if her husband and family would emigrate rather than be oppressed by their landlord; and said, "How agreeable would it be if these gentlemen should come in upon us when we are in America!" Somebody observed that Sir Alexander Macdonald was always frightened at sea.—JOHNSON: "*He* is frightened at sea, and his tenants are frightened when he comes on land."

We resolved to set out directly after breakfast. We had about two miles to ride to the sea-side, and there we expected to get one of the boats belonging to the fleet of bounty herring-busses then on the coast, or at least a good country fishing-boat. But while we were preparing to set out, there arrived a man with the following card from the Rev. Mr. Donald Macqueen:—

"Mr. Macqueen's compliments to Mr. Boswell, and begs leave to acquaint him that, fearing the want of a proper boat, as much as the rain of yesterday, might have caused a stop, he is now at Skianwden with Macgillichallum's* carriage, to convey him and Dr. Johnson to Rasay, where they will meet with a most hearty welcome, and where Macleod, being on a visit, now attends their motions.

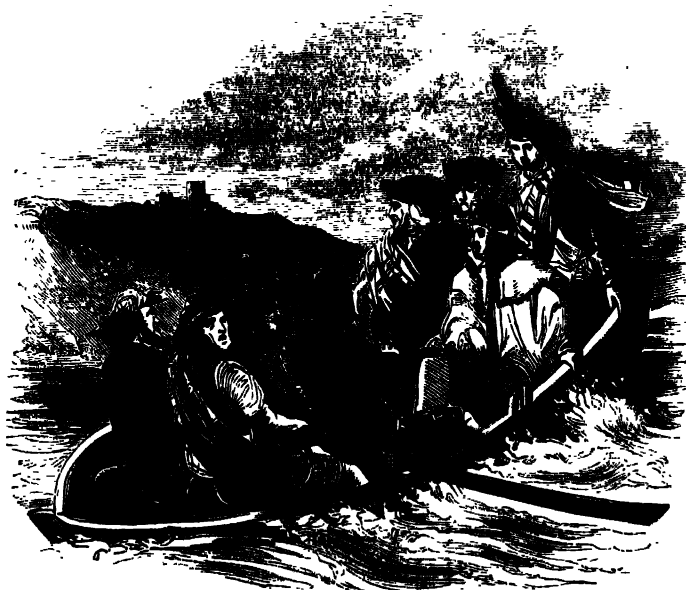
"Wednesday afternoon."

This card was most agreeable; it was a prologue to that hospi-

lived sixteen years after Johnson's visit, but his son died the year following it, 1774. The farm is still in the possession of the same hospitable family, the present Corry being the great grandson of Johnson's entertainer. The younger Mrs. Mackinnon lived till past ninety, and loved to talk of the visits of Pennant and Johnson. The farms of Corrichatachin and Kingsburgh have undergone as great a revolution in the way of agricultural improvement as any in the Highlands. The arable land in both is cultivated with as great care and skill as can be found in the fertile districts of the south. In Johnson's time there was not even a turnip or cabbage grown at Corrichatachin; there is now a large garden, producing all the fruits commonly grown in Scotland, with no contemptible show of the most delicate flowers and shrubs, including a fuschia ten feet high, and a hydrangea that covers a space of twelve feet, and is loaded with flowers. This "latter-day" flush of fruit and blossom extends over all the island. Talisker and Kingsburgh have fine gardens; and Dunvegan has, in addition, a conservatory.—ED.

* The Highland expression for Laird of Rasay.—BOSWELL.

table and truly polite reception which we found at Rasay. In a little while arrived Mr. Donald Macqueen himself; a decent minister, an elderly man with his own black hair, courteous, and rather slow of speech, but candid, sensible, and well informed—nay, learned. Along with him came, as our pilot, a gentleman whom I had a great desire to see, Mr. Malcolm Macleod, one of the Rasay family, celebrated in the year 1745-6. He was now sixty-two years of age, hale and well-proportioned, with a manly countenance, and tanned by the weather, yet having a ruddiness in his cheeks, over a great part of which his rough beard extended. His eye was quick and lively, yet his look was not fierce, but he appeared at once firm and good-humoured. He wore a pair of brogues, Tartan hose which came up only near to his knees, and left them bare, a purple camblet kilt, a black waistcoat, a short green cloth coat bound with gold cord, a yellowish bushy wig, a large blue bonnet with a gold thread button. I never saw a figure that gave a more perfect representation of a Highland gentleman. I wished much to have a picture of him just as he was. I found him frank and polite, in the true sense of the word.



JOHNSON AND BOSWELL'S JOURNEY TO RASAY.

The good family at Corrichatachin said they hoped to see us on our return. We rode down to the shore, but Malcolm walked with graceful agility.

We got into Rasay's carriage, which was a good strong open boat made in Norway. The wind had now risen pretty high, and was against us; but we had four stout rowers, particularly a Macleod, a robust black-haired fellow, half naked and bare-headed, something between a wild Indian and an English tar. Dr. Johnson sat high on the stern, like a magnificent Triton. Malcolm sung an Erse song, the chorus of which was "Hatyin foam foam eri," with words of his own. The tune resembled "Owr the muir amang the heather." The boatmen and Mr. Macqueen chorused, and all went well. At length Malcolm himself took an oar, and rowed vigorously. We sailed along the coast of Scalpa, a rugged island, about four miles in length. Dr. Johnson proposed that he and I should buy it, and found a good school and an episcopal church (Malcolm said he would come to it), and have a printing-press, where he would print all the Erse that could be found.

Here I was strongly struck with our long-projected scheme of visiting the Hebrides being realised. I called to him, "We are contending with seas;" which I think were the words of one of his letters to me. "Not much," said he; and though the wind made the sea lash considerably upon us, he was not discomposed. After we were out of the shelter of Scalpa, and in the sound between it and Rasay, which extended about a league, the wind made the sea very rough. I did not like it.—Johnson: "This, now, is the Atlantic. If I should tell at a tea-table in London that I have crossed the Atlantic in an open boat, how they'd shudder, and what a fool they'd think me to expose myself to such danger!" He then repeated Horace's ode,

> "Otium Divos rogat in patenti
> Prensus Ægæo"——*

In the confusion and hurry of this boisterous sail, Dr. Johnson's spurs, of which Joseph had charge, were carried overboard into the sea and lost. This was the first misfortune that had befallen us. Dr. Johnson was a little angry at first, observing that "there was something wild in letting a pair of spurs be carried into the sea out of a boat;" but then he remarked that, as Janes the naturalist had

* "When clouds the moon's fair lustre hide,
No stars the doubtful helm to guide;
The sailor, 'mid the raging seas,
Suppliant implores the gods for ease."
FRANCIS'S HORACE.

said upon losing his pocket-book, it was rather an inconvenience than a loss. He told us he now recollected that he dreamt the night before that he put his staff into a river, and chanced to let it go, and it was carried down the stream and lost. "So now you see," said he, "that I have lost my spurs; and this story is better than many of those which we have concerning second-sight and dreams." Mr. Macqueen said he did not believe the second-sight; that he never met with any well-attested instances; and if he should, he should impute them to chance; because all who pretend to that quality often fail in their predictions, though they take a great scope, and sometimes interpret literally, sometimes figuratively, so as to suit the events.

He told us, that since he came to be minister of the parish where he now is, the belief of witchcraft or charms was very common, insomuch that he had many prosecutions before his session (the parochial ecclesiastical court) against women, for having by those means carried off the milk from people's cows. He disregarded them; and there is not now the least vestige of that superstition. He preached against it; and in order to give a strong proof to the people that there was nothing in it, he said from the pulpit that every woman in the parish was welcome to take the milk from his cows, provided she did not touch them.*

Dr. Johnson asked him as to Fingal. He said he could repeat some passages in the original, that he heard his grandfather had a copy of it; but that he could not affirm that Ossian composed all that poem as it is now published. This came pretty much to what Dr. Johnson had maintained, though he goes farther and contends that it is no better than such an epic poem as he could make from the song of Robin Hood; that is to say, that, except a few passages, there is nothing truly ancient but the names and some vague traditions. Mr. Macqueen alleged that Homer was made up of detached

* Mr. Macqueen communicated to Pennant an account of the *Grugaich Stones*, honoured with libations of milk from the hand of the dairy-maid. The offering to Grugach was made upon the Sunday, for the preservation of the cattle on the ensuing week. It appears from the statistical account, that so late as 1770, the women who attended a herd of cattle in the island of Trodda, were in the habit of pouring daily a quantity of milk on a hollow stone for the Grugach. Mr. Macqueen went to Trodda on purpose to preach down the superstition, but he was not successful. The worthy minister had, early in life, been a partial believer in the second-sight. In that strange farrago of absurdity and vanity, the "Treatise on the Second Sight, by Theophilus Insulanus" (Macleod of Hamir, 1763), is a letter from Mr. Macqueen to the author, in which he states that the visions were not seen by the external organ, otherwise all clear-sighted people must have seen them, but that the vision was a representation made to the imagination by some spirit, either good or bad. The worthy minister lived to discard the whole shadowy tribe of the seers; and nothing can be more puerile or ridiculous than the cases cited by Martin and Theophilus Insulanus.—ED.

fragments. Dr. Johnson denied this; observing that it had been one work originally, and that you could not put a book of the Iliad out of its place; and he believed the same might be said of the Odyssey.

The approach to Rasay was very pleasing. We saw before us a beautiful bay, well defended by a rocky coast; a good family mansion; a fine verdure about it, with a considerable number of trees, and beyond it hills and mountains in gradation of wildness. Our boatmen sung with great spirit. Dr. Johnson observed that naval music was very ancient. As we came near the shore the singing of our rowers was succeeded by that of reapers, who were busy at work, and who seemed to shout as much as to sing while they worked with a bounding activity. Just as we landed I observed a cross, or rather the ruins of one, upon a rock, which had to me a pleasing vestige of religion. I perceived a large company coming out from the house; we met them as we walked up. There were Rasay himself, his brother Dr. Macleod, his nephew the Laird of Mackinnon, the Laird of Macleod, Colonel Macleod of Talisker, an officer in the Dutch service, a very genteel man, and a faithful branch of the family, Mr. Macleod, of Muiravenside, best known by the name of Sandy Macleod, who was long in exile on account of the part which he took in 1745,* and several other persons. We were welcomed upon the green and conducted into the house, where we were introduced to Lady Rasay, who was surrounded by a numerous family, consisting of three sons and ten daughters. The laird of Rasay is a sensible, polite, and most hospitable gentleman. I was told that his island of Rasay and that of Rona (from which the eldest son of the family has his title), and a considerable extent of the land which he has in Sky, do not altogether yield him a very large revenue, and yet he lives in great splendour; and so far is he from distressing his people, that in the present rage for emigration not a man has left his estate.

* Mr. Macleod was a cousin of Clanranald's, and was deputed by the Jacobite party to proceed to the Isle of Skye, in order to induce Macleod and Sir Alexander Macdonald to join in the rising. If he had succeeded in procuring the adhesion of those two powerful chiefs, the Prince's army would have been a much more formidable force. It is said they could have brought twelve hundred broadswords to the field. Both Macleod and Sir Alexander, however, continued firm to the Royalist cause. The Prince landed about the middle of July; and so early as August 3rd we find Macleod writing to his friend Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, the Lord President, that Sir Alexander Macdonald and himself gave no countenance to the rebels, but used all the interest they had with their neighbours to follow the same prudent course. ("Culloden Papers," p. 204.) Macleod afterwards joined the Royalist army with a body of 400 men; but there can be little doubt that both the Macleod and Macdonald clans would rather have been on the other side. A pardon to Mr. A. Macleod passed the Great Seal July 11, 1778. He died December 30, 1784.—ED.

It was past six o'clock when we arrived. Some excellent brandy was served round immediately, according to the custom of the Highlands, where a dram is generally taken every day; they call it a *scalch*. On a side-board was placed for us who had come off the sea a substantial dinner and a variety of wines; then we had coffee and tea. I observed in the room several elegantly bound books and other marks of improved life. Soon afterwards a fiddler appeared, and a little ball began. Rasay himself danced with as much spirit as any man, and Malcolm bounded like a roe. Sandy Macleod, who has at times an excessive flow of spirits, and had it now, was, in his days of absconding, known by the name of M'Cruslick, which, it seems, was the designation of a kind of wild man in the Highlands, something between Proteus and Don Quixote, and so he was called here; he made much jovial noise. Dr. Johnson was so delighted with this scene, that he said, "I know not how we shall get away." It entertained me to observe him sitting by while we danced, sometimes in deep meditation, sometimes smiling complacently, sometimes looking upon Hooke's Roman History, and sometimes talking a little, amidst the noise of the ball, to Mr. Donald Macqueen, who anxiously gathered knowledge from him. He was pleased with Macqueen, and said to me, "This is a critical man, sir. There must be great vigour of mind to make him cultivate learning so much in the isle of Sky, where he might do without it; it is wonderful how many of the new publications he has; there must be a snatch of every opportunity." Mr. Macqueen told me that his brother (who is the fourth generation of the family following each other as ministers of the parish of Snizort) and he joined together and bought, from time to time, such books as had reputation. Soon after we came in, a black cock and grey hen which had been shot were shown with their feathers on to Dr. Johnson, who had never seen that species of bird before. We had a company of thirty at supper, and all was good humour and gaiety without intemperance.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

At breakfast this morning, among a profusion of other things, there were oat-cakes, made of what is called *graddaned* meal; that is, meal made of grain separated from the husks, and toasted by fire, instead of being threshed and kiln-dried. This seems to be bad management, as so much fodder is consumed by it. Mr. Macqueen, however, defended it by saying that it is doing the thing much quicker, as one operation effects what is otherwise done by two. His chief reason, however, was, that the servants in Sky are, according to him, a faithless pack, and steal what they can; so that much is

saved by the corn passing but once through their hands, as at each time they pilfer some. It appears to me that the graddaning is a strong proof of the laziness of the Highlanders, who will rather make fire act for them at the expense of fodder than labour themselves. There was also what I cannot help disliking at breakfast, cheese; it is the custom over all the Highlands to have it, and it often smells very strong, and poisons to a certain degree the elegance of an Indian repast. The day was showery; however, Rasay and I took a walk, and had some cordial conversation. I conceived a more than ordinary regard for this worthy gentleman. His family has possessed this island above four hundred years. It is the remains of the estate of Macleod of Lewis, whom he represents. When we returned, Dr. Johnson walked with us to see the old chapel. He was in fine spirits. He said, "This is truly the patriarchal life; this is what we came to find."

After dinner, M'Cruslick, Malcolm, and I went out with guns, to try if we could find any black-cock; but we had no sport, owing to a heavy rain. I saw here what is called a Danish fort. Our evening was passed as last night was. One of our company, I was told, had hurt himself by too much study, particularly of infidel metaphysicians; of which he gave a proof on second-sight being mentioned. He immediately retailed some of the fallacious arguments of Voltaire and Hume against miracles in general. Infidelity in a Highland gentleman appeared to me peculiarly offensive. I was sorry for him, as he had otherwise a good character. I told Dr. Johnson that he had studied himself into infidelity—JOHNSON: "Then he must study himself out of it again. That is the way. Drinking largely will sober him again."

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

Having resolved to explore the island of Rasay, which could be done only on foot, I last night obtained my fellow-traveller's permission to leave him for a day, he being unable to take so hardy a walk. Old Mr. Malcolm Macleod, who had obligingly promised to accompany me, was at my bedside between five and six. I sprang up immediately, and he and I, attended by two other gentlemen, traversed the country during the whole of this day. Though we had passed over not less than four-and-twenty miles of very rugged ground, and had a Highland dance on the top of Dun Can, the highest mountain in the island, we returned in the evening not at all fatigued, and piqued ourselves at not being outdone at the nightly ball by our less active friends who had remained at home.

My survey of Rasay did not furnish much which can interest

my readers; I shall therefore put into as short a compass as I can the observations upon it which I find registered in my journal. It is about fifteen English miles long, and four broad. On the south side is the laird's family seat, situated on a pleasing low spot. The old tower of three storeys, mentioned by Martin, was taken down soon after 1746, and a modern house supplies its place. There are very good grass-fields and corn-lands about it well dressed. I observed, however, hardly any inclosures, except a good garden plentifully stocked with vegetables, and strawberries, raspberries, currants, &c.

On one of the rocks just where we landed, which are not high, there is rudely carved a square, with a crucifix in the middle. Here, it is said, the Lairds of Rasay, in old times, used to offer up their devotions. I could not approach the spot without a grateful recollection of the event commemorated by this symbol.

A little from the shore, westward, is a kind of subterraneous house. There has been a natural fissure or separation of the rock, running towards the sea, which has been roofed over with long stones, and above them turf has been laid; in that place the inhabitants used to keep their oars. There are a number of trees near the house, which grow well; some of them of a pretty good size. They are mostly plane and ash. A little to the west of the house is an old ruinous chapel, unroofed, which never has been very curious. We here saw some human bones of an uncommon size; there was a heel-bone, in particular, which Dr. Macleod said was such, that if the foot was in proportion, it must have been twenty-seven inches long. Dr. Johnson would not look at the bones; he started back from them with a striking appearance of horror. Mr. Macqueen told us that it was formerly much the custom in these isles to have human bones lying above the ground, especially in the windows of churches. On the south of the chapel is the family burying-place. Above the door, on the east end of it, is a small bust or image of the Virgin Mary, carved upon a stone which makes part of the wall. There is no church upon the island. It is annexed to one of the parishes of Sky; and the minister comes and preaches either in Rasay's house or some other house, on certain Sundays. I could not but value the family seat more for having even the ruins of a chapel close to it. There was something comfortable in the thought of being so near a piece of consecrated ground. Dr. Johnson said: "I look with reverence upon every place that has been set apart for religion;" and he kept off his hat while he was within the walls of the chapel.

The eight crosses, which Martin mentions as pyramids for deceased ladies, stood in a semicircular line, which contained within it the chapel. They marked out the boundaries of the sacred territory within which an asylum was to be had. One of them, which we observed upon our landing, made the first point of the semicircle. There are few of them now remaining. A good way farther north, there is a row of buildings about four feet high: they run from the shore on the east along the top of a pretty high eminence, and so down to the shore on the west, in much the same direction with the crosses. Rasay took them to be the marks for the asylum; but Malcolm thought them to be false sentinels, a common deception, of which instances occur in Martin, to make invaders imagine an island better guarded. Mr. Donald Macqueen justly, in my opinion, supposes the crosses which form the inner circle to be the church's land-marks.

The south end of the island is much covered with large stones or rocky strata. The laird has enclosed and planted part of it with firs, and he showed me a considerable space marked out for additional plantations.

Dun Can is a mountain three computed miles from the laird's house. The ascent to it is by consecutive risings, if that expression may be used when valleys intervene, so that there is but a short rise at once; but it is certainly very high above the sea. The palm of altitude is disputed for by the people of Rasay and those of Sky; the former contending for Dun Can, the latter for the mountains in Sky over against it. We went up to the east side of Dun Can pretty easily. It is mostly rocks all around, the points of which hem the summit of it. Sailors, to whom it was a good object as they pass along, call it Rasay's cap. Before we reached this mountain, we passed by two lakes. Of the first, Malcolm told me a strange fabulous tradition. He said, there was a wild beast in it, a sea horse, which came and devoured a man's daughter; upon which the man lighted a great fire, and had a sow roasted at it, the smell of which attracted the monster. In the fire was put a spit. The man lay concealed behind a low wall of loose stones, and he had an avenue formed for the monster, with two rows of large flat stones, which extended from the fire over the summit of the hill, till it reached the side of the loch. The monster came, and the man with the red-hot spit destroyed it. Malcolm showed me the little hiding-place, and the rows of stones. He did not laugh when he told this story. I recollect having seen in the "Scots Magazine," several years ago, a poem upon a similar tale, perhaps the same, translated from the Erse, or Irish, called "Albin and the Daughter of Mey."*

* The translation appeared in the "Scots' Magazine" for 1756. It was by Jerome

There is a large tract of land, possessed as a common, in Rasay. They have no regulations as to number of cattle. Every man puts upon it as many as he chooses. From Dun Can northward, till you reach the other end of the island, there is much good natural pasture unincumbered by stones. We passed over a spot, which is appropriated for the exercising ground. In 1745, a hundred fighting men were reviewed here, as Malcolm told me, who was one of the officers that led them to the field. They returned home all but about fourteen. What a princely thing is it to be able to furnish such a band! Rasay has the true spirit of a chief. He is, without exaggeration, a father to his people.

There is plenty of lime-stone in the island, a great quarry of free-stone, and some natural woods, but none of any age, as they cut the trees for common country uses. The lakes, of which there are many, are well stocked with trout. Malcolm catched one of four-and-twenty pounds weight in the loch next to Dun Can, which, by the way, is certainly a Danish name, as most names of places in these islands are.*

The old castle, in which the family of Rasay formerly resided, is situated upon a rock very near the sea. The rock is not one mass of stone, but a concretion of pebbles and earth, so firm that it does not appear to have mouldered. In this remnant of antiquity, I found nothing worthy of being noticed, except a certain accommodation rarely to be found at the modern houses of Scotland, and which Dr. Johnson and I sought for in vain at the Laird of Rasay's new-built mansion, where nothing else was wanting. I took the liberty to tell the Laird it was a shame there should be such a deficiency in civilized times. He acknowledged the justice of the remark; but perhaps some generations may pass before the want is supplied. Dr. Johnson observed to me, how quietly people will endure an evil, which they might at any time very easily remedy; and mentioned as an instance, that the present family of Rasay had possessed the island for more than four hundred years, and never made a commodious landing place, though a few men with pickaxes might have cut an ascent of stairs out of any part of the rock in a week's time.

The north end of Rasay is as rocky as the south end. From it I saw the little isle of Fladda, belonging to Rasay, all fine green ground; and Rona, which is of so rocky a soil, that it appears to be a

Stone, a young man in Dunkeld, who was the first to collect and translate the ancient poems of the Highlands. The original, according to Stone's copy, and his translation with a literal translation of the original, are given in the Appendix to the Highland Society's Report on the Poems of Ossian.—ED.

* *Dun*, a very common prefix in the names of places, in the ancient British signified a stronghold, or fortified hill. *Can* is the Celtic for *head*.—ED.

pavement. I was told, however, that it has a great deal of grass in the interstices. The Laird has it all in his own hands. At this end of the island of Rasay is a cave in a striking situation. It is in a recess of a great cleft, a good way up from the sea. Before it the ocean roars, being dashed against monstrous broken rocks—grand and awful *propugnacula*. On the right hand of it is a longitudinal cave, very low at the entrance, but higher as you advance. The sea having scooped it out, it seems strange and unaccountable that the interior part, where the water must have operated with less force, should be loftier than that which is more immediately exposed to its violence. The roof of it is all covered with a kind of petrifications formed by drops, which perpetually distil from it. The first cave has been a place of much safety. I find a great difficulty in describing visible objects. I must own, too, that the old castle and cave, like many other things, of which one hears much, did not answer my expectations. People are everywhere apt to magnify the curiosities of their country.

This island has abundance of black cattle, sheep, and goats,—a good many horses, which are used for ploughing, carrying out dung, and other works of husbandry. I believe the people never ride. There are indeed no roads through the island, unless a few detached beaten tracks deserve that name. Most of the houses are upon the shore; so that all the people have little boats, and catch fish. There is great plenty of potatoes here. There are blackcock in extraordinary abundance, moor-fowl, plover, and wild pigeons, which seemed to me to be the same as we have in pigeon-houses, in their state of nature. Rasay has no pigeon-house. There are no hares nor rabbits n the island, nor was there ever known to be a fox, till last year, when one was landed on it by some malicious person, without whose aid he could not have got thither, as that animal is known to be a very bad swimmer. He has done much mischief. There is a great deal of fish caught in the sea round Rasay; it is a place where one may live in plenty, and even in luxury. There are no deer; but Rasay told us he would get some.

They reckon it rains nine months in the year in this island, owing to its being directly opposite to the western coast of Sky, where the watery clouds are broken by high mountains. The hills here, and indeed all the heathy grounds in general, abound with the sweet smelling plant which the Highlanders call *gaul* [sweet gale or bog-myrtle], and (I think) with dwarf juniper in many places. There is enough of turf, which is their fuel, and it is thought there is a mine of coal.

Such are the observations which I made upon the island of Rasay,

upon comparing it with the description given by Martin, whose book we had with us.

There has been an ancient league between the families of Macdonald and Rasay. Whenever the head of either family dies, his sword is given to the head of the other. The present Rasay has the late Sir James Macdonald's sword. Old Rasay joined the Highland army in 1745, but prudently guarded against a forfeiture, by previously conveying his estate to the present gentleman, his eldest son. On that occasion, Sir Alexander, father of the late Sir James Macdonald, was very friendly to his neighbour. "Don't be afraid, Rasay," said he; "I'll use all my interest to keep you safe; and if your estate should be taken, I'll buy it for the family."—And he would have done it.

Let me now gather some gold dust,—some more fragments of Dr. Johnson's conversation, without regard to order of time. He said, "he thought very highly of Bentley; that no man now went so far in the kinds of learning that he cultivated; that the many attacks on him were owing to envy, and to a desire of being known, by being in competition with such a man; that it was safe to attack him, because he never answered his opponents, but let them die away. It was attacking a man who would not beat them, because his beating them would make them live the longer." And he was right not to answer; for, in his hazardous method of writing, he could not but be often enough wrong; so it was better to leave things to their general appearance, than own himself to have erred in particulars.—He said, "Mallet was the prettiest dressed puppet about town, and always kept good company. That, from his way of talking, he saw, and always said, that he had not written any part of the "Life of the Duke of Marlborough," though perhaps he intended to do it at some time, in which case he was not culpable in taking the pension.* That he

* Sarah Duchess of Marlborough left by her will to Mr. Glover, the author of "Leonidas," and Mr. Mallet, jointly, the sum of 1000*l.* and all the family papers, that they might write a life of the great Duke. Glover declined the task, and the whole devolved upon Mallet. He received also a pension from the second Duke of Marlborough to promote his industry, but after his death it was found he had not written a line on the subject. He may have *intended* to do it at some time, as Johnson apologetically remarks, but his intention could not be very decided as he lived twenty-one years after receiving the legacy. Davies, in his Life of Garrick, relates an amusing anecdote connected with this *unwritten* Life of Marlborough. Mallet hinted to Garrick that he had found a niche for him in the Life. The manager of course was overjoyed. "Well, faith, Mallet, you have the art of surprising your friends in the most unexpected and the politest manner! But why won't you, now, who are so well qualified, write something for the stage? You should relax. *Interpone tuis*—ha? you know! for I am sure the theatre is a mere matter of diversion, a pleasure to you." "Why," said the other, "to tell you the truth, I have, whenever I could rob the Duke of an hour or so, employed myself in adapting La Motte's 'Ines de Castro' to the English stage, and here it is."

imagined the Duchess furnished the materials for her "Apology," which Hooke wrote, and Hooke furnished the words and the order, and all that in which the art of writing consists. That the Duchess had not superior parts, but was a bold, frontless woman, who knew how to make the most of her opportunities in life. That Hooke got a *large* sum of money for writing her "Apology." That he wondered Hooke should have been weak enough to insert so profligate a maxim, as that to tell another's secret to one's friend, is no breach of confidence; though perhaps Hooke, who was a virtuous man, as his history shows, and did not wish her well, though he wrote her "Apology," might see its ill tendency, and yet insert it at her desire. He was acting only ministerially."—I apprehend, however, that Hooke was bound to give his best advice. I speak as a lawyer. Though I have had clients whose causes I could not, as a private man, approve; yet, if I undertook them, I would not do anything that might be prejudicial to them, even at their desire, without warning them of their danger.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

It was a storm of wind and rain; so we could not set out. I wrote some of this Journal, and talked a while with Dr. Johnson in his room, and passed the day, I cannot well say how, but very pleasantly. I was here amused to find Mr. Cumberland's comedy of the "Fashionable Lover," in which he has very well drawn a Highland character—Colin Macleod—of the same name with the family under whose roof we now were. Dr. Johnson was much pleased with the Laird of Macleod, who is indeed a most promising youth, and with a noble spirit struggles with difficulties and endeavours to preserve his people. He has been left with an encumbrance of forty thousand pounds debt, and annuities to the amount of thirteen hundred pounds a year. Dr. Johnson said: "If he gets the better of all this, he'll be a hero; and I hope he will. I have not met with a young man who had more desire to learn, or who has learnt more. I have seen nobody that I wish more to do a kindness to than Macleod." Such was the honourable eulogium on this young chieftain, pronounced by an accurate observer, whose praise was never lightly bestowed.*

The manager embraced "Elvira" with rapture, and brought it forward with all expedition. With respect to Mallet's dress, alluded to by Johnson, Davies states that the poet's wife selected and purchased his clothes, and that his favourite dress was a suit of black velvet! On the whole Mallet was a very successful but unprincipled literary adventurer. His ballad of "William and Margaret," and his connexion with Pope and Gibbon, will carry his name down to posterity, but none will envy his fame.—ED.

* Pennant is no less eulogistic of the young laird. And at a subsequent period Burns characterised him as

"——a chieftain worth gowd,
Though bred amang mountains o' snaw."

There is neither justice-of-peace nor constable in Rasay. Sky has Mr. Macleod of Ulinish, who is the sheriff-substitute, and no other justice-of-peace. The want of the execution of justice is much felt among the islanders. Macleod very sensibly observed, that taking away the heritable jurisdictions had not been of such service in the islands as was imagined. They had not authority enough in lieu of them. What could formerly have been settled at once, must now either take much time and trouble or be neglected. Dr. Johnson said: "A country is in a bad state which is governed only by laws; because a thousand things occur for which laws cannot provide, and where authority ought to interpose. Now, destroying the authority of the chiefs set the people loose. It did not pretend to bring any positive good, but only to cure some evil; and I am not well enough acquainted with the country to know what degree of evil the heritable jurisdictions occasioned." I maintained hardly any; because the chiefs generally acted right for their own sakes.*

*

For this compliment, however, Macleod was indebted to a circumstance which, in Johnson's eyes, would have been a sad stain on his escutcheon—at the period of the French Revolution, he became one of the "Friends of the People." It was unfortunate for his tenantry that Macleod imbibed the military spirit of the times, and, by entering the army, divorced himself from Skye and Dunvegan. He raised an independent company in 1776, and served in America. In 1780, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the second battalion of the 42nd regiment, afterwards the 73rd, which he accompanied to India, distinguishing himself in various campaigns. On his return to this country he was elected representative in Parliament for his native county of Inverness. Macleod married early in life a daughter of Mackenzie of Suddy, who died in 1784, while her husband was abroad as Commander-in-chief on the Malabar coast. He himself died at Guernsey, August 16, 1801, being then in his forty-seventh year, and holding the rank of Lieutenant-General in the army. He left a son, John Norman Macleod, who was sometime M.P. for Sudbury, and died in 1835, aged also forty-seven. General Macleod does not seem to have added the humble virtue of economy to his acknowledged talents and bravery. He left the estate burdened to the amount of 20,000*l.* more than he received it, though he had sold part of the ancient patrimony. His son was compelled still farther to reduce the Macleod possessions, and the present laird, grandson of Johnson's host, entered upon an estate greatly encumbered and with a numerous population. The destitution crisis of 1846 fell heavily on Skye; Macleod fought manfully with his difficulties, and made strenuous exertions to relieve and support his people; but he was ruined in the struggle, and the property was placed under trust."—Ed.

* The Rev. Donald Macqueen, a highly competent authority on such a point, in his communication to Pennant (1772), observes, that "while the spirit of clanship preserved any of its warmth, the chieftain seldom intended an injury; and when any was offered it was soon demolished by the weight of a multitude; but when this balance of power was weakened and dissolved, the people lay much at mercy. In a time of long minority, or when the proprietor took it into his head to visit London or Edinburgh, the estate being left under the management of a bailiff, who generally was the steward or factor, the rights of mankind were often trampled under foot." He adds, "In a very seasonable hour the heritable jurisdictions were abolished; and sheriffs depending upon the sovereign alone appointed to dispense justice, which was surely a great relief to the lieges, where their sphere of action was not too extensive for themselves or

Dr. Johnson was now wishing to move. There was not enough of intellectual entertainment for him, after he had satisfied his curiosity, which he did by asking questions till he had exhausted the island; and where there was so numerous a company, mostly young people, there was such a flow of familiar talk, so much noise, and so much singing and dancing, that little opportunity was left for his energetic conversation. He seemed sensible of this; for when I told him how happy they were at having him there, he said: "Yet we have not been able to entertain them much." I was fretted, from irritability of nerves, by M'Cruslick's too-obstreperous mirth. I complained of it to my friend, observing we should be better if he was gone. "No, sir," said he. "He puts something into our society, and takes nothing out of it." Dr. Johnson, however, had several opportunities of instructing the company; but I am sorry to say, that I did not pay sufficient attention to what passed, as his discourse now turned chiefly on mechanics, agriculture, and such subjects, rather than on science and wit. Last night Lady Rasay showed him the operation of *waulking* cloth—that is, thickening it in the same manner as is done by a mill. Here it is performed by women, who kneel upon the ground and rub it with both their hands, singing an Erse song all the time. He was asking questions while they were performing this operation, and, amidst their loud and wild howl, his voice was heard even in the room above.*

They dance here every night. The queen of our ball was the eldest Miss Macleod of Rasay, an elegant well-bred woman, and celebrated for her beauty over all those regions by the name of Miss Flora Rasay.† There seemed to be no jealousy—no discontent among them; and the gaiety of the scene was such, that I for a moment doubted whether unhappiness had any place in Rasay.‡ But my

substitutes; even in that case the people mustered up more spirit, and acquired some knowledge of the rights they were born to."—ED.

* The wawking of cloth is still a favourite employment, and always the occasion of a gathering of neighbours and a merry-making.—ED.

† She had been some time at Edinburgh, to which she again went, and was married to my worthy neighbour, Colonel Mure Campbell, now Earl of Loudoun; but she died soon afterwards, leaving one daughter.—BOSWELL.

‡ The little Court of Rasay, with its hospitality, elegance and beauty, is minutely described by Johnson both in his "Journey" and in his letters to Mrs. Thrale. The whole rental of the laird did not exceed 250*l.* a year, but he had a large farm in his own hands, and every year sold numbers of cattle. The rental of the estate is now 1,021*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* of which about 467*l.* is paid by crofters or small tenants, at rents not exceeding ten pounds each. Distress and privation have reduced the poor islanders. "Before 1846," says the present Laird of Rasay, "the chief means of livelihood of such as had land were potatoes, the occasional sale of what overstock they reared of the small breed of Highland cattle, supplemented by the proceeds of fishing, and by the earnings

delusion was soon dispelled by recollecting the following lines of my fellow-traveller:—

> "Yet hope not life from pain or danger free,
> Or think the doom of man reversed for thee!"

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

It was a beautiful day; and, although we did not approve of travelling on Sunday, we resolved to set out, as we were in an island from whence one must take occasion as it serves. Macleod and Talisker sailed in a boat of Rasay's for Sconser, to take the shortest way to Dunvegan. M'Cruslick went with them to Sconser, from whence he was to go to Slate, and so to the main land. We were resolved to pay a visit at Kingsburgh, and see the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald, who is married to the present Mr. Macdonald of Kingsburgh; so took that road, though not so near. All the family but Lady Rasay walked down to the shore to see us depart. Rasay himself went with us in a large boat, with eight oars, built in his island; as did Mr. Malcolm Macleod, Mr. Donald Macqueen, Dr. Macleod, and some others. We had a most pleasant sail between Rasay and Sky; and passed by a cave where Martin says fowls were caught by lighting fire in the mouth of it. Malcolm remembers this. But it is not now practised, as few fowls come into it.

We spoke of death. Dr. Johnson on this subject observed, that the boastings of some men as to dying easily were idle talk, proceeding from partial views. I mentioned Hawthornden's "Cypress-grove," where it is said that the world is a mere show, and that it is unreasonable for a man to wish to continue in the show-room after he has seen it. Let him go cheerfully out, and give place to other spectators.—JOHNSON: "Yes, sir, if he is sure he is to be well after he goes out of it. But if he is to grow blind after he goes out of the show-room, and never to see anything again, or if he does not know whither he is to go next, a man will not go cheerfully out of a show-room. No wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is to go into a state of

sometimes of the effective members of a family during a periodical emigration, at summer and autumn, to the Lowlands. Since 1845 two of these sources of livelihood (being those connected with the land) have failed, and that simultaneously—potatoes, and the sale of cattle. The effects of the successive blights of the potato-crops have been fully recognised. The small Highland cattle are entirely out of favour with the graziers and butchers, who, it is said, supply the demands more profitably by the improved methods of stall-feeding the younger portions of the larger and heavier breeds of the South." (Report by Sir John M'Neill, 1851.) The Mansion-house of Rasay was greatly enlarged and almost rebuilt by the son of Johnson's liberal entertainer, and was, with the estate, sold by the creditors of his grandson. The island was purchased in 1846 by a Lowland gentleman, George Rainy, Esq.; and Rasay, after a possession of five centuries, was lost to the Macleods.—ED.

punishment. Nay, no wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is to fall into annihilation; for, however unhappy any man's existence may be, he yet would rather have it than not exist at all. No; there is no rational principle by which a man can die contented, but a trust in the mercy of GOD, through the merits of Jesus Christ." —This short sermon, delivered with an earnest tone in a boat upon the sea, which was perfectly calm, on a day appropriated to religious worship, while every one listened with an air of satisfaction, had a most pleasing effect upon my mind.

Pursuing the same train of serious reflection, he added, that it seemed certain that happiness could not be found in this life, because so many had tried to find it in such a variety of ways, and had not found it.

We reached the harbour of Portree, in Sky, which is a large and good one. There was lying in it a vessel, to carry off the emigrants, called the *Nestor*. It made a short settlement of the differences between a chief and his clan:—

> "——— *Nestor* componere lites
> Inter Peleiden festinat et inter Atriden."*

We approached her, and she hoisted her colours. Dr. Johnson and Mr. Macqueen remained in the boat; Rasay and I and the rest went on board of her. She was a very pretty vessel, and, as we were told, the largest in Clyde. Mr. Harrison, the captain, showed her to us. The cabin was commodious, and even elegant. There was a little library, finely bound. Portree has its name from King James V. having landed there in his tour through the Western Isles, *Ree*, in Erse being king, as *Re* is in Italian; so it is Port-royal. There was here a tolerable inn. On our landing, I had the pleasure of finding a letter from home; and there were also letters to Dr. Johnson and me from Lord Elibank, which had been sent after us from Edinburgh. His lordship's letter to me was as follows:—

DEAR BOSWELL,—I flew to Edinburgh the moment I heard of Mr. Johnson's arrival; but so defective was my intelligence that I came too late.

It is but justice to believe that I could never forgive myself, nor deserve to be forgiven by others, if I was to fail in any mark of respect to that very great genius. I hold him in the highest veneration; for that very reason I was resolved to take no share in the merit, perhaps guilt, of enticing him to honour this country with a visit. I could not persuade myself there was anything in Scotland worthy to have a summer of Samuel Johnson bestowed on it; but since he has done us that compliment, for Heaven's sake inform me of your motions. I will attend them most religiously; and though I should regret to let Mr. Johnson go a mile out of his way on my account,

* "While hoary Nestor, by experience wise,
To reconcile the angry monarchs tries."—FRANCIS'S HORACE.

old as I am I shall be glad to go five hundred miles to enjoy a day of his company. Have the charity to send a council-post* with intelligence; the post does not suit us in the country. At any rate write to me. I will attend you in the north, when I shall know where to find you.—I am, my dear Boswell, your sincerely obedient, humble servant, ELIBANK.

August 21st, 1773.

The letter to Dr. Johnson was in these words:—

DEAR SIR,—I was to have kissed your hands at Edinburgh the moment I heard of you, but you was gone.

I hope my friend Boswell will inform me of your motions. It will be cruel to deprive me an instant of the honour of attending you. As I value you more than any king in Christendom, I will perform that duty with infinitely greater alacrity than any courtier. I can contribute but little to your entertainment; but my sincere esteem for you gives me some title to the opportunity of expressing it.

I dare say you are by this time sensible that things are pretty much the same as when Buchanan complained of being born *solo et seculo incrudito* [in an unlearned country and age]. Let me hear of you, and be persuaded that none of your admirers is more sincerely devoted to you than, dear sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, ELIBANK.

Dr. Johnson, on the following Tuesday, answered for both of us, thus:—

MY LORD,—On the rugged shore of Skie I had the honour of your lordship's letter, and can with great truth declare that no place is so gloomy but that it would be cheered by such a testimony of regard from a mind so well qualified to estimate characters, and to deal out approbation in its due proportions. If I have more than my share, it is your lordship's fault; for I have always reverenced your judgment too much to exalt myself in your presence by any false pretensions.

Mr. Boswell and I are at present at the disposal of the winds, and therefore cannot fix the time at which we shall have the honour of seeing your lordship. But we should either of us think ourselves injured by the supposition that we would miss your lordship's conversation when we could enjoy it; for I have often declared that I never met you without going away a wiser man.—I am, my Lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

Skie, Sept. 14, 1773. SAM. JOHNSON.

At Portree, Mr. Donald Macqueen went to church and officiated in Erse, and then came to dinner. Dr. Johnson and I resolved that we should treat the company, so I played the landlord, or master of the feast, having previously ordered Joseph to pay the bill.

Sir James Macdonald intended to have built a village here, which would have done great good.† A village is like a heart to a country.

* A term in Scotland for a special messenger, such as was formerly sent with dispatches by the lords of the council.—BOSWELL.

† There is now a village at Portree containing about three hundred inhabitants, a post-office, to which there is a post three times a week, two banks, and a Court-house in which the Sheriff-substitute of the Skye district of the county holds his Courts.—ED

It produces a perpetual circulation, and gives the people an opportunity to make profit of many little articles, which would otherwise be in a good measure lost. We had here a dinner, *et prœterea nihil.* Dr. Johnson did not talk. When we were about to depart, we found that Rasay had been before-hand with us, and that all was paid: I would fain have contested this matter with him, but seeing him resolved, I declined it. We parted with cordial embraces from him and worthy Malcolm. In the evening Dr. Johnson and I remounted our horses, accompanied by Mr. Macqueen and Dr. Macleod. It rained very hard. We rode what they call six miles, upon Rasay's lands in Sky, to Dr. Macleod's house.* On the road Dr. Johnson appeared to be somewhat out of spirits. When I talked of our meeting Lord Elibank, he said: "I cannot be with him much. I long to be again in civilised life; but can stay but a short while;" (he meant at Edinburgh.) He said, "let us go to Dunvegan to-morrow." "Yes," said I, "if it is not a deluge." "At any rate," he replied.—This showed a kind of fretful impatience; nor was it to be wondered at, considering our disagreeable ride. I feared he would give up Mull and Icolmkill, for he said something of his apprehensions of being detained by bad weather in going to Mull and Iona. However I hoped well. We had a dish of tea at Dr. Macleod's, who had a pretty good house, where was his brother, a half-pay officer. His lady was a polite, agreeable woman. Dr. Johnson said, he was glad to see that he was so well married, for he had an esteem for physicians. The doctor accompanied us to Kingsburgh, which is called a mile farther; but the computation of Sky has no connection whatever with real distance.

I was highly pleased to see Dr. Johnson safely arrived at Kingsburgh, and received by the hospitable Mr. Macdonald, who, with a most respectful attention, supported him into the house. Kingsburgh was completely the figure of a gallant Highlander,—exhibiting "the graceful mien and manly looks," which our popular Scotch song has justly attributed to that character. He had his tartan plaid thrown about him, a large blue bonnet with a knot of black ribband like a cockade, a brown short coat of a kind of duffil, a tartan waistcoat with gold buttons and gold button-holes, a bluish philabeg, and tartan hose. He had jet black hair tied behind, and was a large stately man, with a steady sensible countenance.

There was a comfortable parlour with a good fire, and a dram went round. By and by supper was served, at which there appeared the lady of the house, the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald. She is a

* The Highland computation here was not so wide of the mark. Dr. Macleod's house at Eyre was barely eight miles from Portree.—Ed.

little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred. To see Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great champion of the English Tories, salute Miss Flora Macdonald in the isle of Sky, was a striking sight; for, though somewhat congenial in their notions, it was very improbable they should meet here.



FLORA MACDONALD.

Miss Flora Macdonald (for so I shall call her) told me, she heard upon the main land, as she was returning home about a fortnight before, that Mr. Boswell was coming to Sky, and one Mr. Johnson, a young English buck, with him. He was highly entertained with this fancy. Giving an account of the afternoon which we passed, at Anoch, he said, "I, being a *buck*, had miss in to make tea."—He was rather quiescent to-night, and went early to bed. I was in a cordial humour, and promoted a cheerful glass. The punch was excellent. Honest Mr. Macqueen observed that I was in high glee, "my *governor* being gone to bed." Yet in reality my heart was grieved, when I recollected that Kingsburgh was embarrassed in his affairs, and intended to go to America. However, nothing but what was good was present, and I pleased myself in thinking that so spirited a man would be well everywhere. I slept in the same room with Dr. Johnson. Each had a neat bed, with tartan curtains, in an upper chamber.*

* The old Kingsburgh mansion, which sheltered Charles Edward in 1746, and afforded entertainment to Pennant and Johnson, has, we regret to say, been removed. The building is entirely gone, but some venerable plane-trees mark the square of a large garden that was attached to the house. One of these grew close to the house, and at the time of our inquiries the respectable tenant of Kingsburgh (Mr. Macleod) was sending part of the timber to a lady in England, to be made into a frame for a picture of Flora Macdonald. This may be considered part of the bright reversion of fame which has waited on the memory of the Celtic heroine. In 1750 Flora was married to Allan Macdonald, young Kingsburgh, who then lived at Flodigarry, in Skye. The gallant old Kingsburgh died in 1772, and his son succeeding him in the farm, Flora became the mistress of the house of Kingsburgh. The family seems to have emigrated in the year following Johnson's visit. They went to North Carolina, and Kingsburgh joined the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment, or 84th, embodied in 1775. This corps was defeated by the Provincial forces in February 1776, and parties of men were dispersed over the colony apprehending the Royalists and disarming the Highlanders.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.

The room where we lay was a celebrated one. Dr. Johnson's bed was the very bed in which the grandson of the unfortunate King James the Second* lay, on one of the nights after the failure of his rash attempt in 1745-6, while he was eluding the pursuit of the emissaries of government, which had offered thirty thousand pounds as a reward for apprehending him. To see Dr. Samuel Johnson lying in that bed, in the isle of Sky, in the house of Miss Flora Macdonald, struck me with such a group of ideas as it is not easy for words to describe, as they passed through the mind. He smiled, and said, "I have had no ambitious thoughts in it.† The room was decorated with a great variety of maps and prints. Among others was

Among those committed to Halifax gaol was "Kingsburgh Macdonald." He afterwards served with the regiment in Canada, holding the rank of captain, and at the close of the war returned to Scotland on half-pay. The vessel in which Flora and her husband sailed was attacked by a French privateer, and while Flora, with characteristic spirit, stood on deck, animating the seamen, she was thrown down and had her arm broken. The wanderers, however, arrived in Skye, and never left it. Flora died on the 4th of March, 1790, aged sixty-eight, and was interred in the churchyard of Kilmuir, in a spot set apart for the graves of the Kingsburgh family. Her funeral was attended by about three thousand persons, all of whom were served with refreshments, in the old Highland fashion. Kingsburgh died on the 20th of September, 1795. Flora had seven children, five sons and two daughters; the sons all became officers in the army, and the daughters officers' wives. The last surviving member of this family, Mrs. Major Macleod, died at Stein, in Skye, in 1834, leaving a daughter, Miss Mary Macleod, who resides in the same place. One of the sons (the late Colonel Macdonald, of Exeter) sent a marble slab, suitably inscribed, to be placed near his mother's remains to point out the spot; but it was broken ere it reached Skye, and the whole has since been carried off piecemeal by tourists. Thus the grave of Flora Macdonald remains undistinguished within the rude inclosure that holds the dust of so many of the brave Kingsburgh family.—ED.

* I do not call him "the Prince of Wales," or "the Prince," because I am quite satisfied that the right which the House of Stuart had to the throne is extinguished. I do not call him "the Pretender," because it appears to me as an insult to one who is still alive, and, I suppose, thinks very differently. It may be a parliamentary expression, but it is not a gentlemanly expression. I *know*, and I exult in having it in my power to tell, that *the only person* in the world who is entitled to be offended at this delicacy thinks and feels as I do, and has liberality of mind and generosity of sentiment enough to approve of my tenderness for what even *has been* blood royal. That he is a prince by courtesy cannot be denied, because his mother was the daughter of Sobieski, King of Poland. I shall, therefore, on that account alone, distinguish him by the name of "Prince Charles Edward."—BOSWELL.

† This, perhaps, was said in allusion to some lines ascribed to Pope, on his lying, at John Duke of Argyle's, at Adderbury, in the same bed in which Wilmot, Earl of Rochester had slept.

"With no poetic ardour fired,
I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he lived or here expired
Begets no numbers, grave or gay."—BOSWELL.

Hogarth's print of Wilkes grinning, with a cap of liberty on a pole by him. That, too, was a curious circumstance in the scene this morning; such a contrast was Wilkes to the above group. It reminded me of Sir William Chambers's "Account of Oriental Gardening," in which we are told all odd, strange, ugly, and even terrible objects, are introduced for the sake of variety; a wild extravagance of taste which is so well ridiculed in the celebrated Epistle to him [by Mason]. The following lines of that poem immediately occurred to me:—

> "Here, too, O king of vengeance, in thy fane,
> Tremendous Wilkes shall rattle his gold chain."

Upon the table in our room I found in the morning a slip of paper, on which Dr. Johnson had written with his pencil these words:—

> "Quantum cedat virtutibus aurum."*

What he meant by writing them I could not tell.† He had caught cold a day or two ago, and the rain yesterday having made it worse, he was become very deaf. At breakfast he said, he would have given a good deal rather than not have lain in that bed. I owned he was the lucky man; and observed, that without doubt it had been contrived between Mrs. Macdonald and him. She seemed to acquiesce, adding, "You know young *bucks* are always favourites of the ladies." He spoke of Prince Charles being here, and asked Mrs. Macdonald "*Who* was with him? We were told, madam, in England, there was one Miss Flora Macdonald with him." She said, "They were very right;" and perceiving Dr. Johnson's curiosity, though he had delicacy enough not to question her, very obligingly entertained him with a recital of the particulars which she herself knew of that escape, which does so much honour to the humanity, fidelity and generosity, of the Highlanders. Dr. Johnson listened to her with placid attention, and said, "All this should be written down."

From what she told us, and from what I was told by others personally concerned, and from a paper of information which Rasay was so good as to send me, at my desire, I have compiled the following abstract, which, as it contains some curious anecdotes, will, I imagine,

* With virtue weighed, what worthless trash is gold!—IBID.

† Since the first edition of this book an ingenious friend has observed to me, that Dr. Johnson had probably been thinking on the reward which was offered by Government for the apprehension of the grandson of King James II., and that he meant by these words to express his admiration of the Highlanders, whose fidelity and attachment had resisted the golden temptation that had been held out to them.—BOSWELL. [Or he might have alluded to the high-minded character and principles of his hostess as contrasted with the embarrassed state of her husband's affairs; as if he had said, "What would wealth be when weighed against such virtuous fame?"—ED.]

not be uninteresting to my readers, and even, perhaps, be of some use to future historians.

Prince Charles Edward, after the battle of Culloden, was conveyed to what is called the *Long Island*, where he lay for some time concealed. But intelligence having been obtained where he was, and a number of troops having come in quest of him, it became absolutely necessary for him to quit that country without delay. Miss Flora Macdonald, then a young lady, animated by what she thought the sacred principal of loyalty, offered, with the magnanimity of a heroine, to accompany him in an open boat to Sky, though the coast they were to quit was guarded by ships. He dressed himself in women's clothes, and passed as her supposed maid, by the name of Betty Bourke, an Irish girl.* They got off undiscovered, though several shots were fired to bring them to, and landed at Mugstot, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Sir Alexander was then at Fort Augustus, with the Duke of Cumberland; but his lady was at home. Prince Charles took his post upon a hill near the house. Flora Macdonald waited on Lady Margaret, and acquainted her of the enterprise in which she was engaged. Her ladyship, whose active benevolence was ever seconded by superior talents, showed a perfect presence of mind, and readiness of invention, and at once settled that Prince Charles should be conducted to old Rasay, who was himself concealed with some select friends. The plan was instantly communicated to Kingsburgh, who was dispatched to the hill to inform the wanderer, and carry him refreshments. When Kingsburgh approached, he started up, and advanced, holding a large knotted stick, and in appearance ready to knock him down, till he said: "I am Macdonald of Kingsburgh, come to serve your highness." The wanderer answered, "It is well," and was satisfied with the plan.

Flora Macdonald dined with Lady Margaret, at whose table there sat an officer of the army, stationed here with a party of soldiers, to watch for Prince Charles in case of his flying to the Isle of Sky. She afterwards often laughed in good humour with this gentleman, on her having so well deceived him.

After dinner, Flora Macdonald on horseback, and her supposed

* She procured a passport from Captain Hugh Macdonald, who commanded the Macdonald Militia, in South Uist. Captain Macdonald was father-in-law to Miss Macdonald. The Prince was denominated "Betty Burke" in the passport, and recommended by Captain Macdonald to his wife, at Armidale, in Skye, as an "excellent spinner of flax, and a faithful servant." "Narrative of Flora Macdonald, in Home's Hist. of the Rebellion."—ED.

maid, and Kingsburgh, with a servant carrying some linen, all on foot, proceeded towards that gentleman's house. Upon the road was a small rivulet which they were obliged to cross. The wanderer, forgetting his assumed sex, that his clothes might not be wet, held them up a great deal too high. Kingsburgh mentioned this to him, observing, it might make a discovery. He said, he would be more careful for the future. He was as good as his word; for the next brook he crossed, he did not hold up his clothes at all, but let them float upon the water. He was very awkward in his female dress.* His size was so large, and his strides so great, that some women whom they met reported that they had seen a very big woman, who looked like a man in woman's clothes, and that perhaps it was (as they expressed themselves) the *Prince*, after whom so much search was making.

At Kingsburgh he met with a most cordial reception; seemed gay at supper, and after it, indulged himself in a cheerful glass with his worthy host. As he had not had his clothes off for a long time, the comfort of a good bed was highly relished by him, and he slept soundly till next day at one o'clock.

The mistress of Corrichatachin told me, that in the forenoon she went into her father's room, who was also in bed, and suggested to him her apprehensions that a party of the military might come up, and that his guest and he had better not remain here too long. Her father said, "Let the poor man repose himself after his fatigues; and as for me, I care not, though they take off this old grey head ten or eleven years sooner than I should die in the course of nature." He then wrapped himself in the bed-clothes, and again fell fast asleep.

On the afternoon of that day, the Wanderer, still in the same dress, set out for Portree, with Flora Macdonald and a man-servant. His shoes being very bad, Kingsburgh provided him with a new pair, and taking up the old ones, said, "I will faithfully keep them till you are safely settled at St. James's. I will then introduce myself by shaking them at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof." He smiled, and said, "Be as good as your word!" Kingsburgh kept the shoes as long as he lived. After his death, a zealous Jacobite gentleman gave twenty guineas for them.

Old Mrs. Macdonald, after her guest had left the house, took the sheets in which he had lain, folded them carefully, and charged her daughter that they should be kept unwashed, and that, when she

* Hence Kingsburgh is said to have remarked, "Your enemies call you a Pretender but if you be, I can tell you you are the worst at the trade I ever saw."—Ed.



PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

died, her body should be wrapped in them as a winding sheet. Her will was religiously observed.*

Upon the road to Portree, Prince Charles changed his dress, and put on man's clothes again; a tartan short coat and waistcoat, with philabeg and short hose, a plaid, and a wig and bonnet.

Mr. Donald Macdonald, called Donald Roy, had been sent express to the present Rasay, then the young laird, who was at that time at his sister's house, about three miles from Portree, attending his brother, Dr. Macleod, who was recovering of a wound he had received at the battle of Culloden. Mr. Macdonald communicated to young Rasay the plan of conveying the Wanderer to where old Rasay was; but was told that old Rasay had fled to Knoidart, a part of Glengary's estate. There was then a dilemma what should be done. Donald Roy proposed that he should conduct the Wanderer to the main land; but young Rasay thought it too dangerous at that time, and said it would be better to conceal him in the island of Rasay, till old Rasay could be informed where he was, and give his advice what was best. But the difficulty was, how to get him to Rasay. They could not trust a Portree crew, and all the Rasay boats had been destroyed, or carried off by the military, except two belonging to Malcolm Macleod, which he had concealed somewhere.

Dr. Macleod being informed of this difficulty, said he would risk his life once more for Prince Charles; and it having occurred that there was a little boat upon a fresh-water lake in the neighbourhood, young Rasay and Dr. Macleod, with the help of some women, brought it to the sea, by extraordinary exertion, across a Highland mile of land, one half of which was bog, and the other a steep precipice.

These gallant brothers, with the assistance of one little boy, rowed the small boat to Rasay, where they were to endeavour to find Captain Macleod, as Malcolm was then called, and get one of his good

* It has been stated that part of the sheets was given to Flora Macdonald, and, after accompanying her in all her wanderings, served for her shroud and was interred with her. It is remarkable, however, that Flora, if she retained such a relic, should not have mentioned the circumstance to Boswell when relating the above facts.—Ed.

boats, with which they might return to Portree, and receive the Wanderer; or, in case of not finding him, they were to make the small boat serve, though the danger was considerable.

Fortunately, on their first landing they found their cousin Malcolm, who, with the utmost alacrity, got ready one of his boats, with two strong men, John Mackenzie, and Donald Macfriar. Malcolm, being the oldest man, and most cautious, said, that as young Rasay had not hitherto appeared in the unfortunate business, he ought not to run any risk; but that Dr. Macleod and himself, who were already publicly engaged, should go on this expedition. Young Rasay answered, with an oath, that he would go, at the risk of his life and fortune. "In God's name then," said Malcolm, "let us proceed." The two boatmen, however, now stopped short, till they should be informed of their destination; and Mackenzie declared he would not move an oar till he knew where they were going. Upon which they were both sworn to secrecy; and the business being imparted to them, they were eager to put off to sea without loss of time. The boat soon landed about half a mile from the inn at Portree.

All this was negotiated before the Wanderer got forward to Portree. Malcolm Macleod and Macfriar were dispatched to look for him. In a short time he appeared, and went into the public house. Here Donald Roy, whom he had seen at Mugstot, received him, and informed him of what had been concerted. He wanted silver for a guinea, but the landlord had only thirteen shillings. He was going to accept of this for his guinea; but Donald Roy very judiciously observed, that it would discover him to be some great man; so he desisted. He slipped out of the house, leaving his fair protectress, whom he never again saw; and Malcolm Macleod was presented to him by Donald Roy, as a captain in his army. Young Rasay and Dr. Macleod had waited in impatient anxiety in the boat. When he came, their names were announced to him. He would not permit the usual ceremonies of respect, but saluted them as his equals.

Donald Roy stayed in Sky, to be in readiness to get intelligence, and give an alarm in case the troops should discover the retreat to Rasay; and Prince Charles was then conveyed in a boat to that island in the night. He slept a little upon the passage, and they landed about daybreak. There was some difficulty in accommodating him with a lodging, as almost all the houses in the island had been burnt by the soldiery. They repaired to a little hut, which some shepherds had lately built, and having prepared it as well as they could, and made a bed of heath for the stranger, they kindled a fire, and partook of some provisions which had been sent with him from Kingsburgh. It was observed, that he would not taste wheat-bread, or

brandy, while oat-bread and whiskey lasted; "for these," said he, "are my own country bread and drink." This was very engaging to the Highlanders.

Young Rasay being the only person of the company that durst appear with safety, he went in quest of something fresh for them to eat: but though he was amidst his own cows, sheep, and goats, he could not venture to take any of them for fear of a discovery, but was obliged to supply himself by stealth. He therefore caught a kid, and brought it to the hut in his plaid, and it was killed and drest, and furnished them a meal which they relished much. The distressed Wanderer, whose health was now a good deal impaired by hunger, fatigue, and watching, slept a long time, but seemed to be frequently disturbed. Malcolm told me he would start from broken slumbers, and speak to himself in different languages—French, Italian, and English. I must, however, acknowledge that it is highly probable that my worthy friend Malcolm did not know precisely the difference between French and Italian. One of his expressions in English was, "O God! poor Scotland!"

While they were in the hut, Mackenzie and Macfriar, the two boatmen, were placed as sentinels upon different eminences; and one day an incident happened, which must not be omitted. There was a man wandering about the island, selling tobacco. Nobody knew him, and he was suspected to be a spy. Mackenzie came running to the hut, and told that this suspected person was approaching. Upon which, the three gentlemen, young Rasay, Dr. Macleod, and Malcolm, held a council of war upon him, and were unanimously of opinion that he should instantly be put to death. Prince Charles, at once, assuming a grave and even severe countenance, said, "God forbid that we should take away a man's life, who may be innocent, while we can preserve our own." The gentlemen, however, persisted in their resolution, while he as strenously continued to take the merciful side. John Mackenzie, who sat watching at the door of the hut, and overheard the debate, said, in Erse, "Well, well; he must be shot; you are the king, but we are the parliament, and will do what we choose." Prince Charles, seeing the gentlemen smile, asked what the man had said, and being told it in English, he observed that he was a clever fellow, and, notwithstanding the perilous situation in which he was, laughed loud and heartily. Luckily, the unknown person did not perceive that there were people in the hut—at least did not come to it, but walked on past it, unknowing of his risk. It was afterwards found out that he was one of the Highland army, who was himself in danger. Had he come to them, they were resolved to dispatch him; for, as Malcolm said to me,

"We could not keep him with us, and we durst not let him go." In such a situation I would have shot my brother, if I had not been sure of him." John Mackenzie was at Rasay's house when we were there.* About eighteen years before, he hurt one of his legs when dancing, and being obliged to have it cut off, he now was going about with a wooden leg. The story of his being a *member of parliament* is not yet forgotten. I took him out a little way from the house, gave him a shilling to drink Rasay's health, and led him into a detail of the particulars which I have just related. With less foundation, some writers have traced the idea of a parliament, and of the British constitution, in rude and early times. I was curious to know if he had really heard, or understood, anything of that subject, which, had he been a greater man, would probably have been eagerly maintained. "Why, John," said I, "did you think the king should be controlled by a parliament?" He answered, "I thought, sir, there were many voices against one."

The conversation then turning on the times, the Wanderer said, that, to be sure, the life he had led of late was a very hard one; but he would rather live in the way he now did, for ten years, than fall into the hands of his enemies. The gentleman asked him what he thought his enemies would do with him should he have the misfortune to fall into their hands. He said he did not believe they would dare to take his life publicly, but he dreaded being privately destroyed by poison or assassination. He was very particular in his inquiries about the wound which Dr. Macleod had received at the battle of Culloden, from a ball which entered at one shoulder, and went across to the other. The doctor happened still to have on the coat which he wore on that occasion. He mentioned, that he himself had his horse shot under him at Culloden; that the ball hit the horse about two inches from his knee, and made him so unruly that he was obliged to change him for another. He threw out some reflection on the conduct of the disastrous affair at Culloden, saying, however, that perhaps it was rash in him to do so. I am now convinced that his suspicions were groundless; for I have had a good deal of conversation upon the subject with my very worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. Andrew Lumisden, who was under secretary to Prince Charles, and afterwards principal secretary to his father at Rome, who, he assured me, was perfectly satisfied both of the abilities and honour of the generals who commanded the Highland army on that occasion. Mr. Lumisden has written an account of the three battles in 1745--6, at once accurate and classical. Talking of the different Highland corps, the

* This old Scottish member of parliament, I am informed, is still living (1785).—BOSWELL.

gentlemen who were present wished to have his opinion which were the best soldiers. He said he did not like comparisons among those corps: they were all best.

He told his conductors he did not think it advisable to remain long in any one place; and that he expected a French ship to come for him to Lochbroom, among the Mackenzies. It then was proposed to carry him in one of Malcolm's boats to Lochbroom, though the distance was fifteen leagues coastwise. But he thought this would be too dangerous, and desired that, at any rate, they might first endeavour to obtain intelligence. Upon which, young Rasay wrote to his friend, Mr. Mackenzie of Applecross, but received an answer, that there was no appearance of any French ship.

It was therefore resolved that they should return to Sky, which they did, and landed in Strath, where they reposed in a cow-house belonging to Mr. Nicolson, of Scorbreck. The sea was very rough, and the boat took in a good deal of water. The Wanderer asked if there was danger, as he was not used to such a vessel. Upon being told there was not, he sung an Erse song with much vivacity. He had by this time acquired a good deal of the Erse language.

Young Rasay was now dispatched to where Donald Roy was, that they might get all the intelligence they could; and the Wanderer, with much earnestness, charged Dr. Macleod to have a boat ready, at a certain place, about seven miles off, as he said he intended it should carry him upon a matter of great consequence; and gave the doctor a case, containing a silver spoon, knife, and fork, saying, "Keep you that till I see you," which the doctor understood to be two days from that time. But all these orders were only blinds; for he had another plan in his head, but wisely thought it safest to trust his secrets to no more persons than was absolutely necessary. Having then desired Malcolm to walk with him a little way from the house, he soon opened his mind, saying, "I deliver myself to you; conduct me to the Laird of Mackinnon's country." Malcolm objected that it was very dangerous, as so many parties of soldiers were in motion. He answered "There is nothing now to be done without danger." He then said that Malcolm must be the master, and he the servant; so he took the bag in which his linen was put up, and carried it on his shoulder; and observing that his waistcoat, which was of scarlet tartan, with a gold twist button, was finer than Malcolm's, which was of a plain, ordinary tartan, he put on Malcolm's waistcoat, and gave him his; remarking, at the same time, that it did not look well that the servant should be better dressed than the master.

Malcolm, though an excellent walker, found himself excelled by Prince Charles, who told him he should not much mind the parties

that were looking for him, were he once but a musket shot from them; but that he was somewhat afraid of the Highlanders who were against him. He was well used to walking in Italy, in pursuit of game; and he was even now so keen a sportsman, that, having observed some partridges, he was going to take a shot: but Malcolm cautioned him against it, observing that the firing might be heard by the tenders, who were hovering upon the coast.

As they proceeded through the mountains, taking many a circuit to avoid any houses, Malcolm, to try his resolution, asked him what they should do, should they fall in with a party of soldiers? he answered, "Fight, to be sure!" Having asked Malcolm if he should be known in his present dress, and Malcolm having replied he would, he said, "Then I'll blacken my face with powder." "That," said Malcolm, "would discover you at once. "Then," said he, "I must be put in the greatest dishabille possible." So he pulled off his wig, tied a handkerchief round his head, and put his night-cap over it, tore the ruffles from his shirt, took the buckles out of his shoes, and made Malcolm fasten them with strings; but still Malcolm thought he would be known. "I have so odd a face," said he, "that no man ever saw me, but he would know me again."

He seemed unwilling to give credit to the horrid narrative of men being massacred in cold blood, after victory had declared for the army commanded by the Duke of Cumberland; he could not allow himself to think that a general could be so barbarous.

When they came within two miles of Mackinnons's house, Malcolm asked if he chose to see the laird. "No," said he, "by no means; I know Mackinnon to be as good and as honest a man as any in the world, but he is not fit for my purpose at present. You must conduct me to some other house, but let it be a gentleman's house. Malcolm then determined that they should go to the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. John Mackinnon, and from thence be conveyed to the main-land of Scotland, and claim the assistance of Macdonald of Scothouse. The Wanderer at first objected to this, because Scothouse was cousin to a person of whom he had suspicions; but he acquiesced in Malcolm's opinion.

When they were near Mr. John Mackinnon's house, they met a man of the name of Ross, who had been a private soldier in the Highland army. He fixed his eyes steadily on the Wanderer in his disguise, and having at once recognised him, he clapped his hands, and exclaimed, "Alas! is this the case?" Finding that there was now a discovery, Malcolm asked, "What 's to be done?" "Swear him to secrecy," answered Prince Charles. Upon which Malcolm drew his dirk, and on the naked blade made him take a solemn oath,

that he would say nothing of his having seen the Wanderer, till his escape should be made public.

Malcolm's sister, whose house they reached pretty early in the morning, asked him who the person was that was along with him? He said it was one Lewis Caw, from Crieff, who being a fugitive like himself, for the same reason, he had engaged him as his servant, but that he had fallen sick. "Poor man," said she, "I pity him. At the same time my heart warms to a man of his appearance." Her husband was gone a little way from home, but was expected every minute to return. She set down to her brother a plentiful Highland breakfast. Prince Charles acted the servant very well, sitting at a respectful distance, with his bonnet off. Malcolm then said to him, "Mr. Caw, you have as much need of this as I have; there is enough for us both; you had better draw nearer and share with me." Upon which he rose, made a profound bow, sat down at table with his supposed master, and eat very heartily. After this, there came in an old woman, who, after the mode of ancient hospitality, brought warm water, and washed Malcolm's feet. He desired her to wash the feet of the poor man who attended him. She at first seemed averse to this, from pride, as thinking him beneath her, and in the periphrastic language of the Highlanders and the Irish, said, warmly, "Though I washed your father's son's feet, why should I wash his father's son's feet?" She was, however, persuaded to do it.

They then went to bed, and slept for some time; and when Malcolm awaked, he was told that Mr. John Mackinnon, his brother-in-law, was in sight. He sprang out to talk to him before he should see Prince Charles. After saluting him, Malcolm, pointing to the sea, said, "What, John, if the prince should be prisoner on board one of those tenders?" "God forbid!" replied John. "What if we had him here?" said Malcolm. "I wish we had," answered John; we should take care of him." "Well, John," said Malcolm "he is in your house." John, in a transport of joy, wanted to run directly in, and pay his obeisance; but Malcolm stopped him, saying, "Now is your time to behave well, and do nothing that can discover him." John composed himself, and having sent away all his servants upon different errands, he was introduced into the presence of his guest, and was then desired to go and get ready a boat lying near his house, which, though but a small leaky one, they resolved to take, rather than go to the Laird of Mackinnon. John Mackinnon, however, thought otherwise; and, upon his return, told them that his chief and Lady Mackinnon were coming in the laird's boat. Prince Charles said to his trusty Malcolm, "I am sorry for this, but must make the best of it." Mackinnon then walked up from the

shore, and did homage to the Wanderer. His lady waited in a cave, to which they all repaired, and were entertained with cold meat and wine.* Mr. Malcolm Macleod being now superseded by the Laird of Mackinnon, desired leave to return, which was granted him, and Prince Charles wrote a short note, which he subscribed *James Thompson*, informing his friends that he had got away from Sky, and thanking them for their kindness; and he desired this might be speedily conveyed to young Rasay and Dr. Macleod, that they might not wait longer in expectation of seeing him again. He bade a cordial adieu to Malcolm, and insisted on his accepting of a silver stock-buckle, and ten guineas from his purse, though, as Malcolm told me, it did not appear to contain above forty. Malcolm, at first, begged to be excused, saying, that he had a few guineas at his service; but Prince Charles answered, "You will have need of money. I shall get enough when I come upon the main land."

The Laird of Mackinnon then conveyed him to the opposite coast of Knoidart. Old Rasay, to whom intelligence had been sent, was crossing at the same time to Sky; but as they did not know of each other, and each had apprehensions, the two boats kept aloof.

These are the particulars which I have collected concerning the extraordinary concealment and escapes of Prince Charles, in the Hebrides. He was often in imminent danger. The troops traced him from the Long Island, across Sky, to Portree, but there lost him.

Here I stop; having received no further authentic information of his fatigues and perils before he escaped to France. Kings and subjects may both take a lesson of moderation from the melancholy fate of the House of Stuart; that kings may not suffer degradation and exile, and subjects may not be harassed by the evils of a disputed succession.

Let me close the scene on that unfortunate house with the elegant and pathetic reflections of Voltaire, in his "*Histoire Générale*:"—

"Que les hommes privés," says that brilliant writer, speaking of Prince Charles, "qui se croyent malheureux, jettent les yeux sur ce prince et ses ancêtres."+

* To this cave, as we learn from Mr. Chambers's "History of the Rebellion," the old laird used to retire in after years, and busy himself in laying down plans for the restoration, and working out his theories in detail, after which he would return home extremely well pleased. A characteristic anecdote is related of him:—After his release from Tilbury Fort (where he had been confined a twelvemonth) the Attorney-General reminded him of his Majesty's clemency. "Had I the King in my power as I am in his," replied the laird, "I would return him the compliment, by sending him back to his own country." Mackinnon died in 1756, aged seventy-five.—Ed.

+ ["Let those private individuals who believe themselves unfortunate cast their eyes upon this prince and his ancestors."]

In another place he thus sums up the sad story of the family in general: —

"Il n'y a aucun exemple dans l'histoire d'une maison si longtems infortunée. Le premier des Rois d'Ecosse, qui eut le nom de Jacques, après avoir été dix-huit ans prisonnier en Angleterre, mourut assassiné, avec sa femme, par la main de ses sujets. Jacques II., son fils, fut tué à vingt-neuf ans en combattant contre les Anglais. Jacques III. mis en prison par son peuple, fut tué ensuite par les revoltés, dans une battaille. Jacques IV. périt dans un combat qu'il perdit. Marie Stuart, sa petite fille, chassée de son trône, fugitivé en Angleterre, ayant langui dix-huit ans en prison, se vit condamnée à mort par des juges Anglais, et eut la tête tranchée. Charles I., petit fils de Marie, Roi d'Ecosse et d'Angleterre, vendu par les Ecossais, et jugé à mort par les Anglais, mourut sur un échaffaud dans la place publique. Jacques, son fils, septième du nom, et deuxième en Angleterre, fut chassé de ses trois royaumes; et pour comble de malheur on contesta à son fils sa naissance; le fils ne tenta de remonter sur le trône de ses pères, que pour faire périr ses amis par des bourreaux; et nous avons vu Prince Charles Edouard, réunissant en vain les vertus de ses pères, et le courage du Roi Jean Sobieski, son ayeul maternel, exécuter les exploits et essuyer les malheurs les plus incroyables. Si quelque chose justifie ceux qui croyent une fatalité à laquelle rien ne peut se soustraire, c'est cette suite continuelle de malheurs qui a persécuté la maison de Stuart, pendant plus de trois-cent années."*

The gallant Malcolm was apprehended in about ten days after they separated, put aboard a ship, and carried prisoner to London. He said the prisoners in general were very ill-treated in their passage; but there were soldiers on board who lived well, and sometimes invited him to share with them: that he had the good fortune not to be thrown into jail, but was confined in the house of a messenger of the name of Dick. To his astonishment, only one witness could be found against him, though he had been so openly engaged; and, therefore, for want of sufficient evidence, he was set at liberty.

* ["There is no example in history of a house so long unfortunate. The first of the Scottish kings who bore the name of James, after having been eighteen years a prisoner in England, died by assassination, in presence of his wife, by the hand of his subjects. James II., his son, was killed at twenty-nine years of age, fighting against the English. James III., thrown into prison by his people, was afterwards slain by the insurgents in a battle. James IV. perished in a battle which he lost. Mary Stuart, his grand-daughter, driven from the throne, a fugitive in England, having languished eighteen years in prison, saw herself condemned to death by English judges, and was beheaded. Charles I., grandson of Mary, king of Scotland and England, sold by the Scots and condemned to death by the English, died on a scaffold in the public street. James, his son, seventh of the name and second in England, was driven from his three kingdoms; and, to complete his misfortunes, the legitimacy of his son was disputed. The son tried to re-ascend the throne of his fathers only to make his friends perish by executions. And we have seen Prince Charles Edward uniting in vain the virtues of his fathers and the courage of King John Sobieski, his maternal grandfather—performing exploits and enduring calamities the most incredible. If anything justifies those who believe in a fatality which nothing can escape, it is this continued sequel of misfortunes which persecuted the house of Stuart for more than three hundred years."]

He added, that he thought himself in such danger that he would gladly have compounded for banishment. Yet, he said, "he should never be so ready for death as he then was." There is philosophical truth in this. A man will meet death much more firmly at one time than another. The enthusiasm even of a mistaken principle warms the mind and sets it above the fear of death, which in our cooler moments, if we really think of it, cannot but be terrible, or at least very awful.

Miss Flora Macdonald being then also in London under the protection of Lady Primrose, that lady provided a post-chaise to convey her to Scotland, and desired she might choose any friend she pleased to accompany her. She chose Malcolm. "So," said he, with a triumphant air, "I went to London to be hanged, and returned in a post-chaise with Miss Flora Macdonald."*

Mr. Macleod of Muiravenside, whom we saw at Rasay, assured us that Prince Charles was in London in 1759, and that there was then a plan in agitation for restoring his family.† Dr. Johnson could scarcely credit his story, and said there could be no probable plan at that time. Such an attempt could not have succeeded, unless the King of Prussia had stopped the army in Germany; for both the army and the fleet would, even without orders, have fought for the king, to whom they had engaged themselves.

Having related so many particulars concerning the grandson of the unfortunate King James II.; having given due praise to fidelity

* Lady Primrose promoted a subscription for Flora Macdonald, which Lord Mahon states amounted to 1,500*l*. Mr. Croker publishes a letter, written by Flora, and dated from Kingsburgh, April 23rd, 1751, addressed to some banker or merchant in London, in which she applies for a sum of 627*l*. lodged for her behoof by Lady Primrose, with an intimation that her ladyship had it in view to add more. This was probably part of the subscription alluded to by Lord Mahon. From delicacy to the Macleods, Flora Macdonald seems to have said nothing to Mr. Boswell of her apprehension and imprisonment. In her narrative to Home she mentions that "Captain Macleod of Talisker (now Colonel Macleod) who commanded the militia in Skye, ordered a party to go to Armadale and apprehend Miss Macdonald. They took her prisoner and gave her up to a body of fusiliers, who delivered her to General Campbell, at that time on board Captain Ferguson's ship, which lay between Sconsor and Rasay. She was on board this ship twenty-two days."—ED.

† Dr. King, the Jacobite principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, met the Prince at Lady Primrose's, and received him in his own house in September, 1750. On this occasion Charles remained five days in London. He appears to have made a second visit to England in 1753, as stated by David Hume, and corroborated by the Lord Marischal and Lord Holderness, then Secretary of State. In this year, Dr. Archibald Cameron also returned, and, being apprehended, was tried and executed as a traitor. The Government was generally condemned for this vindictive severity; but it was probably done to intimidate the Jacobite party, and stifle some plot which had led Charles to London. The Prince is reported to have been again in England in 1760. and to have witnessed the coronation of George III., but there is no good authority for the statement.—ED.

and generous attachment, which, however erroneous the judgment may be, are honourable for the heart; I must do the Highlanders the justice to attest, that I found everywhere among them a high opinion of the virtue of the king now upon the throne, and an honest disposition to be faithful subjects to his majesty, whose family has possessed the sovereignty of this country so long, that a change, even for the abdicated family, would now hurt the best feelings of all his subjects.

The abstract point of right would involve us in a discussion of remote and perplexed questions; and, after all, we should have no clear principle of decision. That establishment which, from political necessity, took place in 1688, by a breach in the succession of our kings, and which, whatever benefits may have accrued from it, certainly gave a shock to our monarchy, the able and constitutional Blackstone wisely rests on the solid footing of authority:—"Our ancestors having most indisputably a competent jurisdiction to decide this great and important question, and having, in fact, decided it, it is now become our duty, at this distance of time, to acquiesce in their determination."*

Mr. Paley, the present Archdeacon of Carlisle, in his "Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy," having, with much clearness of argument, shown the duty of submission to civil government to be founded, neither on an indefeasible *jus divinum* nor on compact, but on expediency, lays down this rational position:—"Irregularity in the first foundation of a state, or subsequent violence, fraud, or injustice, in getting possession of the supreme power, are not sufficient reasons for resistance after the government is once peaceably settled. No subject of the British empire conceives himself engaged to vindicate the justice of the Norman claim or conquest, or apprehends that his duty in any manner depends upon that controversy.* So, likewise, if the house of Lancaster, or even the posterity of Cromwell, had been at this day seated upon the throne of England, we should have been as little concerned to inquire how the founder of the family came there."†

* Commentaries on the Laws of England, Book I. chap. 3.—BOSWELL.

† B. VI. chap. iii.—Since I have quoted Mr. Archdeacon Paley upon one subject, I cannot but transcribe from his excellent work a distinguished passage in support of the Christian Revelation. After showing, in decent but strong terms, the unfairness of the indirect attempts of modern infidels to unsettle and perplex religious principles, and particularly the irony, banter, and sneer of one whom he politely calls, "an eloquent historian," [Gibbon] the archdeacon thus expresses himself:—

"Seriousness is not constraint of thought, nor levity of freedom. Every mind which wishes the advancement of truth and knowledge, in the most important of all human researches, must abhor this licentiousness, as violating no less the laws of reasoning than the rights of decency. There is but one description of men to whose principles it ought to be tolerable. I mean that class of reasoners who can see little in Chris-

In conformity with this doctrine, I myself, though fully persuaded that the house of Stuart had originally no right to the crown of Scotland, for that Baliol, and not Bruce, was the lawful heir, should yet have thought it very culpable to have rebelled, on that account, against Charles I., or even a prince of that house much nearer the time, in order to assert the claim of the posterity of Baliol.

However convinced I am of the justice of that principle which holds allegiance and protection to be reciprocal, I do, however, acknowledge, that I am not satisfied with the cold sentiment which would confine the exertions of the subject within the strict line of duty. I would have every breast animated with the fervour of loyalty—with that generous attachment which delights in doing somewhat more than is required, and makes "service perfect freedom." And, therefore, as our most gracious sovereign, on his accession to the throne, gloried in being born a Briton,* so, in my

tianity even supposing it to be true. To such adversaries we address this reflection: Had Jesus Christ delivered no other declaration than the following—'The hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth—they that have done well unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation,' he had pronounced a message of inestimable importance, and well worthy of that splendid apparatus of prophecy and miracles with which his mission was introduced and attested—a message in which the wisest of mankind would rejoice to find an answer to their doubts, and rest to their inquiries. It is idle to say that a future state had been discovered already. It had been discovered as the Copernican system was—it was one guess amongst many. He alone discovers who proves; and no man can prove this point but the teacher who testifies by miracles that his doctrine comes from God."—Book V. chap. ix.

If infidelity be disingenuously dispersed in every shape that is likely to allure, surprise, or beguile the imagination—in a fable, a tale, a novel, a poem—in books of travels, of philosophy, of natural history—as Mr. Paley has well observed—I hope it is fair in me thus to meet such poison with an unexpected antidote, which I cannot doubt will be found powerful.—BOSWELL.

* George III., in his first speech to parliament, November 18, 1760, said—"Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton." This use of the appellation *Briton* instead of *Englishman* was attributed to Lord Bute and the Scotch influence supposed to preponderate in the court of the young king. Junius makes it one of the points of attack against the sovereign: "When you affectedly renounced the name of Englishman, believe me, sir, you were persuaded to pay a very ill-judged compliment to one part of your subjects at the expense of another." We find Lord Bute using the name of Briton in one of his letters to Home, the author of "Douglas," dated from Venice, October 5, 1770: "I hope I may get better, if permitted to enjoy that peace, that liberty, which is the birthright of the meanest Briton, but which has been long denied to me." (Mackenzie's "Life of John Home.") The Bute influence ("a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself") was much exaggerated; but it had the effect of perpetuating and increasing the prejudice against Scotland, which Johnson, Junius, and others entertained. Lord Chatham disclaimed it. In his celebrated speech, when boasting of having called into the service of the State a hardy and intrepid race of men from the mountains of the north, he added, "It was not the country I objected to, but the man of that country (Lord Bute), because he wanted wisdom, and held principles incompatible with freedom."—ED.

more private sphere, *Ego me nunc denique natum gratulor.* I am happy that a disputed succession no longer distracts our minds, and that a monarchy established by law is now so sanctioned by time, that we can fully indulge those feelings of loyalty which I am ambitious to excite. They are feelings which have ever actuated the inhabitants of the Highlands and the Hebrides. The plant of loyalty is there in full vigour, and the Brunswick graft now flourishes like a native shoot. To that spirited race of people I may with propriety apply the elegant lines of a modern poet, on the "facile temper of the beauteous sex:"—

> "Like birds new caught, who flutter for a time,
> And struggle with captivity in vain;
> But by and by they rest, they smooth their plumes
> And to new masters sing their former notes." *

Surely such notes are much better than the querulous growlings of suspicious Whigs and discontented Republicans.

Kingsburgh conducted us in his boat across one of the lochs, as they call them, or arms of the sea, which flow in upon all the coasts of Sky, to a mile beyond a place called Grishinish. Our horses had been sent round by land to meet us. By this sail we saved eight miles of bad riding.† Dr. Johnson said: "When we take into computation what we have saved, and what we have gained, by this agreeable sail, it is a great deal." He observed: "It is very disagreeable riding in Sky. The way is so narrow, one only at a time can travel, so it is quite unsocial; and you cannot indulge in meditation by yourself, because you must be always attending to the steps which your horse takes." This was a just and clear description of its inconveniencies.

The topic of emigration being again introduced, Dr. Johnson said, that "a rapacious chief would make a wilderness of his estate." Mr. Donald Macqueen told us, that the oppression which then made so much noise was owing to landlords listening to bad advice in the letting of their lands, that interested and designing people flattered them with golden dreams of much higher rents than could reasonably be paid, and that some of the gentlemen tacksmen, or upper tenants, were themselves in part the occasion of the mischief, by over-rating the farms of others.‡ That many of the tacksmen, rather than

* "Agis," a tragedy, by John Home.

† The distance actually saved by the sail from Kingsburgh to the head of Loch Grishornish is about seventeen miles of riding.—Ed.

‡ Pennant states that a large farm in Skye, which in 1750 used to let for 16*l.* per annum, had before 1772 been raised to 50*l.*; and that the whole rental of the island,

comply with exorbitant demands, had gone off to America and impoverished the country, by draining it of its wealth, and that their places were filled by a number of poor people who had lived under them, properly speaking, as servants, paid by a certain proportion of the produce of the lands, though called sub-tenants. I observed, that if the men of substance were once banished from a Highland estate, it might probably be greatly reduced in its value; for one bad year might ruin a set of poor tenants, and men of any property would not settle in such a country, unless from the temptation of getting land extremely cheap; for an inhabitant of any good county in Britain had better go to America than to the Highlands or Hebrides. Here, therefore, was a consideration that ought to induce a chief to act a more liberal part, from a mere motive of interest, independent of the lofty and honourable principle of keeping a clan together, to be in readiness to serve his king. I added, that I could not help thinking a little arbitrary power in the sovereign, to control the bad policy and greediness of the chiefs, might sometimes be of service. In France, a chief would not be permitted to force a number of the king's subjects out of the country. Dr. Johnson concurred with me, observing, that "were an oppressive chieftain a subject of the French king, he would probably be admonished by a *letter*." [*Lettre de cachet.*]

During our sail, Dr. Johnson asked about the use of the dirk, with

which in 1750 was only 3,500*l.*, had "by an unnatural force" been doubled or trebled. Even then, however, the greatest rent in Skye was only 80*l.*, and the medium rate 30*l.* or 40*l.* The new rents do not appear to have been exorbitant, but the rise was too sudden, and the people unprepared to meet it. The country exhibited the remains of feudalism without its chivalry—a people unused to steady industry, and chiefs without power or riches. Cattle was the principal trade of the island; about 4000 being sold annually, at from 2*l.* to 3*l.* each. About 250 horses were sold. No sheep were kept but for home consumption, or for the wool to make clothes. The population of Skye in 1755 was 11,252; it is now nearly double, and is thus classed:—Proprietors, clergy, schoolmasters, professional men, &c., 77; shopkeepers and tradesmen, 380; farmers or tacksmen of more than thirty arable acres, 41; small tenants of less than thirty, and not less than eight arable acres, 184; crofters of less than eight arable acres, 1,888; cottars with no land and no regular trade, 1,765—total of individuals in Skye, in 1851, 22,532. The rental of the island is now nominally about 24,000*l.*; but the bulk of the people being small crofters or cottars, the potato-blight cut off their chief means of subsistence, and the arrears of rent are considerable. "Kelp, herring fishing, potatoes, and cattle, the chief sources of employment and subsistence, successively failed or declined, while the population continued to increase."—"Sir John M'Neill's Report." The great bar to the extension of arable cultivation in Skye and the other islands is the wet and stormy climate. The corn-market is now open to the competition of all the world, and the Hebridean farmer, retarded at every stage of his operations by heavy rains and stormy winds, would have no chance as a corn-grower with the genial nations of the south. Still it is believed that, by a judicious expenditure under the Drainage Act, the lands now in the possession of the small tenants might be made capable of producing a third or fourth more than they produce at present, and thus tend to avert those periodical famines which have so often scourged the Hebrides.—ED.

which he imagined the Highlanders cut their meat. He was told, they had a knife and fork besides, to eat with. He asked, how did the women do? and was answered, some of them had a knife and fork too; but in general the men, when they had cut their meat, handed their knives and forks to the women, and they themselves ate with their fingers. The old tutor of Macdonald always ate fish with his fingers, alleging that a knife and fork gave it a bad taste. I took the liberty to observe to Dr. Johnson, that he did so. "Yes," said he, "but it is because I am short-sighted, and afraid of bones, for which reason I am not fond of eating many kinds of fish, because I must use my fingers."

Dr. Macpherson's "Dissertations on Scottish Antiquities," which he had looked at when at Corrichatachin, being mentioned, he remarked, that "you might read half an hour, and ask yourself what you had been reading: there were so many words to so little matter, that there was no getting through the book."

As soon as we reached the shore, we took leave of Kingsburgh, and mounted our horses. We passed through a wild moor, in many places so soft that we were obliged to walk, which was very fatiguing to Dr. Johnson. Once he had advanced on horseback to a very bad step. There was a steep declivity on his left, to which he was so near, that there was not room for him to dismount in the usual way. He tried to alight on the other side, as if he had been a *young buck* indeed, but in the attempt he fell at his length upon the ground, from which, however, he got up immediately, without being hurt. During this dreary ride, we were sometimes relieved by a view of branches of the sea—that universal medium of connection amongst mankind. A guide, who had been sent with us from Kingsburgh, explored the way (much in the same manner as, I suppose, is pursued in the wilds of America), by observing certain marks, known only to the inhabitants. We arrived at Dunvegan late in the afternoon. The great size of the castle, which is partly old and partly new, and is built upon a rock close to the sea, while the land around it presents nothing but wild, moorish, hilly, and craggy appearances, gave a rude magnificence to the scene.* Having dismounted, we ascended

* The old storm-beaten castle of Dunvegan and its wild shore have been rendered classic ground by Johnson and Sir Walter Scott. The first rude tower which constituted the residence of the chief is said to date back as far as the ninth century. A second and higher tower was built by Alasteir Macleod, called *Crotach*, or the Humpbacked, who died in 1428. Rorie More, who was knighted by James VI., connected the towers by a low range of buildings, and almost every succeeding chief added something to the massive and venerable pile. The late and present Macleod were large contributors, adding comfort and elegance to the strength and picturesqueness which the castle always displayed. Its site was probably determined at first by the

a flight of steps, which was made by the late Macleod, for the accommodation of persons coming to him by land, there formerly being, for security, no other access to the castle but from the sea; so that visitors who came by the land were under the necessity of getting into a boat, and sailed round to the only place where it could be approached. We were introduced into a stately dining-room, and received by Lady Macleod, mother of the laird, who, with his friend Talisker, having been detained on the road, did not arrive till some time after us.

We found the lady of the house a very polite and sensible woman, who had lived for some time in London, and had there been in Dr.



DUNVEGAN CASTLE.

Johnson's company. After we had dined, we repaired to the drawing-room, where some of the young ladies of the family, with their mother, were at tea. This room had formerly been the bed-chamber of Sir Roderick Macleod, one of the old lairds; and he chose it because behind it there was a considerable cascade, the sound of which disposed him to sleep. Above his bed was this inscription: "Sir Roric Macleod of Dunvegan, Knight. GOD send good rest!" Roric is the contraction of Roderick. He was called Rorie *More*, that is, great Rorie, not from his size, but from his spirit.—Our entertainment here was in so elegant a style, and reminded my fellow-traveller so

harbour in front, and by a fine spring of water which rises on the top of the rock. —ED.

much of England, that he became quite joyous. He laughed, and said: "Boswell, we came in at the wrong end of this island."—"Sir," said I, "it was best to keep this for the last."—He answered, "I would have it both first and last."

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

Dr. Johnson said in the morning, "Is not this a fine lady?" There was not a word now of his impatience to be in civilised life;" though indeed I should beg pardon—he found it here. We had slept well, and lain long. After breakfast, we surveyed the castle and the garden. Mr. Bethune, the parish minister, Magnus Macleod, of Claggan, brother to Talisker, and Macleod, of Bay, two substantial gentlemen of the clan, dined with us. We had admirable venison, generous wine—in a word, all that a good table has. This was really the hall of a Chief. Lady Macleod had been much obliged to my father, who had settled by arbitration a variety of perplexed claims between her and her relation, the Laird of Brodie, which she now repaid by particular attention to me.*—Macleod started the subject of making women do penance in the church for fornication.—JOHNSON. "It is right, sir. Infamy is attached to the crime by universal opinion as soon as it is known. I would not be the man who would discover it, if I alone knew it, for a woman may reform; nor would I commend a person who divulges a woman's first offence; but being once divulged, it ought to be infamous. Consider of what importance to society the chastity of women is. Upon that all the property in the world depends. We hang a thief for stealing a sheep; but the unchastity of a woman transfers sheep, and farm, and all, from the right owner. I have much more reverence for a common prostitute than for a woman who conceals her guilt. The prostitute is known; she cannot deceive; she cannot bring a strumpet into the arms of an honest man, without his knowledge."—BOSWELL. "There is, however, a great difference between the licentiousness of a single woman and that of a married woman."—JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; there is a great difference between stealing a shilling and stealing a thousand pounds; between simply taking a man's purse, and murdering him first, and then taking it. But when one begins to be vicious, it is easy to go on. Where single women are licentious, you rarely find faithful married women."—BOSWELL. "And yet we are told that in some nations in India, the distinction is strictly observed."—JOHNSON. "Nay, don't give us India. That puts me in mind of Montesquieu,

* Mrs. Emilia Macleod, widow of John Macleod, of Macleod, was only daughter of Alexander Brodie, of Brodie, Lord Lyon of Scotland. She died at Bath in 1802.—ED.

who is really a fellow of genius too in many respects; whenever he wants to support a strange opinion, he quotes you the practice of Japan, or of some other distant country, of which he knows nothing. To support polygamy, he tells you of the island of Formosa, where there are ten women born for one man. He had but to suppose another island, where there are ten men born for one woman, and so make a marriage between them." *

At supper, Lady Macleod mentioned Dr. Cadogan's book on the gout. –JOHNSON. "It is a good book in general, but a foolish one in particulars. It is good in general, as recommending temperance and exercise, and cheerfulness. In that respect it is only Dr. Cheyne's book, told in a new way; and there should come out such a book every thirty years, dressed in the mode of the times. It is foolish in maintaining that the gout is not hereditary, and that one fit of it, when gone, is like a fever when gone."—Lady Macleod objected that the author does not practise what he teaches.†—JOHNSON. "I cannot help that, madam; that does not make his book the worse. People are influenced more by what a man says, if his practice is suitable to it, because they are blockheads. The more intellectual people are, the readier will they attend to what a man tells them: if it is just, they will follow it, be his practice what it will. No man practises so well as he writes. I have, all my life long, been lying till noon; yet I tell all young men, and tell them with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good. Only consider! You read a book; you are convinced by it; you do not know the author. Suppose you afterwards know him, and find that he does not practise what he teaches: are you to give up your former conviction? At this rate you would be kept in a state of

* What my friend treated as so wild a supposition has actually happened in the western islands of Scotland, if we may believe Martin, who tells it of the islands of Col and Tyr-yi, and says that it is proved by the parish registers.—BOSWELL. [Martin says the inhabitants of Col always feed on oats, and those of Tir-yi on barley. He then adds, "The Isle of Col produces more boys than girls, and the Isle of Tyr-yi more girls than boys; as if Nature intended both these isles for mutual alliances, without being at the trouble of going to the adjacent isles or continent to be matched. The parish book, in which the number of the baptised is to be seen, confirms the observation." This curious parish-book no longer exists, and we need hardly say the modern registers give no countenance to the supposition. In 1755 the population of these islands was 2,702, it is now 4,815; and in 1843 their annual value was returned at 4,473*l*. 6*s*. 2*d*.—ED.]

† This was a general reflection against Dr. Cadogan, when his very popular book was first published. It was said that whatever precepts he might give to others, he himself indulged freely in the bottle. But I have since had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with him, and, if his own testimony may be believed (and I have never heard it impeached), his course of life has been conformable to his doctrine.—BOSWELL.

equilibrium, when reading every book, till you knew how the author practised."—"But," said Lady Macleod, "you would think better of Dr. Cadogan, if he acted according to his principles."—JOHNSON. "Why, madam, to be sure, a man who acts in the face of light, is worse than a man who does not know so much; yet I think no man should be worse thought of for publishing good principles. There is something noble in publishing truth, though it condemns one's self."—I expressed some surprise at Cadogan's recommending good humour, as if it were quite in our own power to attain it.—JOHNSON. "Why, sir, a man grows better humoured as he grows older: he improves by experience. When young, he thinks himself of great consequence, and everything of importance. As he advances in life, he learns to think himself of no consequence, and little things of little importance: and so he becomes more patient and better pleased. All good humour and complaisance are acquired. Naturally a child seizes directly what it sees, and thinks of pleasing itself only. By degrees, it is taught to please others, and to prefer others; and that this will ultimately produce the greatest happiness. If a man is not convinced of that, he never will practise it. Common language speaks the truth as to this: we say, a person is well bred. As it is said that all material motion is primarily in a right line, and is never *per circuitum*, never in another form, unless by some particular cause; so it may be said intellectual motion is."—Lady Macleod asked, if no man was naturally good?—JOHNSON. "No, madam, no more than a wolf."—BOSWELL. "Nor no woman, sir?"—JOHNSON. "No, sir."—Lady Macleod started at this, saying, in a low voice, "This is worse than Swift."

Macleod of Ulinish had come in the afternoon. We were a jovial company at supper. The laird, surrounded by so many of his clan, was to me a pleasing sight. They listened with wonder and pleasure, while Dr. Johnson harangued. I am vexed that I cannot take down his full strain of eloquence.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

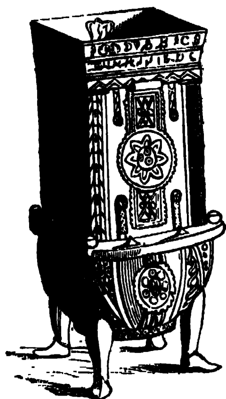
The gentlemen of the clan went away early in the morning to the harbour of Lochbracadale, to take leave of some of their friends who were going to America. It was a very wet day. We looked at Rorie More's horn, which is a large cow's horn, with the mouth of it ornamented with silver curiously carved. It holds rather more than a bottle and a half.* Every Laird of Macleod, it is said, must, as a

* This famous horn, which Burns alludes to in his Bacchanalian poem of "The Whistle," holds nearly as much as three ordinary bottles. It is a common ox's horn, and has no other ornament than the silver rim. The ceremony of quaffing claret from Rorie More's horn at the inauguration of each successive Chief of Macleod is still

proof of his manhood, drink it off full of claret, without laying it down. From Rorie More many of the branches of the family are descended; in particular, the Talisker branch; so that his name is much talked of. We also saw his bow, which hardly any man now can bend, and his *glaymore* [claymore], which was wielded with both hands, and is of a prodigious size. We saw here some old pieces of iron armour, immensely heavy. The broadsword now used, though called the *glaymore* (*i. e.* the *great sword*), is much smaller than that used in Rorie More's time. There is hardly a target now to be found in the Highlands. After the disarming act, they made them serve as covers to their butter-milk barrels; a kind of change, like beating spears into pruning-hooks.

Sir George Mackenzie's works (the folio edition) happened to lie in a window in the dining-room. I asked Dr. Johnson to look at the

continued; but an artificial bottom is inserted on these occasions in order to reduce the libation to a moderate draught. Sir Rorie would have spurned this effeminacy, and no such expedient, we may be sure, was adopted when the old chief entertained the bard of Clanronald, Nial Mor Mac Vurich, who has chanted his praises in Gaelic verse. "The six nights I remained at Dunvegan," he says, "it was not a show of hospitality I met with there, but a plentiful feast in thy fair hall among thy numerous host of heroes, amidst the sound of harps, overflowing cups &c. The Privy Council attempted to stint Rorie More in his wine. In 1616, among other provisions to reform the islands, it was enacted that the chiefs were not to use in their houses more than the following quantities of wine respectively—viz., Maclean of Duart and Sir Rorie Macleod, four tun each; Clanronald three tun; and Coll, Lochbuy, and Mackinnon, one tun each. Boswell does not mention another curious cup at Dunvegan, formed of black oak richly carved and mounted, and inscribed in Saxon black-letter characters. Sir Walter Scott has described this ancient cup, or chalice, in his notes to the "Lord of the Isles," and an engraving of it is given in Mr. Wilson's interesting work on Scottish Archæology (1851). Sir Walter, it appears, had misread the inscription, for instead of dating back so far as the tenth century, the cup was made in the sixteenth. A fairy flag, the palladium of the Macleods, is also preserved at Dunvegan. It is formed of yellow silk, now much tattered and decayed, and is said to have been taken by a Macleod from a Saracen chief during the Crusades. This miraculous banner was only to be displayed on three great occasions—when the clan was in imminent peril in battle, when the heir of the family was at the point of death, and when the Macleods were on the verge of extinction, in which emergency the clan would be saved by unfurling the flag, but an invisible being would appear and carry off standard and standard-bearer, never more to be seen! Pennant says a family in the island had the dangerous office of standard-bearer, and held by it three lands in Bracadale. The relic is most probably a banner of some order of the Knights Templars. The superstition connected with it may, as Pennant suggests, have been derived from the Norwegian ancestry of the Macleods, and might be of use to animate the clan.—Ed.



Characteres Advocatorum. He allowed him power of mind, and that he understood very well what he tells; but said that there was too much declamation, and that the Latin was not correct. He found fault with *appropinquabant* in the character of Gilmour. I tried him with the opposition between *gloria* and *palma*, in the comparison between Gilmour and Nisbet, which Lord Hailes, in his catalogue of the Lords of Session, thinks difficult to be understood. The words are, "*penes illum gloria, penes hunc palma.*" In a short account of the Kirk of Scotland, which I published some years ago, I applied these words to the two contending parties, and explained them thus: "The popular party has most eloquence; Dr. Robertson's party most influence." I was very desirous to hear Dr. Johnson's explication.—JOHNSON. "I see no difficulty. Gilmour was admired for his parts; Nisbet carried his cause by his skill in law. *Palma* is victory."—I observed, that the character of Nicholson in this book resembled that of Burke; for it is said, in one place, "*in omnes lusos et jocos se sæpe resolvebat;*" * and, in another, "*sed acceptris more è conspectu aliquando astantium sublimi se protrahens volatu, in prædam miro impetu descendebat.*" †—JOHNSON. "No, sir; I never heard Burke make a good joke in my life."—BOSWELL. "But, sir, you will allow he is a hawk."—Dr. Johnson, thinking that I meant this of his joking, said, "No, sir, he is not the hawk there. He is the beetle in the mire."—I still adhered to my metaphor: "But he *soars* as the hawk."—JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; but he catches nothing."—Macleod asked, what is the particular excellence of Burke's eloquence?—JOHNSON. "Copiousness and fertility of allusion; a power of diversifying his matter, by placing it in various relations. Burke has great information, and great command of language; though, in my opinion, it has not in every respect the highest elegance."—BOSWELL. "Do you think, sir, that Burke has read Cicero much?"—JOHNSON. "I don't believe it, sir. Burke has great knowledge, great fluency of words, and great promptness of ideas, so that he can speak with great illustration on any subject that comes before him. He is neither like Cicero, nor like Demosthenes, nor like any one else, but speaks as well as he can."

In the 65th page of the first volume of Sir George Mackenzie, Dr. Johnson pointed out a paragraph beginning with *Aristotle*, and told me there was an error in the text, which he bade me try to discover. I was lucky enough to hit it at once. As the passage is printed, it is said that the devil answers *even* in *engines*. I corrected it to—*ever* in

* He often indulged himself in every species of pleasantry and wit.—BOSWELL.

† But, like the hawk, having soared with a lofty flight to a height which the eye could not reach, he was wont to swoop upon his quarry with wonderful rapidity.—IBID.

ænigmas. "Sir," said he, "you are a good critic. This would have been a great thing to do in the text of an ancient author."

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

Last night much care was taken of Dr. Johnson, who was still distressed by his cold. He had hitherto most strangely slept without a night-cap. Miss Macleod made him a large flannel one, and he was prevailed with to drink a little brandy when he was going to bed. He has great virtue in not drinking wine or any fermented liquor, because, as he acknowledged to us, he could not do it in moderation. —Lady Macleod would hardly believe him, and said, "I am sure, sir, you would not carry it too far."—JOHNSON. "Nay, madam, it carried me. I took the opportunity of a long illness to leave it off. It was then prescribed to me not to drink wine; and having broken off the habit, I have never returned to it."

In the argument on Tuesday night about natural goodness, Dr. Johnson denied that any child was better than another, but by difference of instruction; though, in consequence of greater attention being paid to instruction by one child than another, and of a variety of imperceptible causes, such as instruction being counteracted by servants, a notion was conceived, that of two children, equally well educated, one was naturally much worse than another. He owned, this morning, that one might have a greater aptitude to learn than another, and that we inherit dispositions from our parents. "I inherited," said he, "a vile melancholy from my father, which has made me mad all my life, at least not sober." Lady Macleod wondered he should tell this. "Madam," said I, "he knows that with that madness he is superior to other men."

I have often been astonished with what exactness and perspicuity he will explain the process of any art. He this morning explained to us all the operation of coining, and at night all the operation of brewing, so very clearly, that Mr. Macqueen said, when he heard the first, he thought he had been bred in the mint; when he heard the second, that he had been bred a brewer.

I was elated by the thought of having been able to entice such a man to this remote part of the world. A ludicrous, yet just image presented itself to my mind, which I expressed to the company. I compared myself to a dog who has got hold of a large piece of meat, and runs away with it to a corner, where he may devour it in peace, without any fear of others taking it from him. "In London, Reynolds, Beauclerk, and all of them, are contending who shall enjoy Dr. Johnson's conversation. We are feasting upon it undisturbed at Dunvegan."

It was still a storm of wind and rain. Dr. Johnson, however, walked out with Macleod, and saw Rorie More's cascade in full perfection. Colonel Macleod, instead of being all life and gaiety, as I have seen him, was at present grave, and somewhat depressed by his anxious concern about Macleod's affairs, and by finding some gentlemen of the clan by no means disposed to act a generous or affectionate part to their Chief in his distress, but bargaining with him as with a stranger. However, he was agreeable and polite, and Dr. Johnson said, he was a very pleasing man. My fellow-traveller and I talked of going to Sweden; and while we were settling our plan, I expressed a pleasure in the prospect of seeing the king.—JOHNSON. "I doubt, sir, if he would speak to us." Colonel Macleod said, "I am sure Mr. Boswell would speak to *him*;" but, seeing me a little disconcerted by his remark, he politely added, "and with great propriety."—Here let me offer a short defence of that propensity in my disposition to which this gentleman alluded. It has procured me much happiness. I hope it does not deserve so hard a name as either forwardness or impudence. If I know myself, it is nothing more than an eagerness to share the society of men distinguished either by their rank or their talents, and a diligence to attain what I desire. If a man is praised for seeking knowledge, though mountains and seas are in his way, may he not be pardoned, whose ardour, in the pursuit of the same object, leads him to encounter difficulties as great, though of a different kind?

After the ladies were gone from table, we talked of the Highlanders not having sheets; and this led us to consider the advantage of wearing linen.—JOHNSON. "All animal substances are less cleanly than vegetable. Wool, of which flannel is made, is an animal substance; flannel therefore is not so cleanly as linen. I remember I used to think tar dirty; but when I knew it to be only a preparation of the juice of the pine, I thought so no longer. It is not disagreeable to have the gum that oozes from a plum-tree upon your fingers, because it is vegetable; but if you have any candle-grease, any tallow upon your fingers, you are uneasy till you rub it off. I have often thought, that if I kept a seraglio, the ladies should all wear linen gowns, or cotton,—I mean stuffs made of vegetable substances. I would have no silk; you cannot tell when it is clean; it will be very nasty before it is perceived to be so. Linen detects its own dirtiness."

To hear the grave Dr. Samuel Johnson, "that majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom," while sitting solemn in an arm-chair in the Isle of Sky, talk, *ex cathedra*, of his keeping a seraglio, and acknowledge that the supposition had *often* been in his thoughts, struck me so forcibly with ludicrous contrast, that I could not but

laugh immoderately. He was too proud to submit, even for a moment, to be the object of ridicule, and instantly retaliated with such keen sarcastic wit, and such a variety of degrading images, of every one of which I was the object, that though I can bear such attacks as well as most men, I yet found myself so much the sport of all the company, that I would gladly expunge from my mind every trace of this severe retort.

Talking of our friend Langton's house in Lincolnshire, he said, "The old house of the family was burnt. A temporary building was erected in its room; and to this day they have been always adding as the family increased. It is like a shirt made for a man when he was a child, and enlarged always as he grows older."

We talked to-night of Luther's allowing the Landgrave of Hesse two wives, and that it was with the consent of the wife to whom he was first married.—JOHNSON. "There was no harm in this, so far as she was only concerned, because *volenti non fit injuria*. But it was an offence against the general order of society, and against the law of the Gospel, by which one man and one woman are to be united. No man can have two wives, but by preventing somebody else from having one."

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

After dinner yesterday, we had a conversation upon cunning. Macleod said that he was not afraid of cunning people; but would let them play their tricks about him like monkeys. "But," said I, "they'll scratch," and Mr. Macqeen added, "they'll invent new tricks as soon as you find out what they do."—JOHNSON. "Cunning has effect from the credulity of others, rather than from the abilities of those who are cunning. It requires no extraordinary talents to lie and deceive."—This led us to consider whether it did not require great abilities to be very wicked.—JOHNSON. "It requires great abilities to have the *power* of being very wicked, but not to *be* very wicked.* A man who has the power, which great abilities procure him, may use it well or ill; and it requires more abilities to use it well, than to use it ill. Wickedness is always easier than virtue; for it takes the short cut to everything. It is much easier to steal a hundred pounds, than to get it by labour, or any other way. Consider only what act of wickedness requires great abilities to commit it, when once the person who has to do it has the power; for *there* is

* In other words—Great talents are not essential to being very wicked, but great talents are required to do much evil. Yet accidental circumstances (as birth and riches) may determine the position of the party, and the position may give the power to do great good or evil.—ED.

the distinction. It requires great abilities to conquer an army, but none to massacre it after it is conquered."

The weather this day was rather better than any that we had since we came to Dunvegan. Mr. Macqueen had often mentioned a curious piece of antiquity near this, which he called a temple of the goddess Anaitis. Having often talked of going to see it, he and I set out after breakfast, attended by his servant, a fellow quite like a savage. I must observe here, that in Sky there seems to be much idleness; for men and boys follow you, as colts follow passengers upon a road. The usual figure of a Sky-boy, is a *lown** with bare legs and feet, a dirty *kilt*, ragged coat and waistcoat, a bare head, and a stick in his hand, which, I suppose, is partly to help the lazy rogue to walk, partly to serve as a kind of a defensive weapon. We walked what is called two miles, but is probably four, from the castle, till we came to the sacred place. The country around is a black, dreary moor on all sides, except to the sea-coast, towards which there is a view through a valley; and the farm of *Bay* shows some good land. The place itself is green ground, being well drained, by means of a deep glen on each side, in both of which there runs a rivulet with a good quantity of water, forming several cascades, which make a considerable appearance and sound. The first thing we came to was an earthen mound, or dyke, extending from the one precipice to the other. A little further on was a strong stone-wall, not high, but very thick, extending in the same manner. On the outside of it were the ruins of two houses, one on each side of the entry or gate to it. The wall is built all along of uncemented stones, but of so large a size as to make a very firm and durable rampart. It has been built all about the consecrated ground, except where the precipice is steep enough to form an inclosure of itself. The sacred spot contains more than two acres. There are within it the ruins of many houses, none of them large, a *cairn*, and many graves marked by clusters of stones. Mr. Macqueen insisted that the ruin of a small building, standing east and west, was actually the temple of the goddess Anaitis, where her statue was kept, and from whence processions were made to wash it in one of the brooks. There is, it must be owned, a hollow road, visible for a good way from the entrance; but Mr. Macqueen, with the keen eye of an antiquary, traced it much further than I could perceive it. There is not above a foot and a half in height of the walls now remaining, and the whole extent of the building was never, I imagine, greater than an ordinary Highland house. Mr. Macqueen has collected a great deal of learning on

* A Lowland Scottish phrase. Burns, in his Glossary, defines it, "a fellow, a ragamuffin;" but it also implies a careless, half-grown lad.—ED.

the subject of the Temple of Anaitis; and I had endeavoured, in my journal, to state such particulars as might give some idea of it, and of the surrounding scenery; but from the great difficulty of describing visible objects, I found my account so unsatisfactory, that my readers would probably have exclaimed—

> "And write about it, goddess, and about it;"

and therefore I have omitted it.

When we got home, and were again at table with Dr. Johnson, we first talked of portraits. He agreed in thinking them valuable in families. I wished to know which he preferred, fine portraits, or those of which the merit is resemblance.—JOHNSON. "Sir, their chief excellence is being like."—BOSWELL. "Are you of that opinion as to the portraits of ancestors, whom one has never seen?" —JOHNSON. "It then becomes of more consequence that they should be like; and I would have them in the dress of the times, which makes a piece of history. One should like to see how Rorie More looked. Truth, sir, is of the greatest value in these things." Mr. Macqueen observed, that if you think it of no consequence whether portraits are like, if they are but well painted, you may be indifferent whether a piece of history is true or not, if well told."

Dr. Johnson said at breakfast to day, "that it was but of late that historians bestowed pains and attention in consulting records, to attain to accuracy. Bacon, in writing his history of Henry VII., does not seem to have consulted any, but to have just taken what he found in other histories, and blended it with what he learned by tradition." He agreed with me that there should be a chronicle kept in every considerable family, to preserve the characters and transactions of successive generations.

After dinner, I started the subject of the Temple of Anaitis. Mr. Macqeen had laid stress on the name given to the place by the country people—*Ainnit;* and added, "I knew not what to make of this piece of antiquity, till I met with the *Anaitidis delubrum* in Lydia, mentioned by Pausanias and the elder Pliny." Dr. Johnson, with his usual acuteness, examined Mr. Macqueen as to the meaning of the word *Ainnit*, in Erse, and it proved to be a *water-place*, or a place near water, "which," said Mr. Macqueen, "agrees with all the descriptions of the temples of that goddess, which were situated near rivers, that there might be water to wash the statue."—JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, the argument from the name is gone. The name is exhausted by what we see. We have no occasion to go to a distance for what we can pick up under our feet. Had it been an accidental name, the similarity between it and *Anaitis* might have had some-

thing in it; but it turns out to be a mere physiological name." Macleod said, Mr. Macqueen's knowledge of etymology had destroyed his conjecture.—JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; Mr. Macqueen is like the eagle mentioned by Waller, who was shot with an arrow feathered from his own wing."*—Mr. Macqueen, would not, however, give up his conjecture.—JOHNSON. "You have one possibility for you, and all possibilities against you. It is possible it may be the Temple of Anaitis; but it is also possible that it may be a fortification, or it may be a place of Christian worship, as the first Christians often chose remote and wild places, to make an impression on the mind: or if it was a heathen temple, it may have been built near a river, for the purpose of lustration; and there is such a multitude of divinities, to whom it may have been dedicated, that the chance of its being a temple of Anaitis is hardly anything. It is like throwing a grain of sand upon the sea-shore to-day, and thinking you may find it to-morrow. No, sir, this temple, like many an ill-built edifice, tumbles down before it is roofed in." In his triumph over the reverend antiquarian, he indulged himself in a *conceit;* for, some vestige of the *altar* of the goddess being much insisted on in support of the hypothesis, he said "Mr. Macqueen is fighting *pro* aris *et focis.*"†

* "That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own
Wherewith he wont to soar on high."
TO A LADY SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

Byron has made a much finer and nobler use of this classical fable, in his lines on Henry Kirke White, who died from excessive study:—

"So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."
ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

—ED.

† This skirmish about the Temple of Anaitis is worthy of Jonathan Oldbuck and his Prætorium. The learned minister's antiquarian pertinacity, and Johnson's triumphant acuteness in demolishing the theory, offer a fine contrast. If the discussion had been on the "second-sight," the tables would have been turned; the weakness and credulity would have been all on the side of Johnson. Mr. Macqueen seems to have had a passion for identifying Gaelic names with the classic mythology. In Pennant, he traces the "Grugach," or Highland goblin, to the worship of the sun. The name "Grugach" means the Fair-haired; Apollo had golden tresses, and both were drawn as young and handsome: *ergo,* Apollo and the Grugach were identical, though one guided the sun in its course and the other drank milk from the cow! This is equal to the parallel between Macedon and Monmouth.—ED.

It was wonderful how well time passed in a remote castle, and in dreary weather. After supper, we talked of Pennant. It was objected that he was superficial. Dr. Johnson defended him warmly. He said, "Pennant has greater variety of inquiry than almost any man, and has told us more than perhaps one in ten thousand could have done, in the time that he took. He has not said what he was to tell; so you cannot find fault with him for what he has not told. If a man comes to look for fishes, you cannot blame him if he does not attend to fowls." "But," said Colonel Macleod, "he mentions the unreasonable rise of rents in the Highlands, and says, 'the gentlemen are for emptying the bag, without filling it;' for that is the phrase he uses. Why does he not tell how to fill it?"—Johnson. "Sir, there is no end of negative criticism. He tells what he observes, and as much as he chooses. If he tells what is not true, you may find fault with him; but, though he tells that the land is not well cultivated, he is not obliged to tell how it may be well cultivated. If I tell that many of the Highlanders go bare-footed, I am not obliged to tell how they may get shoes. Pennant tells a fact. He need go no farther, except he pleases. He exhausts nothing; and no subject whatever has yet been exhausted. But Pennant has surely told a great deal. Here is a man six feet high, and you are angry because he is not seven." Notwithstanding this eloquent *Oratio pro Pennantio*, which they who have read this gentleman's *Tours*, and recollect the *Savage* and the *Shop-keeper* at *Monboddo*, will probably impute to the spirit of contradiction, I still think that he had better have given more attention to fewer things, than have thrown together such a number of imperfect accounts.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

Before breakfast, Dr. Johnson came up to my room, to forbid me to mention that this was his birth-day; but I told him I had done it already; at which he was displeased; I suppose from wishing to have nothing particular done on his account. Lady Macleod and I got into a warm dispute. She wanted to build a house upon a farm which she has taken, about five miles from the castle, and to make gardens and other ornaments there; all of which I approved of; but insisted that the seat of the family should always be upon the rock of Dunvegan.—Johnson. "Ay, in time we'll build all round this rock. You may make a very good house at the farm, but it must not be such as to tempt the Laird of Macleod to go thither to reside. Most of the great families of England have a secondary residence, which is called a jointure-house: let the new house be of that kind."—The

lady insisted that the rock was very inconvenient; that there was no place near it where a good garden could be made; that it must always be a rude place; that it was a Herculean labour to make a dinner here.—I was vexed to find the alloy of modern refinement in a lady who had so much old family spirit.—"Madam," said I, "if once you quit this rock, there is no knowing where you may settle. You move five miles at first; then to St. Andrews, as the late laird did; then to Edinburgh; and so on, till you end at Hampstead, or in France. No, no; keep to the rock: it is the very jewel of the estate. It looks as if it had been let down from heaven by the four corners, to be the residence of a chief. Have all the comforts and conveniences of life upon it, but never leave Rorie More's cascade."—"But," said she, "is it not enough if we keep it? must we never have more convenience than Rorie More had? he had his beef brought to dinner in one basket, and his bread in another. Why not as well be Rorie More all over, as live upon his rock? And should not we tire, in looking perpetually on this rock? It is very well for you, who have a fine place, and everything easy, to talk thus, and think of chaining honest folks to a rock. You would not live upon it yourself."—"Yes, madam," said I, "I would live upon it, were I Laird of Macleod, and should be unhappy if I were not upon it."—JOHNSON, with a strong voice, and most determined manner, "Madam, rather than quit the old rock, Boswell would live in the pit; he would make his bed in the dungeon."—I felt a degree of elation, at finding my resolute feudal enthusiasm thus confirmed by such a sanction. The lady was puzzled a little. She still returned to her pretty farm—rich gronnd—fine garden.—"Madam," said Dr. Johnson, "were they in Asia, I would not leave the rock. My opinion on this subject is still the same. An ancient family residence ought to be a primary object; and though the situation of Dunvegan be such that little can be done here in gardening or pleasure-ground, yet, in addition to the veneration required by the lapse of time, it has many circumstances of natural grandeur, suited to the seat of a Highland Chief; it has the sea, islands, rocks, hills, a noble cascade; and when the family is again in opulence, something may be done by art."*

Mr. Donald Macqueen went away to-day, in order to preach at Bracadale next day. We were so comfortably situated at Dunvegan, that Dr. Johnson could hardly be moved from it. I proposed to him that we should leave it on Monday. "No, sir," said he, "I will not go before Wednesday. I will have some more of this good." However, as the weather was at this season so bad, and so very uncertain,

* Lady Macleod's *desiderata* have all been supplied. There is now at Dunvegan a good kitchen-garden, a flower-garden, hothouse, &c.—ED.

and we had a great deal to do yet, Mr. Macqueen and I prevailed with him to agree to set out on Monday, if the day should be good. Mr. Macqueen, though it was inconvenient for him to be absent from his harvest, engaged to wait on Monday at Ulinish for us. When he was going away, Dr. Johnson said, "I shall ever retain a great regard for you; then asked him if he had the "Rambler."—Mr. Macqueen said, "No; but my brother has it."—JOHNSON: "Have you the "Idler?"—MACQUEEN: "No, sir."—JOHNSON: "Then I will order one for you at Edinburgh, which you will keep in remembrance of me."—Mr. Macqueen was much pleased with this. He expressed to me, in the strongest terms, his admiration of Dr. Johnson's wonderful knowledge, and every other quality for which he is distinguished. I asked Mr. Macqueen if he was satisfied with being a minister in Sky. He said he was; but he owned that his forefathers having been so long there, and his having been born there, made a chief ingredient in forming his contentment. I should have mentioned, that on our left hand, between Portree and Dr. Macleod's house, Mr. Macqueen told me there had been a college of the Knights Templars; that tradition said so; and that there was a ruin remaining of their church, which had been burnt: but I confess Dr. Johnson has weakened my belief in remote tradition. In the dispute about Anaitis, Mr. Macqueen said, Asia Minor was peopled by Scythians, and as they were the ancestors of the Celts, the same religion might be in Asia Minor and Sky.—JOHNSON: "Alas! sir, what can a nation that has not letters tell of its original. I have always difficulty to be patient when I hear authors gravely quoted, as giving accounts of savage nations, which accounts they had from the savages themselves. What can the Macraes tell about themselves a thousand years ago? There is no tracing the connection of ancient nations, but by language; and therefore I am always sorry when any language is lost, because languages are the pedigree of nations. If you find the same language in distant countries, you may be sure that the inhabitants of each have been the same people; that is to say, if you find the languages a good deal the same; for a word here and there being the same will not do. Thus Butler, in his "Hudibras," remembering that Penguin, in the Straits of Magellan, signifies a bird with a white head, and that the same word has, in Wales, the signification of a white-headed wench (*pen* head, and *guin* white), by way of ridicule, concludes that the people of those straits are Welsh."

A young gentleman of the name of Maclean, nephew to the Laird of the Isle of Muck, came this morning; and, just as we sat down to dinner, came the Laird of the Isle of Muck himself, his lady, sister to Talisker, two other ladies their relations, and a daughter of the late

Macleod of Hamer, who wrote a treatise on the second sight, under the designation of "Theophilus Insulanus." It was somewhat droll to hear this laird called by his title. *Muck* would have sounded ill; so he was called *Isle of Muck*, which went off with great readiness. The name, as now written, is unseemly, but it is not so bad in the original Erse, which is *Mouach*, signifying the Sows' Island. Buchanan calls it "Insula Porcorum." It is so called from its form. Some call it Isle of *Monk*.* The laird insists that this is the proper name. It was formerly church-land belonging to Icolmkill, and a hermit lived in it. It is two miles long, and about three quarters of a mile broad. The laird said he had seven score of souls upon it. Last year he had eighty persons inoculated, mostly children, but some of them eighteen years of age. He agreed with the surgeon to come and do it, at half-a-crown a head.—It is very fertile in corn, of which they export some; and its coasts abound in fish. A tailor comes there six times in a year. They get a good blacksmith from the Isle of Egg.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.

It was rather worse weather than any that we had yet. At breakfast, Dr. Johnson said, "Some cunning men choose fools for their wives, thinking to manage them, but they always fail. There is a spaniel fool and a mule fool. The spaniel fool may be made to do by beating. The mule fool will neither do by words nor blows; and the spaniel fool often turns mule at last: and suppose a fool to be made to do pretty well, you must have the continual trouble of making her do. Depend upon it, no woman is the worse for sense and knowledge." Whether afterwards he meant merely to say a polite thing, or to give his opinion, I could not be sure; but he added, "Men know that women are an over-match for them, and therefore they choose the weakest or most ignorant. If they did not think so, they never could be afraid of women knowing as much as themselves." In justice to the sex, I think it but candid to acknowledge, that, in a subsequent conversation, he told me that he was serious in what he had said.

He came to my room this morning before breakfast, to read my Journal, which he has done all along. He often before said, "I take great delight in reading it." To-day he said, "You improve: it grows better and better." I observed, there was a danger of my

* It is so called in the notice of this laird's death: "1780, Nov. 14, in the Isle of Skye, Hector Macleod, Esq., of the Isle of Monk."—"Scots' Mag." The Gaelic name of the island is *Eilan-nan-Muchd*, the island of swine; and north of it lies *Eilean-nan-Each*, the island of horses. Muck forms part of the parish of "Small Isles," including Egg, Muck, Rum, and Canna. The population of this parish in 1851 was 400. It was formerly much larger, but has been reduced by emigration.—ED.

getting a habit of writing in a slovenly manner. "Sir," said he, "it is not written in a slovenly manner. It might be printed, were the subject fit for printing."* While Mr. Beaton preached to us in the dining-room, Dr. Johnson sat in his own room, where I saw lying before him a volume of Lord Bacon's works, the "Decay of Christian Piety," "Monboddo's Origin of Language," and Sterne's "Sermons." He asked me to-day how it happened that we were so little together: I told him my Journal took up much time. Yet, on reflection, it appeared strange to me, that although I would run from one end of London to another to pass an hour with him, I should omit to seize any spare time to be in his company, when I am settled in the same house with him. But my Journal is really a task of much time and labour, and he forbids me to contract it.

I omitted to mention, in its place, that Dr. Johnson told Mr. Macqueen that he had found the belief of the second-sight universal in Sky, except among the clergy, who seemed determined against it. I took the liberty to observe to Mr. Macqueen, that the clergy were actuated by a kind of vanity. "The world," say they, "takes us to be credulous men in a remote corner. We'll show them that we are more enlightened than they think." The worthy man said that his disbelief of it was from his not finding sufficient evidence; but I could perceive that he was prejudiced against it.

After dinner to-day, we talked of the extraordinary fact of Lady Grange's being sent to St. Kilda, and confined there for several years, without any means of relief.† Dr. Johnson said, if Macleod

* As I have faithfully recorded so many minute particulars, I hope I shall be pardoned for inserting so flattering an encomium on what is now offered to the public.—BOSWELL.

† The true story of this lady, which happened in this century, is as frightfully romantic as if it had been the fiction of a gloomy fancy. She was the wife of one of the Lords of Session in Scotland, a man of the very first blood of his country. For some mysterious reasons, which have never been discovered, she was seized and carried off in the dark, she knew not by whom, and by nightly journeys was conveyed to the Highland shores, from whence she was transported by sea to the remote rock of St. Kilda, where she remained, amongst its few wild inhabitants, a forlorn prisoner, but had a constant supply of provisions, and a woman to wait on her. No inquiry was made after her, till she at last found means to convey a letter to a confidential friend, by the daughter of a catechist, who concealed it in a clue of yarn. Information being thus obtained at Edinburgh, a ship was sent to bring her off; but intelligence of this being received, she was conveyed to Macleod's island of Harris where she died.

In Carstares's "State Papers" we find an authentic narrative of Connor, a Catholic priest, who turned Protestant, being seized by some of Lord Seaforth's people, and detained prisoner in the island of Harris several years; he was fed with bread and water, and lodged in a house where he was exposed to the rains and cold. Sir James Ogilvy writes, June 18, 1667, that the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Advocate, and himself were to meet next day, to take effectual methods to have this redressed. Connor was then still detained, p. 310.—This shows what private oppression might in the last

would let it be known that he had such a place for naughty ladies, he might make it a very profitable island.—We had, in the course of



ST. KILDA.

our tour, heard of St. Kilda poetry. Dr. Johnson observed, "It must be very poor, because they have very few images."—BOSWELL. "There may be a poetical genius shown in combining these, and in

century he practised in the Hebrides. In the same collection, the Earl of Argyle gives a picturesque account of an embassy from the great M'Neil, of Barra, as that insular chief used to be denominated. "I received a letter yesterday from M'Neil, of Barra, who lives very far off, sent by a gentleman in all formality, offering his service, which had made you laugh to see his entry. His style of his letter runs as if he were of another kingdom," p. 643.—BOSWELL.

[The abduction of Lady Grange—which her husband, by a curious travesty of legal phraseology, termed *sequestrating* his wife—took place on the night of the 22nd of January, 1732. She was kept till August in an old tower at Wester Polmaise, county of Stirling, and then carried off on horseback to the Highlands, passing through the lands of Lovat and Glengary. At Lochourn, an arm of the sea on the west coast, she was transferred to a vessel, and taken to the small island of Heskir, belonging to Sir Alexander Macdonald. There she was kept for nearly two years. In June, 1734, she was conveyed to St. Kilda, the property of Macleod of Macleod, and was kept there seven years. Macleod's steward came once a-year to the island to collect the feathers of the sea-fowl—the representative of rent in St. Kilda—and on these occasions he brought with him, for the captive lady, a supply of tea, sugar, wheat, and whiskey. Of the latter she appears to have been too fond: at times she drank to excess, and was subject to ungovernable fits of passion. These inherent defects led first to a separation between Lady Grange and her husband, and afterwards prompted the savage expedient of confining her on a solitary island, cut off from her family and from all congenial or suitable society. Writing-materials were at first debarred her; but in the winter of 1740-1 a communication from Lady Grange reached her friends

making poetry of them."—JOHNSON. "Sir, a man cannot make fire but in proportion as he has fuel. He cannot coin guineas but in proportion as he has gold."—At tea he talked of his intending to go to Italy in 1775. Macleod said he would like Paris better.—JOHNSON. "No, sir; there are none of the French literati now alive, to visit whom I would cross a sea. I can find in Buffon's book all that he can say.*

After supper, he said, "I am sorry that prize-fighting is gone out; every art should be preserved, and the art of defence is surely important. It is absurd that our soldiers should have swords, and not be taught the use of them. Prize-fighting made people accustomed not to be alarmed at seeing their own blood, or feeling a little pain from a wound. I think the heavy *glaymore* was an ill-contrived weapon. A man could only strike once with it. It employed both his hands, and he must of course be soon fatigued with wielding it; so that if his antagonist could only keep playing for a while, he was sure of him. I would fight with a dirk against Roric More's sword. I could ward off a blow with a dirk, and then run in upon my enemy. When within that heavy sword, I have him; he is quite helpless, and I could stab him at my leisure, like a calf. It is thought by sensible military men, that the English do not enough avail themselves of their superior strength of body against the French; for that must

by means of the minister of St. Kilda and his wife, who had quarrelled with Macleod's steward, and left the island. Legal steps were taken to rescue the lady, but they fell through, and Lady Grange was removed to the Macleod country in Skye. She survived till May, 1745, when she died at Waternish, and was secretly interred in the churchyard of Trumpan. The parties who assisted Grange in the abduction were the notorious Lord Lovat, Mr. Forster, of Corsebonny, and Mr. John Macleod, advocate. Sir Alexander Macdonald and Macleod were also principals in the affair, for without their concurrence the detention and concealment could not have been accomplished. It is probable they all believed the lady to be partially insane, as well as mischievous. She was of a violent race, her father, Chiesly of Dalry, having murdered Sir George Lockhart, the Lord President. Lord Grange's defence was, that "there was great reason to think she would daily go on to do mischief to her family, and to affront and bring a blot on her children, especially her daughters. These," he added, "were things that could not be redressed in a court of justice, and we had not then a madhouse to lock such unhappy people up in." There was another cause. Grange, as the brother of the Earl of Mar, who headed the enterprise in 1715, was connected with the Jacobite party, and was said to be privy to some treasonable designs. He denied this, but admitted that his wife possessed a letter written by him, in which he had made reflections on Sir Robert Walpole, and which letter she had threatened to take to London, and use to his disadvantage. The story of Lady Grange is told at length in Mr. Chambers's "Traditions of Edinburgh," and some letters of Lord Grange on the subject have been published in one of the volumes of the Spalding Club.—ED.]

* I doubt the justice of my fellow-traveller's remark concerning the French literati, many of whom, I am told, have considerable merit in conversation, as well as in their writings. That of Monsieur de Buffon, in particular, I am well assured, is highly instructive and entertaining.—BOSWELL.

always have a great advantage in pushing with bayonets. I have heard an officer say, that if women could be made to stand, they would do as well as men in a mere interchange of bullets from a distance; but if a body of men should come close up to them, then to be sure, they must be overcome: [now," said he, "in the same manner the weaker-bodied French must be overcome by our strong soldiers."*

The subject of duelling was introduced.—JOHNSON. "There is no case in England where one or other of the combatants *must* die; if you have overcome your adversary by disarming him, that is sufficient, though you should not kill him; your honour, or the honour of your family is restored, as much as it can be by a duel. It is cowardly to force your antagonist to renew the combat, when you know that you have the advantage of him by superior skill. You might just as well go and cut his throat while he is asleep in his bed. When a duel begins, it is supposed there may be an equality; because it is not always skill that prevails. It depends much on presence of mind; nay, on accidents. The wind may be in a man's face; he may fall. Many such things may decide the superiority. A man is sufficiently punished by being called out, and subjected to the risk that is in a duel."—But on my suggesting that the injured person is equally subjected to risk, he fairly owned he could not explain the rationality of duelling.†

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

When I awaked, the storm was higher still. It abated about

* This was proved during the late Peninsular war. The superior physical strength of the English made them irresistible in a charge with bayonets.—ED.

† See this subject further discussed in "Boswell's Life of Johnson," under date 1783; Illustrated Library edition, vol. iv. p. 147. Johnson was in error in stating that there was no case in England in which one of the parties in a duel *must die*. There was a famous case in the reign of James I. On the 8th of November, 1609, Lord Wharton and James Stewart of Blantyre, son of Treasurer Stewart, met in single combat on Islington Fields; at the first thrust each killed the other, and they fell dead in one another's arms. Boswell little imagined that his own son and heir, Sir Alexander Boswell, was to perish in a duel. This accomplished and ill-fated gentleman having written some political squibs imputing cowardice to another Scottish gentleman, Stuart of Duncarn, was challenged by Mr. Stuart. The parties met on the 26th of March, 1822. Sir Alexander, conscious that he had in an unhappy moment injured his opponent, fired into the air; but Mr. Stuart's shot took effect, and the baronet died in the course of the next day. What rendered this affair more melancholy was the circumstance that Sir Alexander had just returned from paying the last duties to his brother, James Boswell, who died at his chambers in the Middle Temple, March 24th, 1822, aged forty-three. Mr. James Boswell was the literary executor of Malone, and associated with him in his enlarged edition of Shakspeare. His elder brother, Sir Alexander, was author of some humourous Scottish songs. Both inherited the social qualities and lively talents of their father, with superior taste and judgment.—ED.

nine, and the sun shone; but it rained again very soon, and it was not a day for travelling. At breakfast, Dr. Johnson told us, "there was once a pretty good tavern in Catherine-street in the Strand, where very good company met in an evening, and each man called for his own half-pint of wine, or gill, if he pleased; they were frugal men, and nobody paid but for what he himself drank. The house furnished no supper; but a woman attended with mutton-pies, which any body might purchase. I was introduced to this company by Cumming the Quaker, and used to go there sometimes when I drank wine. In the last age, when my mother lived in London, there were two sets of people, those who gave the wall, and those who took it—the peaceable and the quarrelsome. When I returned to Lichfield, after having been in London, my mother asked me whether I was one of those who gave the wall, or those who took it. Now, it is fixed that every man keeps to the right; or, if one is taking the wall, another yields it, and it is never a dispute."—He was very severe on a lady, whose name was mentioned. He said, he would have sent her to St. Kilda. That she was as bad as negative badness could be, and stood in the way of what was good; that insipid beauty would not go a great way; and that such a woman might be cut out of a cabbage, if there was a skilful artificer.

Macleod was too late in coming to breakfast. Dr. Johnson said, laziness was worse than the toothach.—BOSWELL. "I cannot agree with you, sir; a basin of cold water or a horsewhip will cure laziness."—JOHNSON. "No, sir, it will only put off the fit; it will not cure the disease. I have been trying to cure my laziness all my life, and could not do it."—BOSWELL. "But if a man does in a shorter time what might be the labour of a life, there is nothing to be said against him."—JOHNSON (perceiving at once that I alluded to him and his Dictionary). "Suppose that flattery to be true, the consequence would be, that the world would have no right to censure a man; but that will not justify him to himself."

After breakfast, he said to me, "A Highland Chief should now endeavour to do everything to raise his rents by means of the industry of his people. Formerly, it was right for him to have his house full of idle fellows: they were his defenders, his servants, his dependents, his friends. Now they may be better employed. The system of things is now so much altered, that the family cannot have influence but by riches, because it has no longer the power of ancient feudal times. An individual of a family may have it; but it cannot now belong to a family, unless you could have a perpetuity of men with the same views. Macleod has four times the land that the Duke of Bedford has. I think, with his spirit, he may in time make himself the great-

est man in the king's dominions; for land may always be improved to a certain degree. I would never have any man sell land to throw money into the funds, as is often done, or to try any other species of trade. Depend upon it, this rage of trade will destroy itself. You and I shall not see it; but the time will come when there will be an end of it. Trade is like gaming. If a whole company are gamesters, play must cease; for there is nothing to be won. When all nations are traders, there is nothing to be gained by trade, and it will stop first where it is brought to the greatest perfection. Then the proprietors of land only will be the great men."—I observed, it was hard that Macleod should find ingratitude in so many of his people.—JOHNSON. "Sir, gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation; you do not find it among gross people."—I doubt of this. Nature seems to have implanted gratitude in all living creatures. The lion, mentioned by Aulus Gellius, had it.* It appears to me that culture, which brings luxury and selfishness with it, has a tendency rather to weaken than promote this affection.

Dr. Johnson said this morning, when talking of our setting out, that he was in the state in which Lord Bacon represents kings. He desired the end, but did not like the means. He wished much to get home, but was unwilling to travel in Sky.—"You are like kings, too, in this sir," said I, "that you must act under the direction of others."

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

The uncertainty of our present situation having prevented me from receiving any letters from home for some time, I could not help being uneasy. Dr. Johnson had an advantage over me in this respect, he having no wife or child to occasion anxious apprehensions in his mind. It was a good morning, so we resolved to set out. But, before quitting this castle, where we have been so well entertained, let me give a short description of it.

Along the edge of the rock, there are the remains of a wall, which is now covered with ivy. A square court is formed by buildings of different ages, particularly some towers, said to be of great antiquity; and at one place there is a row of false cannon of stone. There is a very large unfinished pile, four stories high, which we were told was here when *Leod*, the first of this family, came from the Isle of Man, married the heiress of the M'Crails [Mac Railts], the ancient possessors of Dunvegan, and afterwards acquired by conquest as much land as he had got by marriage. He surpassed the House of Austria; for he was

* Aul. Gellius, lib. v., c. 14.—BOSWELL.

felix both *bella gerere* et *nubere.** John *Breck* Macleod,† the grandfather of the late laird, began to repair the castle, or rather, to complete it: but he did not live to finish his undertaking. Not doubting, however, that he should do it, he, like those who have had their epitaphs written before they died, ordered the following inscription, composed by the minister of the parish, to be cut upon a broad stone above one of the lower windows, where it still remains to celebrate what was not done, and to serve as a momento of the uncertainty of life, and the presumption of man:

"Joannes Macleod, Beganoduni Dominus, gentis suæ Philarchus, Durinesiæ Haraiæ Vaternesiæ, &c.; Baro D. Floræ Macdonald matrimoniali vinculo conjugatus turrem hanc Beganodunensem proavorum habitaculum longe vetustissimum diu penitus labefectatam, anno æræ vulgaris MDCLXXXVI instruavit.‡

"Quem stabilire juvat proavorum tecta vetusta,
Omne scelus fugiat, justitiamque colat.
Vertit in aerias turres magalia virtus,
Inque casas humiles tecta superba nefas."

* Fortunate, both in war and marriage. The allusion is to the well-known epigram on the policy of Austria in obtaining by marriage what other kingdoms could only gain by war:

"Bella gerant alii: tu, felix Austria, nube:
Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus."

Austria became possessed of two kingdoms, besides archduchies, principalities, countships, and lordships, all by these fortunate marriages.—ED.

† John *Breachd* Macleod, spotted or speckled; thus *breachdan* is the Gaelic name for a plaid. Another of the Macleods, as we have seen, was called Alastair *Crotach* Macleod; or Alexander the Hump-backed. Such appellations are common in the history of Highland families, as Donald *Dhu*, Black Donald; Rob *Roy*, Red Rob, &c. One of the Campbells, Sir Duncan Campbell, of Lochow, is known as *Donacha Dhu nan Charraichd*, or Black Duncan with the Cowl. A character well known in Highland story, Allan *Breck* Stewart, the assassin of Campbell of Glenure, factor for Government on the forfeited estates of Stewart of Ardshiel, received his appellation of *Breck* in consequence of his complexion being remarkably freckled.—ED.

‡ Mr. Macaulay remarks ("Essays," p. 161) that *Philarchus*, in the above inscription, is obviously a false spelling for Phylarchus, the chief of a tribe. The inscription may be rendered, "John Macleod, lord of Dunvegan, Harris, and Vaternish, &c., united in marriage to Flora Macdonald, restored, in the year of the vulgar era, 1686, his Tower of Dunvegan, long the very ancient abode of his ancestors, which had fallen utterly into decay.

He who his old ancestral ruined halls
Delights to renovate and build secure,
Should follow still where Justice, godlike, calls;
And shun each glittering snare, each faithless lure.
Virtue, supreme, the meanest hut can raise,
And impious Vice the loftiest towers debase."

Johnson does not notice the pompous heraldic inscription, but remarks that the grandfather of the young chief began to repair the old tower, but soon desisted, and applied his money to worse uses. The young chief himself inflicted as severe a blow on the family by the sale of the estate of Harris, five years after the period of Johnson's visit. The renovation of the Castle of Dunvegan has been accomplished, as we have stated, by the late and present Macleod, and the woods, gardens, and shrubberies continue to flourish in defiance of the sea-breezes.—ED.

Macleod and Talisker accompanied us. We passed by the parish church of *Durinish*. The church-yard is not inclosed, but a pretty, murmuring brook runs along one side of it. In it is a pyramid, erected to the memory of Thomas Lord Lovat, by his son Lord Simon, who suffered on Tower-hill. It is of freestone, and, I suppose, about thirty feet high. There is an inscription on a piece of white marble inserted in it, which I suspect to have been the composition of Lord Lovat himself, being much in his pompous style:—

"This pyramid was erected by Simon Lord Fraser, of Lovat, in honour of Lord Thomas, his father, a peer of Scotland, and chief of the great and ancient clan of the Frasers. Being attacked for his birth-right by the family of Atholl, then in power and favour with King William, yet, by the valour and fidelity of his clan, and the assistance of the Campbells, the old friends and allies of his family, he defended his birth-right with such greatness and fermety [Fr. *fermeté*] of soul, and such valour and activity, that he was an honour to his name, and a good pattern to all brave chiefs of clans. He died in the month of May, 1699, in the 63rd year of his age, in Dunvegan, the house of the Laird of Macleod, whose sister he had married: by whom he had the above Simon Lord Fraser, and several other children. And, for the great love he bore to the family of Macleod, he desired to be buried near his wife's relations, in the place where two of her uncles lay. And his son, Lord Simon, to show to posterity his great affection for his mother's kindred, the brave Macleods, chooses rather to leave his father's bones with them, than carry them to his own burial-place, near Lovat."

I have preserved this inscription, though of no great value, thinking it characteristical of a man who has made some noise in the world. Dr. Johnson said it was poor stuff, such as Lord Lovat's butler might have written.*

I observed, in this church-yard, a parcel of people assembled at a funeral, before the grave was dug. The coffin, with the corpse in it, was placed on the ground, while the people alternately assisted in making a grave. One man, at a little distance, was busy cutting a long turf for it, with the crooked spade which is used in Sky; a very awkward instrument. The iron part of it is like a plough-coulter; it has a rude tree for a handle, in which a wooden pin is placed for the foot to press upon. A traveller might, without further inquiry, have set this down as the mode of burying in Sky.

* It no longer remains to amuse or offend the traveller. The obelisk is in a very dilapidated state, and the marble tablet containing the inscription fell down some time ago. The fragments were removed to the grounds near Dunvegan Castle.—Ed.

I was told, however, that the usual way is to have a grave previously dug.

I observed to-day, that the common way of carrying home their grain here is in loads, on horse-back. They have also a few sleds, or *cars*, as we call them in Ayrshire, clumsily made, and rarely used.

We got to Ulinish about six o'clock, and found a very good farm-house, of two stories. Mr. Macleod of Ulinish, the sheriff-substitute of the island, was a plain, honest gentleman, a good deal like an English justice of peace; not much given to talk, but sufficiently sagacious, and somewhat droll. His daughter, though she was never out of Sky, was a very well-bred woman. Our reverend friend, Mr. Donald Macqueen, kept his appointment, and met us here.

Talking of Phipps's voyage to the North Pole, Dr. Johnson observed, that it "was conjectured that our former navigators have kept too near land, and so have found the sea frozen far north, because the land hinders the free motion of the tide; but, in the wide ocean, where the waves tumble at their full convenience, it is imagined that the frost does not take effect."

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

In the morning I walked out, and saw a ship, the Margaret of Clyde, pass by with a number of emigrants on board. It was a melancholy sight.—After breakfast, we went to see what was called a subterraneous house, about a mile off. It was upon the side of a rising ground. It was discovered by a fox's having taken up his abode in it, and in chasing him they dug into it. It was very narrow and low, and seemed about forty feet in length. Near it, we found the foundations of several small huts, built of stone.—Mr. Macqueen, who is always for making everything as ancient as possible, boasted that it was the dwelling of some of the first inhabitants of the island, and observed, what a curiosity it was to find here a specimen of the houses of the *aborigines*, which, he believed, could be found no where else; and it was plain that they lived without fire.—Dr. Johnson remarked that they who made this were not in the rudest state; for that it was more difficult to make it, than to build a house; therefore, certainly those who made it were in possession of houses, and had this only as a hiding-place. It appeared to me, that the vestiges of houses, just by it, confirmed Dr. Johnson's opinion.

From an old tower, near this place, is an extensive view of Loch Bracadale, and, at a distance, of the isles of Barra and South Uist; and on the land side, the *Cuillin*, a prodigious range of mountains, capped with rocky pinnacles, in a strange variety of shapes. They resemble the mountains near Corté, in Corsica, of which there is a very good

print. They make part of a great range for deer, which, though entirely devoid of trees, is, in these countries, called a *forest*.*

In the afternoon, Ulinish carried us in his boat to an island possessed by him, where we saw an immense cave, much more deserving the title of *antrum immane* than that of the Sybil, described by Virgil, which I likewise have visited. It is 180 feet long, about 30 feet broad, and at least 30 feet high. This cave, we were told, had a remarkable echo, but we found none. They said it was owing to the great rains having made it damp. Such are the excuses by which the exaggeration of Highland narratives is palliated.—There is a plentiful garden at Ulinish (a great rarity in Sky), and several trees; and near the house is a hill, which has an Erse name, signifying "*the hill of strife*," where, Mr. Macqueen informed us, justice was of old administered. It is like the *mons placiti* of *Scone*, or those hills which are called *laws;* such as Kelly *law*, North Berwick *law*, and several others. It is singular that this spot should happen now to be the sheriff's residence.

We had a very cheerful evening, and Dr. Johnson talked a good deal on the subject of literature.—Speaking of the noble family of Boyle, he said, that all the Lords Orrery, till the present, had been writers. The first wrote several plays; the second was Bentley's antagonist; the third wrote the "Life of Swift," and several other things; his son Hamilton wrote some papers in the "Adventurer" and "World." He told us he was well acquainted with Swift's "Lord Orrery." He said he was a feeble-minded man; that, on the publication of Dr. Delany's "Remarks" on his book, he was so much alarmed that he was afraid to read them. Dr. Johnson comforted him, by telling him they were both in the right; that Delany had seen most of the good side of Swift, Lord Orrery most of the bad.—Macleod asked if it was not wrong in Orrery to expose the defects of a man with whom he lived in intimacy.—JOHNSON. "Why no, sir, after the man is dead;

* Thus Ettrick Forest retains the name, though only a range of mountainous sheep-walks. They had all been partially wooded at some former period. "A deer forest," says Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in his Notes to Gilpin, "is a very different thing from a forest of trees. The term implies no more than a very large tract of wild country, set apart for red deer, and where the princely sport of hunting, or rather of stalking, that noble animal may be enjoyed in perfection." A passion for this sport has of late sprung up among our noblemen and gentry. Deer forests in the Highlands are let for large sums; moors for grouse-shooting are also let during the season; and from these sources some proprietors now derive a greater income than the whole estates brought a hundred years since. Nor is it likely that any alteration, or even the abolition of the game-laws, will affect the Northern proprietors. Deer do not come within the statute; grouse are not to be found in corn-fields; and ptarmigan do not frequent baronial woods. No one but the rural improver and drainer will drive the deer and grouse away, and their operations are very slow when thus counteracted by another interest.—ED.

for then it is done historically."* He added, "If Lord Orrery had been rich, he would have been a very liberal patron. His conversation was like his writing, neat and elegant, but without strength. He grasped at more than his abilities could reach: tried to pass for a better talker, a better writer, and a better thinker than he was. There was a quarrel between him and his father, in which his father was to blame; because it arose from the son's not allowing his wife to keep company with his father's mistress. The old lord showed his resentment in his will; leaving his library from his son, and assigning, as his reason, that he could not make use of it."

I mentioned the affectation of Orrery, in ending all his letters on the Life of Swift in studied varieties of phrase, and never in the common mode of, "*I am,*" &c.; an observation, which I remember to have been made several years ago by old Mr. Sheridan. This species of affectation in writing, as a foreign lady of distinguished talents once remarked to me, is almost peculiar to the English. I took up a volume of Dryden, containing the "Conquest of Granada," and several other plays, of which all the dedications had such studied conclusions. Dr. Johnson said such conclusions were more elegant, and, in addressing persons of high rank (as when Dryden dedicated to the Duke of York), they were likewise more respectful. I agreed that *there* it was much better; it was making his escape from the royal presence with a genteel sudden timidity, in place of having the resolution to stand still, and make a formal bow.†

* Orrery stands in a worse position than most biographers of this class; for he had paid servile court to Swift while alive, and vilified his memory after death, not only by exposing his personal defects, but by unfounded assertions respecting his birth, parentage, &c. Swift's opinion of his noble biographer is sufficiently indicated by the fact that he left among his papers a letter from Lord Orrery unopened, and endorsed, "This will keep cool." It is not improbable, as conjectured by Scott, that this touch of caustic humour may have been the cause of Lord Orrery's ungenerous and unfair treatment of Swift.—Ed.

† Dryden's "Epistles Dedicatory" are models of the adulatory style. He invests his patrons indiscriminately with every virtue under heaven; and in language that for ease, spirit, and variety, has never yet been excelled. The character of the Duke of York (James II.) is familiar to most readers since Mr. Macaulay published his history; yet Dryden addresses him in the following strain:—

"I make my last appeal to your Royal Highness as to a sovereign tribunal. Heroes should only be judged by heroes, because they only are capable of measuring great and heroic actions by the rule and standard of their own. If Almanzor has failed in any point of honour, I must therein acknowledge that he deviates from your Royal Highness, who are the pattern of it. But if at any time he fulfils the parts of personal valour, and of conduct of a soldier, and of a general; or, if I could yet give him a character more advantageous than what he has of the most unshaken friend, the greatest of subjects, and the best of masters, I should draw all the world a true resemblance of your worth and virtues; at least, as far as they are capable of being copied by the mean abilities of, Sir, your Royal Highness's most humble and most obedient Servant, John Dryden."

Lord Orrery's unkind treatment of his son, in his will, led us to talk of the dispositions a man should have when dying. I said, I did not see why a man should act differently with respect to those of whom he thought ill when in health, merely because he was dying.—JOHNSON: "I should not scruple to speak against a party, when dying; but should not do it against an individual. It is told of Sixtus Quintus, that on his death-bed, in the intervals of his last pangs, he signed death-warrants."—Mr. Macqueen said he should not do so; he would have more tenderness of heart.—JOHNSON: "I believe I should not either; but Mr. Macqueen and I are cowards. It would not be from tenderness of heart; for the heart is as tender when a mán is in health as when he is sick, though his resolution may be stronger. Sixtus Quintus was a sovereign as well as a priest; and, if the criminals deserved death, he was doing his duty to the last. You would not think a judge died ill, who should be carried off by an apoplectic fit while pronouncing sentence of death. Consider a class of men whose business it is to distribute death—soldiers, who die scattering bullets—nobody thinks they die ill on that account."

Talking of biography, he said, he did not think that the life of any literary man in England had been well written. Beside the common incidents of life, it should tell us his studies, his mode of living, the means by which he attained to excellence, and his opinion of his own works. He told us he had sent Derrick to Dryden's relations to gather materials for his life; and he believed Derrick had got all that he himself should have got; but it was nothing. He added, he had a kindness for Derrick, and was sorry he was dead.

His notion as to the poems published by Mr. Macpherson, as the works of Ossian, was not shaken here. Mr. Macqueen always evaded the point of authenticity, saying only that Macpherson's pieces fell far short of those he knew in Erse, which were said to be Ossian's.—JOHNSON: "I hope they do. I am not disputing that you may have poetry of great merit; but that Macpherson's is not a translation from ancient poetry. You do not believe it. I say before you, you do not believe it, though you are very willing that the world should believe it."—Mr. Macqueen made no answer to this.—Dr. Johnson proceeded: "I look upon Macpherson's 'Fingal' to be as gross an imposition as ever the world was troubled with. Had it been really an ancient work, a true specimen how men thought at that time, it would have been a curiosity of the first rate. As a modern production, it is nothing."—He said he could never get the meaning of an *Erse* song explained to him. They told him the chorus was generally unmeaning. "I take it," said he, "Erse songs

are like a song which I remember: it was composed in Queen Elizabeth's time, on the Earl of Essex; and the burthen was—

> "Radaratoo, radarate, radara tadara tandore."

"But surely," said Mr. Macqueen, "there were words to it which had meaning."—JOHNSON: "Why, yes, sir; I recollect a stanza, and you shall have it:

> "O! then bespoke the prentices all,
> Living in London, both proper and tall,
> For Essex's sake they would fight all.
> Radaratoo, radarate, radara, tadara, tandore."*

When Mr. Macqueen began again to expatiate on the beauty of Ossian's poetry, Dr. Johnson entered into no farther controversy, but, with a pleasant smile, only cried "Ay, ay; *Radaratoo radarate*."

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

I took "Fingal" down to the parlour in the morning, and tried a test proposed by Mr. Roderick Macleod, son to Ulinish. Mr. Macqueen had said he had some of the poem in the original. I desired him to mention any passage in the printed book, of which he could repeat the original. He pointed out one in page 50 of the quarto edition, and read the Erse, while Mr. Roderick Macleod and I looked on the English; and Mr. Macleod said, that it was pretty like what Mr. Macqueen had recited. But when Mr. Macqueen read a description of Cuchullin's sword, in Erse, together with a translation of it in English verse, by Sir James Foulis, Mr. Macleod said that was much more like than Mr. Macpherson's translation of the former passage. Mr. Macqueen then repeated, in Erse, a description of one of the horses in Cuchillin's car. Mr. Macleod said Mr. Macpherson's English was nothing like it.

When Dr. Johnson came down, I told him that I had now obtained some evidence concerning "Fingal;" for that Mr. Macqueen had repeated a passage in the original Erse, which Mr. Macpherson's translation was pretty like; and reminded him that he himself had

* This droll quotation, I have since found, was from a song in honour of the Earl of Essex, called "Queen Elizabeth's Champion," which is preserved in a collection of Old Ballads, in three volumes, published in London, in different years, between 1720 and 1730. The full verse is as follows:—

> "O! then bespoke the prentices all,
> Living in London, both proper and tall,
> In a kind letter sent straight to the Queen,
> For Essex's sake they would fight all.
> Raderer too, tandaro te,
> Raderer, tandorer, tan do re."—BOSWELL.

once said, he did not require Mr. Macpherson's Ossian to be more like the original than Pope's "Homer."—JOHNSON: "Well, sir; this is just what I always maintained. He has found names, and stories, and phrases—nay, passages in old songs, and with them has blended his own compositions; and so made what he gives to the world as the translation of an ancient poem."—If this was the case, I observed, it was wrong to publish it as a poem in six books.—JOHNSON: "Yes, sir; and to ascribe it to a time, too, when the Highlanders knew nothing of *books*, and nothing of *six*, or perhaps were got the length of counting six. We have been told by Condamine, of a nation that could count no more than four. This should be told to Monboddo; it would help him. There is as much charity in helping a man down hill as in helping him up hill."—BOSWELL: "I don't think there is as much charity."—JOHNSON: "Yes, sir; if his *tendency* be downwards. Till he is at the bottom, he flounders; get him once there and he is quiet. Swift tells, that Stella had a trick, which she learned from Addison, of encouraging a man in absurdity, instead of endeavouring to extricate him." *

Mr. Macqueen's answers to the inquiries concerning Ossian were so unsatisfactory, that I could not help observing that, were he examined in a court of justice, he would find himself under a necessity of being more explicit.—JOHNSON: "Sir, he has told Blair a little too much, which is published; and he sticks to it. He is so much at the head of things here, that he has never been accustomed to be closely examined; and so he goes on quite smoothly."—BOSWELL: "He has never had any body to work him."—JOHNSON: "No, sir; and a man is seldom disposed to work himself; though he ought to work himself, to be sure."—Mr. Macqueen made no reply.†

* "Whether this proceeded from her easiness in general, or from her indifference to persons, or from her despair of mending them, or from the same practice which she much liked in Mr. Addison, I cannot determine; but when she saw any of the company warm in a wrong opinion, she was more inclined to confirm them in it than oppose them. The excuse she commonly gave when her friends asked the reason, was, 'That it prevented noise and saved time.'"—*On the Death of Mrs. Johnson (Stella)*.—ED.

† I think it but justice to say, that I believe Dr. Johnson meant to ascribe Mr. Macqueen's conduct to inaccuracy and enthusiasm, and did not mean any severe imputation against him.—BOSWELL.

[Mr. Macqueen was very sharply censured by his countrymen for his vacillating conduct at this interview, which, it was said, was opposed to all his previous declarations. Yet in his letter to Dr. Blair, written so early as 1764, Macqueen had expressed himself very guardedly. "I have," he said, "a just esteem for the translator's genius, and believe, after the narrowest search I could make, that there is a foundation in the ancient songs for every part of his work, but I am apt to believe also that he hath tacked together into the poem descriptions, similes, names, &c., from several detached pieces; but of this I can give no demonstration, as I met only

Having talked of the strictness with which witnesses are examine in courts of justice, Dr. Johnson told us that Garrick, though accustomed to face multitudes, when produced as a witness in Westminster Hall, was so disconcerted by a new mode of public appearance, that he could not understand what was asked. It was a cause where an actor claimed a *free benefit*, that is to say, a benefit without paying the expense of the house; but the meaning of the term was disputed. Garrick was asked, "Sir, have you a free benefit?"—"Yes."—"Upon what terms have you it?"—"Upon—the terms—of—a free benefit." He was dismissed as one from whom no information could be obtained. Dr. Johnson is often too hard on our friend Mr. Garrick. When I asked him why he did not mention him in the preface to his Shakspeare, he said, "Garrick has been liberally paid for anything he has done for Shakspeare. If I should praise him, I should much more praise the nation who paid him. He has not made Shakspeare better known;* he cannot illustrate Shakspeare: so I have reasons enough against mentioning him, were reasons necessary. There should be

with fragments."—(Highland Society's Report.) This seems to be a just representation of the state of the case, and is the same conclusion arrived at by the Highland Society's Committee, after an elaborate investigation. There was a great body of traditional poetry relating to the Fingalians, and universally ascribed to Ossian, preserved in the Highlands, but no one poem has been found the same in title and tenor with the poems published by Macpherson. Johnson affirmed that the Erse or Gaelic never was a written language, and that there was not in the world an Erse manuscript a hundred years old. This assertion has been completely disproved. Both in Ireland and the Highlands such manuscripts existed, and Macpherson undoubtedly met with such in the course of his search. The Highland Society also received some, of which they published fac-similes. Martin mentions (1703) that a Life of Columbus, written in the Erse language, was in the custody of a John Macneil, in Barra, and another copy was in the possession of Macdonald of Benbecula. A deed of fosterage between Sir Norman Macleod, and John Mackenzie, executed in the year 1645, shows that the Gaelic language was not disused in legal obligations at that period. Johnson admits in his "Journey" that the Welsh and Irish were cultivated tongues. Now, the Irish is very nearly the same as the Gaelic; the natives of the two countries can converse freely in the same Celtic speech; and the Welsh is believed to be a cognate dialect of the Celtic.—ED.]

* It has been triumphantly asked, "Had not the plays of Shakspeare lain dormant for many years before the appearance of Mr. Garrick? Did he not exhibit the most excellent of them frequently for thirty years together, and render them extremely popular by his own inimitable performance?" He undoubtedly did. But Dr. Johnson's assertion has been misunderstood. Knowing as well as the objectors what has been just stated, he must necessarily have meant that "Mr. Garrick did not, as *a critic*, make Shakspeare better known; he did not *illustrate* any one *passage* in any of his plays by acuteness of disquisition or sagacity of conjecture;" and what had been done with any degree of excellence in *that* way was the proper and immediate subject of his preface. I may add in support of this explanation the following anecdote, related to me by one of the ablest commentators on Shakspeare, who knew much of Dr. Johnson: "Now I have quitted the theatre," cries Garrick, "I will sit down and read Shakspeare." "'Tis time you should," exclaimed Johnson, "for I much doubt if you ever examined one of his plays from the first scene to the last."—BOSWELL.

reasons *for* it."—I spoke of Mrs. Montague's very high praises of Garrick.—JOHNSON: "Sir, it is fit she should say so much, and I should say nothing. Reynolds is fond of her book, and I wonder at it; for neither I, nor Beauclerk, nor Mrs. Thrale, could get through it." *

Last night Dr. Johnson gave us an account of the whole process

* No man has less inclination to controversy than I have, particularly with a lady. But as I have claimed, and am conscious of being entitled to, credit for the strictest fidelity, my respect for the public obliges me to take notice of an insinuation which tends to impeach it. Mrs. Piozzi (late Mrs. Thrale), to her "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson," adds the following postscript:—

"Naples, February 10, 1786.

"Since the foregoing went to the press, having seen a passage from Mr. Boswell's 'Tour to the Hebrides,' in which it is said that I could not get through Mrs. Montague's 'Essay on Shakspeare,' I do not delay a moment to declare, that, on the contrary, I have always commended it myself, and heard it commended by every one else; and few things would give me more concern than to be thought incapable of tasting, or unwilling to testify my opinion of its excellence."

It is remarkable that this postscript is so expressed as not to point out the person who said that Mrs. Thrale could not get through Mrs. Montague's book; and therefore I think it necessary to remind Mrs. Piozzi, that the assertion concerning her was Dr. Johnson's, and not mine. The second observation that I shall make on this postscript is, that it does not deny the fact asserted, though I must acknowledge, from the praise it bestows on Mrs. Montague's book, it may have been designed to convey that meaning.

What Mrs. Thrale's opinion is or was, or what she may or may not have said to Dr. Johnson concerning Mrs. Montague's book, it is not necessary for me to inquire. It is only incumbent on me to ascertain what Dr. Johnson said to me. I shall therefore confine myself to a very short state of the fact.

The unfavourable opinion of Mrs. Montague's book which Dr. Johnson is here reported to have given, is known to have been that which he uniformly expressed, as many of his friends well remember. So much for the authenticity of the paragraph, as far as it relates to his own sentiments. The words containing the assertion to which Mrs. Piozzi objects are printed from my manuscript journal, and were taken down at the time. The journal was read by Dr. Johnson, who pointed out some inaccuracies, which I corrected, but did not mention any inaccuracy in the paragraph in question; and what is still more material, and very flattering to me, a considerable part of my journal, containing this paragraph, *was read several years ago by Mrs. Thrale herself*, who had it for some time in her possession, and returned it to me, without intimating that Dr. Johnson had mistaken her sentiments.

When the first edition of my journal was passing through the press, it occurred to me, that a peculiar delicacy was necessary to be observed in reporting the opinion of one literary lady concerning the performance of another; and I had such scruples on that head, that in the proof sheet I struck out the name of Mrs. Thrale from the above paragraph, and two or three hundred copies of my book were actually printed and published without it; of these Sir Joshua Reynolds's copy happened to be one. But while the sheet was working off, a friend, for whose opinion I have great respect, suggested that I had no right to deprive Mrs. Thrale of the high honour which Dr. Johnson had done her, by stating her opinion along with that of Mr. Beauclerk, as coinciding with, and, as it were, sanctioning his own. The observation appeared to me so weighty and conclusive, that I hastened to the printing-house, and, as a piece of justice, restored Mrs. Thrale to that place from which a too scrupulous delicacy had excluded her. On this simple state of facts I shall make no observations whatever.—BOSWELL.

of tanning, and of the nature of milk, and the various operations upon it, as making whey, &c. His variety of information is surprising; and it gives one much satisfaction to find such a man bestowing his attention on the useful arts of life. Ulinish was much struck with his knowledge, and said, "He is a great orator, sir; it is music to hear this man speak."—A strange thought struck me, to try if he knew anything of an art, or whatever it should be called, which is no doubt very useful in life, but which lies far out of the way of a philosopher and a poet—I mean the trade of a butcher. I enticed him into the subject, by connecting it with the various researches into the manners and customs of uncivilized nations, that have been made by our late navigators into the South Seas. I began with observing, that Mr. (now Sir Joseph) Banks tells us that the art of slaughtering animals was not known in Otaheite, for, instead of bleeding to death their dogs (a common food with them), they strangle them. This he told me himself; and I supposed that their hogs were killed in the same way. Dr. Johnson said, "This must be owing to their not having knives, though they have sharp stones with which they can cut a carcase in pieces tolerably." By degrees, he showed that he knew something even of butchery. "Different animals," said he. "are killed differently: an ox is knocked down, and a calf stunned; but a sheep has its throat cut, without anything being done to stupfy it. The butchers have no view to the ease of the animals, but only to make them quiet for their own safety and convenience. A sheep can give them little trouble. Hailes is of opinion that every animal should be blooded, without having any blow given to it, because it bleeds better."—BOSWELL: "That would be cruel."—JOHNSON: "No, sir; there is not much pain if the jugular vein be properly cut."—Pursuing the subject, he said the kennels of Southwark ran with blood two or three days in the week; that he was afraid there were slaughter-houses in more streets in London than one supposes (speaking with a kind of horror of butchering); "and yet," he added, "any of us would kill a cow rather than not have beef."—I said we *could* not.—"Yes," said he, "any one may. The business of a butcher is a trade indeed, that is to say, there is an apprenticeship served to it; but it may be learnt in a month."

I mentioned a club in London, at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, the very tavern where Falstaff and his joyous companions met; the members of which all assume Shakspeare's characters. One is Falstaff, another Prince Henry, another Bardolph, and so on.—JOHNSON: "Don't be of it, sir. Now that you have a name, you must be careful to avoid many things, not bad in themselves, but which will lessen

your character.*—This every man who has a name must observe. A man who is not publicly known may live in London as he pleases, without any notice being taken of him; but it is wonderful how a person of any consequence is watched. There was a member of parliament who wanted to prepare himself to speak on a question that was to come on in the House; and he and I were to talk it over together. He did not wish it should be known that he talked with me; so he would not let me come to his house, but came to mine. Some time after he had made his speech in the House, Mrs. Cholmondely, a very airy lady, told me, 'Well, you could make nothing of him!' naming the gentleman; which was a proof that he was watched. I had once some business to do for government, and I went to Lord North's. Precaution was taken that it should not be known. It was dark before I went; yet a few days after I was told, 'Well, you have been with Lord North.' That the door of the prime minister should be watched, is not strange; but that a member of parliament should be watched, or that my door should be watched, is wonderful."

We set out this morning on our way to Talisker, in Ulinish's boat, having taken leave of him and his family. Mr. Donald Macqueen still favoured us with his company, for which we were much obliged to him. As we sailed along, Dr. Johnson got into one of his fits of railing at the Scots. He owned that they had been a very learned nation for a hundred years, from about 1550 to about 1650; but that they afforded the only instance of a people among whom the arts of

* I do not see why I might not have been of this club without lessening my character. But Dr. Johnson's caution against supposing one's self concealed in London, may be very useful to prevent some people from doing many things, not only foolish, but criminal.—BOSWELL.

[Boswell was little solicitous of his personal dignity after Johnson's decease. The great man held him in check, and repressed the tendency to *jollity*, which afterwards became too conspicuous. Madame d'Arblay recounts some of these unseemly exhibitions, and others are recorded. What would Johnson have said to his friend singing a song of his own composing, "The Grocer of London," at the Lord Mayor's feast, or to his publishing an Ode to Charles Dilly, the bookseller, beginning in this strain?—

"My cordial friend,
Still prompt to lend
Your cash when I have need on't;
We both must bear
Our load of care—
At least we talk and read on't."

He once thought of taking Lord Thurlow for his hero. "Now that Dr. Johnson is gone to a better world, I bow the intellectual knee to Lord Thurlow, who, with inflexible wisdom, stops the tide of fashionable reform."—("Letter to the People of Scotland.") The Chancellor must have "growled a curse of woe" on reading this declaration. The life and conversation of Thurlow, *Boswellised*, would have formed a curious record.—ED.]

civil life did not advance in proportion with learning; that they had hardly any trade, any money, or any elegance, before the Union; that it was strange that, with all the advantages possessed by other nations, they had not any of those conveniences and embellishments which are the fruit of industry, till they come in contact with a civilized people. "We have taught you," said he, "and we'll do the same in time to all barbarous nations: to the Cherokees, and at last to the Ouran-Outangs;" laughing with as much glee as if Monboddo had been present.—BOSWELL: "We had wine before the Union."—JOHNSON: "No, sir; you had some weak stuff, the refuse of France, which would not make you drunk."—BOSWELL: "I assure you, sir, there was a great deal of drunkenness."—JOHNSON: "No, sir; there were people who died of dropsies, which they contracted in trying to get drunk."

I must here glean some of his conversation at Ulinish, which I have omitted. He repeated his remark, that a man in a ship was worse than a man in a jail. "The man in a jail," said he, "has more room, better food, and commonly better company, and is in safety."—"Ay; but," said Mr. Macqueen, "the man in a ship has the pleasing hope of getting to shore."—JOHNSON: "Sir, I am not talking of a man's getting to shore; but of a man while he is in a ship: and then, I say, he is worse than a man while he is in jail. A man in a jail *may* have the '*pleasing hope*' of getting out. A man confined for only a limited time, actually *has* it."—Macleod mentioned his schemes for carrying on fisheries with spirit, and that he would wish to understand the construction of boats. I suggested that he might go to a dock-yard and work, as Peter the Great did.—JOHNSON: "Nay, sir, he need not work. Peter the Great had not the sense to see that the mere mechanical work may be done by any body, and that there is the same art in constructing a vessel, whether the boards are well or ill wrought. Sir Christopher Wren might as well have served his time to a bricklayer, and first, indeed, to a brick-maker."

There is a beautiful little island in the Loch of Dunvegan, called *Isa.** Macleod said, he would give it to Dr. Johnson on condition of his residing on it three months in the year; nay, one month. Dr. Johnson was highly amused with the fancy. I have seen him please himself with little things, even with mere ideas like the present. He talked a great deal of this island; how he would build a house there, how he would fortify it, how he would have cannon, how he would plant, how he would sally out and *take* the Isle of Muck; and then

* Or *Eilean Isa*, the island of Jesus. It is fertile and supports about fifteen families. There are several small islands in the neighbourhood, but Isa is the only one that is inhabited.—ED.

he laughed with uncommon glee, and could hardly leave off. I have seen him do so at a small matter that struck him, and was a sport to no one else. Mr. Langton told me, that one night he did so while the company were all grave about him; only Garrick, in his significant smart manner, darting his eyes around, exclaimed, "*Very* jocose, to be sure!"—Macleod encouraged the fancy of Dr. Johnson's becoming owner of an island; told him that it was the practice in this country to name every man by his lands; and begged leave to drink to him in that mode: "*Island Isa*, your health!" Ulinish, Talisker, Mr. Macqueen, and I, all joined in our different manners, while Dr. Johnson bowed to each with much good humour.

We had good weather, and a fine sail this day. The shore was varied with hills, and rocks, and corn-fields, and bushes, which are here dignified with the name of natural *wood*. We landed near the house of Fernilea, a farm possessed by another gentleman of the name of Macleod, who, expecting our arrival, was waiting on the shore, with a horse for Dr. Johnson. The rest of us walked. At dinner I expressed to Macleod the joy which I had in seeing him on such cordial terms with his clan. "Government," said he "has deprived us of our ancient power; but it cannot deprive us of our domestic affections. I would rather drink punch in one of their houses (meaning the houses of his people), than be enabled by their hardships, to have claret in my own."—This should be the sentiment of every chieftain. All that he can get by raising his rents, is more luxury in his own house. Is it not better to share the profits of his estate, to a certain degree, with his kinsmen, and thus have both social intercourse and patriarchal influence?

We had a very good ride, for about three miles, to Talisker, where Colonel Macleod introduced us to his lady. We found here Mr. Donald Maclean, the yound Laird of *Col* (nephew to Talisker), to whom I delivered the letter with which I had been favoured by his uncle, Professor Macleod, at Aberdeen. He was a little lively young man. We found he had been a good deal in England, studying farming, and was resolved to improve the value of his father's lands, without oppressing his tenants, or losing the ancient Highland fashions.

Talisker is a better place than one commonly finds in Sky. It is situated in a rich bottom. Before it is a wide expanse of sea, on each hand of which are immense rocks; and, at some distance in the sea, there are three columnal rocks rising to sharp points. The billows break with prodigious force and noise on the coast of Talisker. There are here a good many well-grown trees. Talisker is an extensive farm. The possessor of it has, for several generations, been the next heir to Macleod, as there has been but one son always in that family.

The court before the house is most injudiciously paved with the round bluish-grey pebbles which are found upon the sea-shore; so that you walk as if upon cannon-balls driven into the ground.

After supper, I talked of the assiduity of the Scottish clergy, in visiting and privately instructing the parishioners, and observed how much in this they excelled the English clergy. Dr. Johnson would not let this pass. He tried to turn it off, by saying, "There are different ways of instructing. Our clergy pray and preach."—Macleod and I pressed the subject, upon which he grew warm, and broke forth: "I do not believe your people are better instructed. If they are, it is the blind leading the blind; for your clergy are not instructed themselves." Thinking he had gone a little too far, he checked himself, and added, "When I talk of the ignorance of your clergy, I talk of them as a body; I do not mean that there are not individuals who are learned," looking at Mr. Macqueen. "I suppose there are such among the clergy in Muscovy. The clergy of England have produced the most valuable books in support of religion, both in theory and practice. What have your clergy done, since you sunk into presbyterianism? Can you name one book of any value, on a religious subject, written by them?"—We were silent.—"I'll help you. Forbes wrote very well; but I believe he wrote before episcopacy was quite extinguished." And then pausing a little, he said, "Yes, you have Wishart AGAINST Repentance.*"—BOSWELL: "But, sir, we are not contending for the superior learning of our clergy, but for their superior assiduity."—He bore us down again, with thundering against their ignorance, and said to me, "I see you have not been well taught, for you have not charity."—He had been in some measure forced into this warmth by the exulting air which I assumed; for, when he began, he said, "Since you *will* drive the nail!"—He again thought of good Mr. Macqueen, and taking him by the hand, said, "Sir, I did not mean any disrespect to you."

Here I must observe, that he conquered by deserting his ground, and not meeting the argument as I had put it. The assiduity of the

* This was a dexterous mode of description, for the purpose of his argument; for what he alluded to was a sermon published by the learned Dr. William Wishart, formerly principal of the college at Edinburgh, to warn men against confiding in a death-bed repentance, of the inefficacy of which he entertained notions very different from those of Dr. Johnson.—BOSWELL.

[The allusion to Forbes is not so distinct; perhaps Johnson referred to Dr. John Forbes, of Corse, an eminent scholar and theologian, whose Histories, Theological Institutions, and other works were published in two volumes folio at Amsterdam, in 1703. Burnet, in his Life of Bedell, alludes in terms of high commendation to Forbes. This learned divine was at one time Professor of Divinity in King's College, Aberdeen, but was driven abroad by the introduction of the Solemn League and Covenant. He returned to die at home, April 29th, 1648.—ED.]

Scottish clergy is certainly greater than that of the English. His taking up the topic of their not having so much learning, was, though ingenious, yet a fallacy in logic. It was as if there should be a dispute whether a man's hair is well dressed, and Dr. Johnson should say, "Sir, his hair cannot be well dressed, for he has a dirty shirt. No man who has not clean linen has his hair well dressed."—When some days afterwards he read this passage, he said, "No, sir; I did not say that a man's hair could not be well dressed because he has not clean linen, but because he is bald."

He used one argument against the Scottish clergy being learned, which I doubt was not good. "As we believe a man dead till we know that he is alive; so we believe men ignorant till we know that they are learned." Now, our maxim in law is, to presume a man alive till we know he is dead. However, indeed, it may be answered, that we must first know he has lived; and that we have never known the learning of the Scottish clergy. Mr. Macqueen, though he was of opinion that Dr. Johnson had deserted the point really in dispute, was much pleased with what he said, and owned to me he thought it very just; and Mrs. Macleod was so much captivated by his eloquence, that she told me, "I was a good advocate for a bad cause."

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

This was a good day. Dr. Johnson told us at breakfast that he rode harder at a fox chase than any body. "The English," said he, "are the only nation who ride hard a-hunting. A Frenchman goes out upon a managed horse, and capers in the field, and no more thinks of leaping a hedge than of mounting a breach. Lord Powerscourt laid a wager in France that he would ride a great many miles in a certain short time. The French academicians set to work, and calculated that, from the resistance of the air, it was impossible. His lordship however performed it."

Our money being nearly exhausted, we sent a bill for thirty pounds, drawn on Sir William Forbes and Co., to Lochbracadale, but our messenger found it very difficult to procure cash for it; at length however, he got us value from the master of a vessel which was to carry away some emigrants. There is a great scarcity of specie in Sky. Mr. Macqueen said he had the utmost difficulty to pay his servants' wages, or to pay for any little thing which he has to buy. The rents are paid in bills, which the drovers give. The people consume a vast deal of snuff and tobacco, for which they must pay ready money; and pedlars, who come about selling goods, as there is not a shop in the island, carry away the cash. If there were encouragement given to fisheries and manufactures, there might be a circu-

lation of money introduced. I got one-and-twenty shillings in silver at Portree, which was thought a wonderful store.

Talisker, Mr. Macqueen, and I, walked out, and looked at no less than fifteen different waterfalls near the house, in the space of about a quarter of a mile. We also saw Cuchillin's well, said to have been the favourite spring of that ancient hero. I drank of it. The water is admirable. On the shore are many stones full of crystallizations in the heart.*

Though our obliging friend, Mr. Maclean, was but the young laird, he had the title of *Col* constantly given him. After dinner, he and I walked to the top of Prieshwell, a very high rocky hill, from whence there is a view of Barra, the Long Island, Bernera, the Loch of Dunvegan, part of Rum, part of Rasay, and a vast deal of the Isle of Sky. Col, though he had come into Sky with an intention to be at Dunvegan, and pass a considerable time in the island, most politely resolved first to conduct us to Mull, and then to return to Sky. This was a very fortunate circumstance; for he planned an expedition for us of more variety than merely going to Mull. He proposed we should see the islands of *Egg*, *Muck*, *Col*, and *Tyr-ri* [Tiree]. In all these islands he could show us everything worth seeing; and in Mull he said he should be as if at home, his father having lands there, and he a farm.

Dr. Johnson did not talk much to-day, but seemed intent in listening to the schemes of future excursion, planned by Col. Dr. Birch, however, being mentioned, he said, he had more anecdotes than any man. I said, Percy had a great many; that he flowed with them like one of the brooks here.—JOHNSON: "If Percy is like one of the brooks here, Birch was like the river Thames. Birch excelled Percy in that, as much as Percy excels Goldsmith."—I mentioned Lord Hailes as a man of anecdote. He was not pleased with him for publishing only such memorials and letters as were unfavourable for the Stuart family. "If," said he, "a man fairly warns you, 'I am to give all the ill; do

* The water of Cuchillin's well was so highly valued by old Talisker that he would drink no other when at home, though the spring was at some distance, and could only be reached by fording a stream. On one occasion it was found that the servant had neglected to fetch the usual supply, and, though the night was dark and stormy, he was ordered off to repair the omission. The faithless Donald, to save the dreary walk, filled his pail at a more convenient spring: Talisker detected the imposition, and sent Donald back again; but, with marvellous condescension, he resolved to accompany him, to make sure against any further mistake. Cuchillin's well was reached and the pail replenished; and as Donald trudged behind his master, ruminating on the consequences of detection, he contrived to dip the pail in the stream, and to take home for his outwitted master a liquid as unlike the well-known water of Cuchillin's well as that which had at first excited his suspicious ire. The blame was laid upon the well, which it was concluded must have been subjected to some disturbing causes, and the adroit Highlander escaped punishment. Drinking from this memorable spring, and living temperately, Talisker reached the goodly age of eighty, dying July 14th, 1798.—ED.

you find the good;' he may: but if the object which he professes be to give a view of a reign, let him tell all the truth. I would tell truth of the two Georges, or of that scoundrel, King William. Granger's Biographical History is full of curious anecdote, but might have been better done. The dog is a Whig. I do not like much to see a Whig in any dress; but I hate to see a Whig in a parson's gown." *

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

It was resolved that we should set out, in order to return to Slate, to be in readiness to take a boat whenever there should be a fair wind. Dr. Johnson remained in his chamber writing a letter, and it was long before we could get him into motion. He did not come to breakfast, but had it sent to him. When he had finished his letter, it was twelve o'clock, and we should have set out at ten. When I went up to him, he said to me, "Do you remember a song which begins—

"Every island is a prison
Strongly guarded by the sea;
Kings and princes, for that reason,
Prisoners are, as well as we." †

* On retiring to his own room Johnson indulged in one of these serious retrospects and self-communings, which were common with him at certain seasons, particularly his birthday. The following is among his "Prayers and Meditations:"

"Talisker, in Sky, Sept. 24, 1773.

"On last Saturday was my sixty-fourth birthday. I might perhaps have forgotten it had not Boswell told me of it; and, what pleased me less, told the family at Dunvegan. The last year is added to those of which little use has been made. I tried in the summer to learn Dutch, and was interrupted by an inflammation in my eye. I set out in August on this journey to Sky. I find my memory uncertain, but hope it is only by a life immethodical and scattered. Of my body, I do not perceive that exercise or change of air has yet either increased the strength or activity. My nights are still disturbed by flatulencies. My hope is, for resolution I dare no longer call it, to divide my time regularly, and to keep such a journal of my time as may give me comfort on reviewing it. But when I consider my age and the broken state of my body, I have great reason to fear lest death should lay hold upon me while I am only yet designing to live. But I have yet hope.

"ALMIGHTY God, most merciful Father, look down upon me with pity! Thou hast protected me in childhood and youth; support me, Lord, in my declining years. Preserve me from the dangers of sinful presumption. Give me, if it be best for me, stability of purposes and tranquillity of mind. Let the year which I have now begun be spent to thy glory and to the furtherance of my salvation. Take not from me thy Holy Spirit, but as death approaches prepare me to appear joyfully in thy presence, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."—ED.

† The song begins differently, thus—

"Welcome, welcome, brother debtor,
To this poor but merry place,
Where no bailiff, dun, nor setter,
Dares to show his frightful face."

The lines quoted by Johnson form part of the third stanza. In a copy of "A Select Collection of English Songs," in three volumes, published by Johnson, St. Paul's

I suppose he had been thinking of our confined situation. He would fain have gone in a boat from hence, instead of riding back to Slate. A scheme for it was proposed. He said, "We'll not be driven tamely from it;" but it proved impracticable.

We took leave of Macleod and Talisker, from whom we parted with regret. Talisker, having been bred to physic, had a tincture of scholarship in his conversation, which pleased Dr. Johnson, and he had some very good books; and being a colonel in the Dutch service, he and his lady, in consequence of having lived abroad, had introduced the ease and politeness of the continent into this rude region.*

Young Col was now our leader. Mr. Macqueen was to accompany us half a day more. We stopped at a little hut, where we saw an old woman grinding with the *quern*, the ancient Highland instrument which, it is said, was used by the Romans, but which, being very slow in its operation, is almost entirely gone into disuse.



THE QUERN.

The walls of the cottages in Sky, instead of being one compacted mass of stones, are often formed by two exterior surfaces of stone, filled up with earth in the middle, which makes them very warm. The roof is generally bad. They are thatched, sometimes with straw, sometimes with heath, sometimes with fern. The thatch is secured by ropes of straw, or of heath; and, to fix the ropes, there is a stone tied to the end of each. These stones hang round the bottom of the roof, and make it look like a lady's hair in papers; but I should think that, when there is wind, they would come down, and knock people on the head.

We dined at the inn at Sconser, where I had the pleasure to find a letter from my wife. Here we parted from our learned companion, Mr. Donald Macqueen. Dr. Johnson took leave of him very affectionately, saying, "Dear sir, do not forget me!"—We settled that he should write an account of the Isle of Sky, which Dr. Johnson promised to revise. He said, Mr. Macqueen should tell all that he could;

Churchyard, 1783, which belonged to the poet Burns and is now in our possession, Burns has written at the commencement of the above song, "By Mr. Coffey."—ED.

* The Scotch regiments in the Dutch service were formed out of some independent companies sent over either in the reign of Elizabeth or James VI. The officers were all Scotch, who were obliged to take oaths to our Government, and to qualify in presence of our ambassador at the Hague.—"Pennant's Second Tour." Part I.—ED.

distinguishing what he himself knew, what was traditional, and what conjectural.*

We sent our horses round a point of land, that we might shun some very bad road, and resolved to go forward by sea. It was seven o'clock when we got into our boat. We had many showers, and it soon grew pretty dark. Dr. Johnson sat silent and patient. Once he said, as he looked on the black coast of Sky,—black, as being composed of rocks seen in the dusk,—"This is very solemn." Our boatmen were rude singers, and seemed so like wild Indians, that a very little imagination was necessary to give one an impression of being upon an American river. We landed at Strolimus, from whence we got a guide to walk before us, for two miles, to Corrichatachin. Not being able to procure a horse for our baggage, I took one portmanteau before me, and Joseph another. We had but a single star to light us on our way. It was about eleven when we arrived. We were most hospitably received by the master and mistress, who were just going to bed, but, with unaffected ready kindness, made a good fire, and at twelve o'clock at night had supper on the table.

James Macdonald, of Knockow, Kingsburgh's brother, whom we had seen at Kingsburgh, was there. He showed me a bond granted by the late Sir James Macdonald, to old Kingsburgh, the preamble of which does so much honour to the feelings of that much-lamented gentleman, that I thought it worth transcribing. It was as follows:

"I, Sir James Macdonald, of Macdonald, Baronet, now, after arriving at my perfect age, from the friendship I bear to Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, and in return for the long and faithful services done and performed by him to my deceased

* Such a history would have been extremely interesting and valuable. All that Mr. Macqueen seems to have collected he communicated to Pennant, and the principal portion is a short "Dissertation on the Government of the People in the Western Isles," written in 1774. Mr. Macqueen, or more correctly Dr. Macqueen, for he had received the degree of D.D., though he did not use it in Skye, was an eminent member of the Scottish Church, and is honourably mentioned by Dr. Erskine in his "Sketches of Church History." He died suddenly at Rasay, in January, 1785, while on a visit to his cousin the Laird of Rasay. The funeral of the learned and estimable pastor is still remembered. Rasay gave a liberal "entertainment" previous to the "lifting of the body," there was another entertainment at Portree, and a third at Kilmuir, the place of interment. The whole parish of Kilmuir assembled to receive and accompany the remains of their minister from Portree. There was something very striking and solemn in these large Highland funerals; in the appearance of the vast procession winding among the hills or stretching along the shore; and in the strains of the bagpipe, as the "Lament" was slowly and mournfully pealed forth. The misfortune was that they were often carried to excess, and that by their expense they burdened families for years afterwards. Scenes of riot and disorder sometimes occurred, and so late as 1817, at the funeral of a chief, several individuals, on their return from the ghostly revels, perished amidst the snow. The better taste and feeling of modern times has greatly abated this extravagance; but the whole population of a glen is still ready to pour forth to honour piety, or public service, or ancient descent, in its passage to the tomb.—ED.

father, and to myself during my minority, when he was one of my tutors and curators; being resolved, now that the said Alexander Macdonald is advanced in years, to contribute my endeavours for making his old age placid and comfortable—"

Therefore he grants him an annuity of fifty pounds sterling.

Dr. Johnson went to bed soon. When one bowl of punch was finished, I rose, and was near the door, in my way up stairs to bed; but Corrichatachin said, it was the first time Col had been in his house, and he should have his bowl; and would not I join in drinking it? The heartiness of my honest landlord, and the desire of doing social honour to our very obliging conductor, induced me to sit down again. Col's bowl was finished; and by that time we were well warmed. A third bowl was soon made, and that too was finished. We were cordial and merry to a high degree; but of what passed I have no recollection, with any accuracy. I remember calling Corrichatachin by the familiar appellation of Corri, which his friends do.* A fourth bowl was made, by which time Col and young Mackinnon, Corrichatachin's son, slipped away to bed. I continued a little with Corri and Knockow; but at last I left them. It was near five in the morning when I got to bed.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

I awaked at noon, with a severe headache. I was much vexed that I should have been guilty of such a riot, and afraid of a reproof from Dr. Johnson. I thought it very inconsistent with that conduct which I ought to maintain while the companion of the "Rambler." About one, he came into my room, and accosted me, "What, drunk yet?" His tone of voice was not that of severe upbraiding; so I was relieved a little.—"Sir," said I, "they kept me up."—He answered, "No, you kept them up, you drunken dog." This he said with good-humoured English pleasantry. Soon afterwards, Corrichatachin, Col, and other friends assembled round my bed. Corri had a brandy-bottle and glass with him, and insisted I should take a dram.—"Ay," said Dr. Johnson, "fill him drunk again. Do it in the morning, that we may laugh at him all day. It is a poor thing for a fellow to get drunk at night, and skulk to bed, and let his friends have no sport." Finding him thus jocular, I became quite easy; and when I offered to get up, he very good-naturedly said, "You need be in no such hurry now."†

* This is now the universal practice; Corrichatachin has, both in speech and writing, been commuted into Corry.—Ed.

† My ingenuously relating this occasional instance of intemperance has, I find, been made the subject both of serious criticism and ludicrous banter. With the banterers I shall not trouble myself, but I wonder that those who pretend to the appellation of serious critics should not have had sagacity enough to perceive that here, as in every

I took my host's advice, and drank some brandy, which I found an effectual cure for my headache. When I rose, I went into Dr. Johnson's room, and taking up Mrs. Mackinnon's Prayer-book, I opened it at the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, in the epistle for which I read, "And be not drunk with wine, wherein there is excess." Some would have taken this as a divine interposition.

Mrs. Mackinnon told us at dinner that old Kingsburgh, her father, was examined at Mugstot, by General Campbell, as to the particulars of the dress of the person who had come to his house in woman's clothes, along with Miss Flora Macdonald, as the general had received intelligence of that disguise. The particulars were taken down in writing, that it might be seen how far they agreed with the dress of the *Irish girl* who went with Miss Flora from the Long Island. Kingsburgh, she said, had but one song, which he always sung when he was merry over a glass. She dictated the words to me, which are foolish enough:—

> Green sleeves and pudding pies,
> Tell me where my mistress lies,
> And I'll be with her before she rise,
> Fiddle and a' together.
>
> May our affairs abroad succeed,
> And may our king come home with speed,
> And all pretenders shake for dread,
> And let *his* health go round.
>
> To all our injured friends in need,
> This side and beyond the Tweed!—
> Let all pretenders shake for dread,
> And let *his* health go round.
> Green sleeves, &c.

While the examination was going on, the present Talisker, who was there as one of Macleod's militia, could not resist the pleasantry of asking Kingsburgh, in allusion to his only song, "Had she *green*

other part of the present work, my principal object was to delineate Dr. Johnson's manners and character. In justice to him I would not omit an anecdote which, though in some degree to my own disadvantage, exhibits in so strong a light the indulgence and good-humour with which he could treat those excesses in his friends of which he highly disapproved. In some other instances, the critics have been equally wrong as to the true motive of my recording particulars, the objections to which I saw as clearly as they. But it would be an endless task for an author to point out upon every occasion the precise object he has in view. Contenting himself with the approbation of readers of discernment and taste, he ought not to complain that some are found who cannot or will not understand him.—BOSWELL.

[Among the banterers on this occasion was Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot), who gave a very humourous travesty of Boswell's confession, and which concludes with this couplet—

> "Alas! says I, the sinner that I am;
> And having made my speech, I took a dram."—ED.]

sleeves?" Kingsburgh gave him no answer. Lady Margaret Macdonald was very angry at Talisker for joking on such a serious occasion, as Kingsburgh was really in danger of his life. Mrs. Mackinnon added that Lady Margaret was quite adored in Sky. That when she travelled through the island, the people ran in crowds before her, and took the stones off the road, lest her horse should stumble and she be hurt.* Her husband, Sir Alexander, is also remembered with great regard. We were told that every week a hogshead of claret was drunk at his table.†

* Lady Margaret, in one of her journeys from Skye, had crossed the Kyle, attended by her servants, and escorted by a number of the Skye gentlemen on horseback. When they reached the summit of one of the mountains of the mainland, the cavalcade dismounted to rest near a summer shealing, from which a comely young wife came out to offer the party such refreshment as her temporary abode afforded, being only curds and cream. The toil of the ascent and the heat of the day made the simple food highly palatable, and Lady Margaret desired that her entertainer should approach to receive her thanks personally for her hospitality. The woman, however, understood no English, and Lady Margaret, who was struck with her good looks, said to one of her train, "Tell her that I thank her for her entertainment, and that I have not seen such a pretty face for a long time." "Does her ladyship say so?" was the reply, "then it must have been a long time since she looked into her own glass (mirror)."—Ed.

† Sir Alexander Macdonald died at Bernera, in Glenelg, November 23rd, 1746. Kingsburgh had been chamberlain or factor of the Macdonald estate for twenty-eight years previous to the Rebellion, and great exertions were made to obtain his release from confinement in Edinburgh Castle, both on account of his own worth, and that he might continue his management of the property after Sir Alexander's death. Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, the Lord President, used all his influence for this purpose, but Kingsburgh was not liberated until the general amnesty in July, 1747. He obtained a whole year's lodging, as was said at the time, for affording a lodging for one night! The circumstance that Lady Macdonald had also been concerned with Kingsburgh in the escape of the Prince no doubt weakened the force of the applications in his favour. "All the fine ladies," said Duncan Forbes, "except one or two, became passionately fond of the young adventurer, and used all their arts and industry for him in the most intemperate manner." Lady Margaret was of a Jacobite family—one of the beautiful daughters of the Countess of Eglinton—and was secretly attached to the cause of Charles Edward, though Sir Alexander was in arms against him. In a letter to President Forbes the lady denied having seen the Pretender, but she must have repented having put on "the fragile armour of untruth," for the same packet contained a letter from her husband, in which the facts of the case were correctly given! Charles Edward was then in a state of wretched destitution, and few could have resisted the temptation to aid a prince flying from misery and danger. Lady Margaret described (we have no doubt truly) the Jacobitism of honest Kingsburgh as an accidental circumstance, "proceeding rather from an excess of good nature and compassion upon a miserable person, than from disloyalty or rebellious principles."—("Culloden Papers," p. 291.) It has been related that while Kingsburgh was a prisoner at Fort Augustus, previous to his being conveyed to Edinburgh, he was asked if he would know the Pretender's head; upon which he answered, "that he would know it if it were on his shoulders, but not otherwise." This refers to a romantic incident connected with the pursuit after Charles. A young man, Roderick Mackenzie, who bore a strong resemblance to the Prince, and had been in his army, whilst travelling in Glenmoriston, was beset by a military party; and finding escape impossible, with a view to relax the vigilance of the Prince's pursuers, he exclaimed, at his fall, "You

This was another day of wind and rain; but good cheer and good society helped to beguile the time. I felt myself comfortable enough in the afternoon. I then thought that my last night's riot was no more than such a social excess as may happen without much moral blame; and recollected that some physicians maintained, that a fever produced by it was, upon the whole, good for health: so different are our reflections on the same subject, at different periods; and such the excuses with which we palliate what we know to be wrong.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

Mr. Donald Macleod, our original guide, who had parted from us at Dunvegan, joined us again to-day. The weather was still so bad that we could not travel. I found a closet here with a good many books, beside those that were lying about. Dr. Johnson told me he found a library in his room at Talisker; and observed, that it was one of the remarkable things of Sky, that there were so many books in it.

Though we had here great abundance of provisions, it is remarkable that Corrichatachin has literally no garden—not even a turnip, a carrot, or a cabbage. After dinner we talked of the crooked spade used in Sky, already described, and they maintained that it was better than the usual garden spade, and that there was an art in tossing it, by which those who were accustomed to it could work very easily with it. "Nay," said Dr. Johnson, "it may be useful in land where there are many stones to raise; but it certainly is not a good instrument for digging good land. A man may toss it, to be sure; but he will toss a light spade much better: its weight makes it an incumbrance. A man *may* dig any land with it; but he has no occasion for such a weight in digging good land.* You may take a field-piece to shoot sparrows; but all the sparrows you can bring home will not be worth the charge."—He was quite social and easy amongst them; and, though he drank no fermented liquor, toasted Highland

have killed your Prince!" The soldiers cut off his head and carried it to Fort Augustus. The people of Glenmoriston, who received the tale from their fathers, say this chivalrous youth was a travelling merchant, who made stated journeys to the Highlands, and was well known. The body of Mackenzie was buried by the road-side, and the little green mound, marked by a stone at each extremity, is regarded with peculiar affection and veneration.—Ed.

* The crooked spade, or *cas-chrom*, is certainly a sufficiently awkward-looking implement, but it is well adapted to its own purposes. Johnson's sagacity made him discover the advantage of such a powerful lever in stony ground; but he ought to have been told that with it a man can turn twice as much ground as he could do with the common square spade in the same time. The ground, to be sure, will not be so well turned as it would be with the square spade; but it will be better turned than it would be by the ordinary horse plough.—Ed.

beauties with great readiness. His conviviality engaged them so much, that they seemed eager to show their attention to him, and vied with each other in crying out, with a strong Celtic pronunciation, "Toctor Shonson, Toctor Shonson, your health!"

This evening one of our married ladies, a lively pretty little woman, good-humouredly sat down upon Dr. Johnson's knee, and being encouraged by some of the company, put her hands round his neck, and kissed him.—"Do it again," said he, "and let us see who will tire first."—He kept her on his knee some time, while he and she drank tea.* He was now like a *buck* indeed. All the company were much entertained to find him so easy and pleasant. To me it was highly comic, to see the grave philosopher—the "Rambler"—toying with a Highland beauty! But what could he do? He must have been surly, and weak too, had he not behaved as he did. He would have been laughed at, and not more respected, and less loved.

He read to-night to himself, as he sat in company, a great deal of my "Journal," and said to me, "The more I read of this, I think the more highly of you." The gentlemen sat a long time at their punch, after he and I had retired to our chambers. The manner in which they were attended struck me as singular. The bell being broken, a smart lad lay on a table in the corner of the room, ready to spring up and bring the kettle, whenever it was wanted. They continued drinking and singing Erse songs till near five in the morning, when they all came into my room, where some of them had beds. Unluckily for me, they found a bottle of punch in a corner, which they drank; and Corrichatachin went for another, which they also drank. They made many apologies for disturbing me. I told them, that having been kept awake by their mirth, I had once thoughts of getting up, and joining them again. Honest Corrichatachin said, "To have had you done so, I would have given a cow."

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.

The weather was worse than yesterday. I felt as if imprisoned. Dr. Johnson said, it was irksome to be detained thus; yet he seemed to have less uneasiness, or more patience, than I had. What made our situation worse here was, that we had no rooms that we could command; for the good people had no notion that a man could have any occasion but for a mere sleeping-place; so, during the day, the bed-chambers were common to all the house. Servants ate in Dr. Johnson's; and mine was a general rendezvous of all under the roof, chil-

* This Highland lady, "so buxom, blithe and debonnair," was daughter of the elder and sister of the younger Mrs. Mackinnon. She was the wife of a medical gentleman, Dr. Macdonald, father of the present Laird of Innis-drynich, in Argyleshire.—Ed.

dren and dogs not excepted. As the gentlemen occupied the parlour, the ladies had no place to sit in, during the day, but Dr. Johnson's room. I had always some quiet time for writing in it, before he was up; and, by degrees, I accustomed the ladies to let me sit in it after breakfast, at my "Journal," without minding me.

Dr. Johnson was this morning for going to see as many islands as we could; not recollecting the uncertainty of the season, which might detain us in one place for many weeks. He said to me, "I have more the spirit of adventure than you." For my part, I was anxious to get to Mull, from whence we might almost any day reach the main-land.

Dr. Johnson mentioned, that the few ancient Irish gentlemen yet remaining have the highest pride of family; that Mr. Sandford, a friend of his, whose mother was Irish, told him, that O'Hara (who was true Irish, both by father and mother) and he, and Mr. Ponsonby, son to the Earl of Besborough, the greatest man of the three, but of an English family, went to see one of those ancient Irish, and that he distinguished them thus: "O'Hara, you are welcome! Mr. Sandford, your mother's son is welcome! Mr. Ponsonby, you may sit down!"

He talked both of threshing and thatching. He said, it was very difficult to determine how to agree with a thresher. "If you pay him by the day's wages, he will thresh no more than he pleases; though, to be sure, the negligence of a thresher is more easily detected than that of most labourers, because he must always make a sound while he works. If you pay him by the piece, by the quantity of grain which he produces, he will thresh only while the grain comes freely, and, though he leaves a good deal in the ear, it is not worth while to thresh the straw over again; nor can you fix him to do it sufficiently, because it is so difficult to prove how much less a man threshes than he ought to do. Here then is a dilemma: but, for my part, I would engage him by the day; I would rather trust his idleness than his fraud." He said, a roof thatched with Lincolnshire reeds would last seventy years, as he was informed when in that county; and that he told this in London to a great thatcher, who said, he believed it might be true.—Such are the pains that Dr. Johnson takes to get the best information on every subject.

He proceeded: "It is difficult for a farmer in England to find day-labourers, because the lowest manufacturers can always get more than a day-labourer. It is of no consequence how high the wages of manufacturers are; but it would be of very bad consequence to raise the wages of those who procure the immediate necessaries of life, for that would raise the price of provisions. Here, then, is a problem for politicians. It is not reasonable that the most useful body of men

should be the worst paid; yet it does not appear how it can be ordered otherwise. It were to be wished, that a mode for its being otherwise were found out. In the meantime, it is better to give temporary assistance by charitable contributions to poor labourers, at times when provisions are high, than to raise their wages; because, if wages are once raised, they will never get down again."

Happily the weather cleared up between one and two o'clock, and we got ready to depart; but our kind host and hostess would not let us go without taking a *snatch*, as they called it; which was in truth a very good dinner. While the punch went round, Dr. Johnson kept a close whispering conference with Mrs. Mackinnon, which, however, was loud enough to let us hear that the subject of it was the particulars of Prince Charles's escape. The company were entertained and pleased to observe it. Upon that subject, there was something congenial between the soul of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and that of an Isle of Sky farmer's wife. It is curious to see people, how far soever removed from each other in the general system of their lives, come close together on a particular point which is common to each. We were merry with Corrichatachin, on Dr. Johnson's whispering with his wife. She, perceiving this, humorously cried, "I am in love with him. What is it to live and not to love?" Upon her saying something, which I did not hear, or cannot recollect, he seized her hand eagerly, and kissed it.

As we were going, the Scottish phrase of "*honest man!*" which is an expression of kindness and regard, was again and again applied by the company to Dr. Johnson. I was also treated with much civility; and I must take some merit from my assiduous attention to him, and from my contriving that he shall be easy wherever he goes, that he shall not be asked twice to eat or drink any thing, (which always disgusts him) that he shall be provided with water at his meals, and many such little things, which if not attended to, would fret him. I also may be allowed to claim some merit in leading the converstion: I do not mean leading, as in an orchestra, by playing the first fiddle; but leading as one does in examining a witness—starting topics and making him pursue them. He appears to me like a great mill, in which a subject is thrown to be ground. It requires, indeed, fertile minds to furnish materials for this mill. I regret whenever I see it unemployed; but sometimes I feel myself quite barren, and having nothing to throw in.—I know not if this mill be a good figure; though Pope makes his mind a mill for turning verses.*

* In this very characteristic passage Boswell appears intent only on making a "good figure" as a writer, wholly unconscious of the pitiable figure he makes as a man.

We set out about four. Young Corrichatachin went with us. We had a fine evening, and arrived in good time at Ostig, the residence of Mr. Martin Macpherson, minister of Slate. It is a pretty good house, built by his father, upon a farm near the church. We were received here with much kindness by Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson, and his sister, Miss Macpherson, who pleased Dr. Johnson much, by singing Erse songs and playing on the guitar. He afterwards sent her a present of his "Rasselas." In his bed-chamber was a press stored with books—Greek, Latin, French, and English—most of which had belonged to the father of our host, the learned Dr. Macpherson; who, though his "Dissertations" have been mentioned in a former page as unsatisfactory, was a man of distinguished talents. Dr. Johnson looked at a Latin paraphrase of the song of Moses, written by him and published in the "Scots Magazine" for 1747, and said: "It does him honour; he has a great deal of Latin, and good Latin."—Dr. Macpherson published also in the same magazine, June 1739, an original Latin ode, which he wrote from the Isle of Barra, where he was minister for some years. It is very poetical, and exhibits a striking proof how much all things depend upon comparison; for Barra, it seems, appeared to him so much worse than Sky—his *natale solum*—that he languished for its "blessed mountains," and thought himself buried alive amongst barbarians where he was. My readers will probably not be displeased to have a specimen of this ode:—

"Hei mihi! quantos patior dolores,
Dum procul specto juga ter beata;
Dum feræ Barræ steriles arenas
Solus oberro.

"Ingemo, indignor, crucior, quod inter
Barbaros Thulen lateam colentes;
Torpeo languens, morior sepultus,
Carcere cœco."

After wishing for wings to fly over to his dear country, which was in his view, from what he calls Thule, as being the most western isle of Scotland, except St. Kilda; after describing the pleasures of society and the miseries of solitude, he at last, with becoming propriety, has recourse to the only sure relief of thinking men—*sursum corda*—the hope of a better world, and disposes his mind to resignation:—

while condescending to such servile offices. This *flunkeyism* (as Mr. Carlyle would term it), in one so proud of his station and ancient descent, justifies Macaulay's remark, that Boswell used many people ill, but assuredly he used nobody so ill as himself.—Ed.

"Interim fiat tua, rex, voluntas:
Erigor sursum quoties subit spes
Certa migrandi Solymam supernam,
Numinis aulam."

He concludes in a noble strain of orthodox piety:—

"Vita tum demum vocitanda vita est.
Tum licet gratos socios habere,
Seraphim et sanctos TRIADEM verendam
Concelebrantes." *

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

After a very good sleep, I rose more refreshed than I had been for some nights. We were now at but a little distance from the shore, and saw the sea from the windows, which made our voyage seem nearer. Mr. Macpherson's manners and address pleased us much. He appeared to be a man of such intelligence and taste as to be sensible of the extraordinary powers of his illustrious guest. He said to me: "Dr. Johnson is an honour to mankind; and, if the expression may be used, is an honour to religion."

Col, who had gone yesterday to pay a visit at Camuscross, joined us this morning at breakfast. Some other gentlemen also came to enjoy the entertainment of Dr. Johnson's conversation. The day was windy and rainy, so that we had just seized a happy interval for our journey last night. We had good entertainment here, better accommodation than at Corrichatachin, and time enough to ourselves. The hours slipped along imperceptibly. We talked of Shenstone. Dr. Johnson said he was a good layer-out of land, but would not allow him to approach excellence as a poet. He said, he believed he had tried to read all his Love Pastorals, but did not get through them. I repeated the stanza:—

"She gazed as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return."

He said: "That seems to be pretty." I observed that Shenstone, from his short maxims in prose, appeared to have some power of thinking; but Dr. Johnson would not allow him that merit. He

* Dr. Macpherson died at Ostig, April 5, 1765, aged fifty-two. His "Dissertations" were not published till 1768. The main object of the learned author was to prove tha the Picts and Scots were the same people, the genuine posterity of the Caledonians and that the Pictish language was the same as the modern Gaelic. The question (which formerly engaged most of the Scottish antiquaries) will be found popularly and ably treated by Sir Walter Scott, in the "Quarterly Review" for July, 1829. Dr. Macpherson's son, the Minister of Sleat, died in 1812.—ED.

agreed, however, with Shenstone, that it was wrong in the brother of one of his correspondents to burn his letters; "for," said he, "Shenstone was a man whose correspondence was an honour." He was this afternoon full of critical severity, and dealt about his censures on all sides. He said Hammond's "Love Elegies" were poor things. He spoke contemptuously of our lively and elegant, though too licentious, lyric bard, Hanbury Williams, and said, "He had no fame, but from boys who drank with him."

While he was in this mood, I was unfortunate enough, simply perhaps, but I could not help thinking, undeservedly, to come within "the whiff and wind of his fell sword." I asked him, if he had ever been accustomed to wear a night-cap. He said, "No." I asked, if it was best not to wear one.—JOHNSON: "Sir, I had this custom by chance, and perhaps no man shall ever know whether it is best to sleep with or without a night-cap."—Soon afterwards, he was laughing at some deficiency in the Highlands, and said, "One might as well go without shoes and stockings."—Thinking to have a little hit at his own deficiency, I ventured to add, "Or without a night-cap, sir." But I had better have been silent; for he retorted directly. "I do not see the connection there (laughing). Nobody before was ever foolish enough to ask whether it was best to wear a night-cap or not. This comes of being a little wrong-headed."—He carried the company along with him; and yet the truth is, that if he had always worn a night-cap, as is the common practice, and found the Highlanders did not wear one, he would have wondered at their barbarity; so that my hit was fair enough.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

There was as great a storm of wind and rain as I have almost ever seen, which necessarily confined us to the house; but we were fully compensated by Dr. Johnson's conversation. He said, he did not grudge Burke's being the first man in the House of Commons, for he was the first man everywhere; but he grudged that a fellow who makes no figure in company, and has a mind as narrow as the neck of a vinegar cruet, should make a figure in the House of Commons, merely by having the knowledge of a few forms, and being furnished with a little occasional information.* He told us, the first time he saw Dr. Young was at the house of Mr. Richardson, the author of "Clarissa." He was sent for, that the doctor might read to him his "Conjectures on Original Composition," which he did, and Dr. John-

* He did not mention the name of any particular person; but those who are conversant with the political world will probably recollect more persons than one to whom this observation may be applied.—BOSWELL.

son made his remarks; and he was surprised to find Young receive as novelties, what he thought very common maxims. He said, he believed Young was not a great scholar, nor had studied regularly the art of writing; that there were very fine things in his "Night Thoughts," though you could not find twenty lines together without some extravagance. He repeated two passages from his "Love of Fame,"—the characters of Brunetta and Stella, which he praised highly.* He said Young pressed him much to come to Welwyn. He always intended it, but never went. He was sorry when Young died. The cause of quarrel between Young and his son, he told us, was, that his son insisted Young should turn away a clergyman's widow, who lived with him, and who, having acquired great influence over the father, was saucy to the son. Dr. Johnson said, she could not conceal her resentment at him for saying to Young that "An old man should not resign himself to the management of any body."—I asked him if there was any improper connection between them.—"No, sir, no more than between two statues. He was past fourscore, and she a very coarse woman. She read to him, and I suppose made his coffee, and frothed his chocolate, and did such things as an old man wishes to have done for him."

Dr. Doddridge being mentioned, he observed that "he was author of one of the finest epigrams in the English language. It is in Orton's Life of him. The subject is his family motto,—*Dum vivi-*

* "Brunetta 's wise in actions great and rare;
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care.
Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because the occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year;
And trifles life. Your cares to trifles give,
Or you may die before you truly live.'—SATIRE VI.

"Some ladies' judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius sparkles from their eyes.
But, hold! she cries, lampooner have a care;
Must I want common-sense because I'm fair?
Oh no; see Stella! her eyes shine as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspired, and can herself inspire."—SATIRE V.

The first of these quotations embodies a sentiment that was a favourite with Johnson, and which he has expressed with peculiar force and beauty in his "Journey to the Hebrides." "It must be remembered that life consists not of a series of illustrious actions or elegant enjoyments; the greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniencies, in the procurement of petty pleasures; and we are well or ill at ease, as the main stream of life glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small obstacles and frequent interruption. The true state of every nation is the state of common life."—ED.

mus, vivamus; which, in its primary signification, is, to be sure, not very suitable to a Christian divine; but he paraphrased it thus:

> "'Live, while you live, the epicure would say,
> And seize the pleasures of the present day.
> Live, while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
> And give to God each moment as it flies.
> Lord, in my views let both united be;
> I live in pleasure, when I live to thee.'"

I asked if it was not strange that government should permit so many infidel writings to pass without censure.—JOHNSON: "Sir, it is mighty foolish. It is for want of knowing their own power. The present family on the throne came to the crown against the will of nine-tenths of the people. Whether those nine-tenths were right or wrong, it is not our business now to inquire. But such being the situation of the royal family, they were glad to encourage all who would be their friends. Now you know every bad man is a Whig; every man who has loose notions. The church was all against this family. They were, as I say, glad to encourage any friends; and therefore, since their accession, there is no instance of any man being kept back on account of his bad principles; and hence this inundation of impiety."—I observed that Mr. Hume, some of whose writings were very unfavourable to religion, was, however, a Tory."—JOHNSON: "Sir, Hume is a Tory by chance, as being a Scotchman; but not upon a principle of duty; for he has no principle. If he is anything, he is a Hobbist."

There was something not quite serene in his humour to-night, after supper; for he spoke of hastening away to London, without stopping much at Edinburgh. I reminded him that he had General Oughton and many others to see.—JOHNSON: "Nay, I shall neither go in jest, nor stay in jest. I shall do what is fit."—BOSWELL: "Ay, sir, but all I desire is, that you will let me tell you when it is fit."—JOHNSON: "Sir, I shall not consult you."—BOSWELL: "If you are to run away from us as soon as you get loose, we will keep you confined in an island."—He was, however, on the whole, very good company. Mr. Donald Macleod expressed very well the gradual impression made by Dr. Johnson on those who are so fortunate as to obtain his acquaintance.—"When you see him first, you are struck with awful reverence;—then you admire him;—and then you love him cordially."

I read this evening some part of Voltaire's "History of the War in 1741," and of Lord Kames against "Hereditary Indefeasible Right." This is a very slight circumstance, with which I should not trouble my reader, but for the sake of observing, that every man should keep

minutes of whatever he reads. Every circumstance of his studies should be recorded; what books he has consulted; how much of them he has read; at what times; how often the same authors; and what opinions he formed of them, at different periods of his life. Such an account would much illustrate the history of his mind.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1.

I showed to Dr. Johnson verses in a magazine on his Dictionary, composed of uncommon words taken from it:

"Little of *Anthropopathy* has he," &c.*

He read a few of them, and said, "I am not answerable for all the words in my Dictionary."—I told him that Garrick kept a book of all who had either praised or abused him.—On the subject of his own reputation, he said, "Now that I see it has been so current a topic, I wish I had done so too; but it could not well be done now, as so many things are scattered in newspapers."—He said he was angry at a boy of Oxford, who wrote in his defence against Kenrick; because it was doing him hurt to answer Kenrick.† He was told afterwards, the boy was to come to him to ask a favour. He first thought to treat him rudely, on account of his meddling in that business; but then he considered, he had meant to do him all the service in his power, and he took another resolution; he told him he would do what he could for him, and did so; and the boy was satisfied. He said he did not know how his pamphlet was done, as he had read very little of it. The boy made a good figure at Oxford, but died. He remarked, that attacks on authors did them much service. "A man who tells me my play is very bad, is less my enemy than he who lets it die in silence. A man whose business it is to be talked of, is much helped by being attacked."—Garrick, I observed, had been often so helped.—JOHNSON: "Yes, sir; though Garrick had more opportunities than almost any man, to keep the public in mind of him, by exhibiting himself to such numbers, he would not have had so much reputation, had he not been so much attacked. Every attack produces a defence; and so attention is engaged. There is no sport in mere praise, when people are all of a mind."—BOSWELL: "Then

* "Little of anthropopathy has he
That in yon fulgid curricle reclines
Alone, while I, depauperated bard,
The streets pedestrious scour," &c.

This parody was by Maclaurin, Lord Dreghorn, who cumbered the "Scots Magazine" and newspapers with much indifferent verse.—ED.

† The "boy" was a young student named Barclay, who died early in life. See Boswell's Life of Johnson, under date of 1765.—ED.

Hume is not the worse for Beattie's attack?"—JOHNSON: "He is, because Beattie has confuted him. I do not say but that there may be some attacks which will hurt an author. Though Hume suffered from Beattie, he was the better for other attacks." (He certainly could not include in that number those of Dr. Adams and Mr. Tytler.)—BOSWELL: "Goldsmith is the better for attacks."—JOHNSON: "Yes, sir; but he does not think so yet. When Goldsmith and I published, each of us something at the same time, we were given to understand that we might review each other. Goldsmith was for accepting the offer. I said, 'No; set reviewers at defiance.'—It was said to old Bentley, upon the attacks against him, 'Why, they'll write you down.' 'No, sir,' he replied; 'depend upon it, no man was ever written down but by himself.'"—He observed to me afterwards, that the advantages authors derived from attacks, were chiefly in subjects of taste, where you cannot confute, as so much may be said on either side.—He told me he did not know who was the author of the "Adventures of a Guinea,"* but that the bookseller had sent the first volume to him in manuscript, to have his opinion if it should be printed; and he thought it should.

The weather being now somewhat better, Mr. James Macdonald, factor to Sir Alexander Macdonald in Slate, insisted that all the company at Ostig should go to the house at Armidale, which Sir Alexander had left, having gone with his lady to Edinburgh, and be his guests, till we had an opportunity of sailing to Mull. We accordingly got there to dinner; and passed our day very cheerfully, being no less than fourteen in number.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2.

Dr. Johnson said that "A chief and his lady should make their house like a court. They should have a certain number of the gentlemen's daughters to receive their education in the family, to learn pastry and such things from the housekeeper, and manners from my lady. That was the way in the great families in Wales; at Lady Salusbury's, Mrs. Thrale's grandmother, and at Lady Philips's. I distinguish the families by the ladies, as I speak of what was properly their province. There were always six young ladies at Sir John Philips's: when one was married, her place was filled up. There was

* It was Charles Johnson, or Johnstone, a native of Ireland, whose name will be found in most of the popular biographies. He was educated for the bar, but the infirmity of deafness under which he laboured restricted his practice, and he went to India in the capacity of editor of a newspaper. He died at Bengal, in the year 1800, aged about seventy. Charles Johnson wrote several other novels, but without the talent or success of the first. The "Adventures of a Guinea" is a satirical work—a scandalous chronicle of the times, but it has not maintained its popularity.—ED.

a large school-room, where they learnt needle-work and other things."—I observed, that at some courts in Germany, there were academies for the pages, who are the sons of gentlemen, and receive their education without any expense to their parents. Dr. Johnson said that manners were best learned at those courts. "You are admitted with great facility to the prince's company, and yet must treat him with much respect. At a great court, you are at such a distance that you get no good."—I said, "Very true: a man sees the court of Versailles as if he saw it on a theatre."—He said, "The best book that ever was written upon good breeding, "Il Corteggiano," by Castiglione, grew up at the little court of Urbino, and you should read it."—I am glad always to have his opinion of books. At Mr. Macpherson's, he commended "Whitby's Commentary," and said he had heard him called rather lax; but he did not perceive it. He had looked at a novel, called "The Man of the World," at Rasay, but thought there was nothing in it."* He said to-day, while reading my Journal, "This will be a great treasure to us some years hence."

Talking of a very penurious gentleman of our acquaintance, he observed, that he exceeded *L'Avare* in the play. I concurred with him, and remarked that he would do well, if introduced in one of Foote's farces; that the best way to get it done, would be to bring Foote to be entertained at his house for a week, and then it would be *facit indignatio*.—JOHNSON: "Sir, I wish he had him. I, who have eaten his bread, will not give him to him; but I should be glad he came honestly by him."

He said, he was angry at Thrale for sitting at General Oglethorpe's without speaking. He censured a man for degrading himself to a nonentity. I observed, that Goldsmith was on the other extreme; for he spoke at all ventures.—JOHNSON: "Yes, sir; Goldsmith, rather than not speak, will talk of what he knows himself to be ignorant, which can only end in exposing him."—"I wonder, (said I,) if he feels that he exposes himself. If he was with two tailors;"—"Or with two founders, (said Dr. Johnson, interrupting me,) he would fall a talking on the method of making cannon, though both of them would soon see that he did not know what metal a cannon is made of."—We were very social and merry in his room this forenoon. In the evening the company danced as usual. We performed, with much activity, a dance which, I suppose, the emigration from Sky has occa-

* The "Man of the World," like the "Man of Feeling," was published anonymously. Boswell does not seem to have known that the novel was by his countryman, Henry Mackenzie. The want of *character* would be its great defect with Johnson. It has little or nothing of actual life and manners, but the plot is well arranged and the incidents pathetic. Mackenzie lived to the age of eighty-six; he died January 14th, 1831.—ED.

sioned. They call it *America*. Each of the couples, after the common *involutions* and *evolutions*, successively whirls round in a circle, till all are in motion; and the dance seems intended to show how emigration catches, till a whole neighbourhood is set afloat.—Mrs. Mackinnon told me, that last year, when a ship sailed from Portree for America, the people on shore were almost distracted when they saw their relations go off; they lay down on the ground, tumbled, and tore the grass with their teeth. This year there was not a tear shed: the people on shore seemed to think that they would soon follow. This indifference is a mortal sign for the country.

We danced to-night to the music of the bagpipe, which made us beat the ground with prodigious force. I thought it better to endeavour to conciliate the kindness of the people of Sky, by joinining heartily in their amusements, than to play the abstract scholar. I looked on this Tour to the Hebrides as a copartnership between Dr. Johnson and me. Each was to do all he could to promote its success; and I have some reason to flatter myself, that my gayer exertions were of service to us. Dr. Johnson's immense fund of knowledge and wit was a wonderful source of admiration and delight to them; but they had it only at times; and they required to have the intervals agreeably filled up, and even little elucidations of his learned text. I was also fortunate enough frequently to draw him forth to talk, when he would otherwise have been silent. The fountain was at times locked up, till I opened the spring. It was curious to hear the Hebrideans, when any dispute happened while he was out of the room, saying, "Stay till Dr. Johnson comes: say that to *him!*"

Yesterday, Dr. Johnson said, "I cannot but laugh, to think of myself roving among the Hebrides at sixty. I wonder where I shall rove at fourscore!"—This evening he disputed the truth of what is said, as to the people of St. Kilda catching cold whenever strangers come. "How can there (said he) be a physical effect without a physical cause?"—He added, laughing, "The arrival of a ship full of strangers would kill them; for, if one stranger gives them one cold, two strangers must give them two colds; and so in proportion."—I wondered to hear him ridicule this, as he had praised Macaulay for putting it in his book; saying, that it was manly in him to tell a fact, however strange, if he himself believed it. He said, the evidence was not adequate to the improbability of the thing; that if a physician, rather disposed to be incredulous, should go to St. Kilda, and report the fact, then he would begin to look about him. They said, it was annually proved by Macleod's steward, on whose arrival all the inhabitants caught cold. He jocularly remarked, "The steward always comes to demand something from them; and so they fall a

coughing. I suppose the people in Sky all take a cold when ——— (naming a certain person) comes."—They said he came only in summer.—JOHNSON: "That is out of tenderness to you. Bad weather and he, at the same time, would be too much." *

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3.

Joseph reported that the wind was still against us. Dr. Johnson said, "A wind, or not a wind? that is the question;" for he can amuse himself at times with a little play of words, or rather sentences. I remember, when he turned his cup at Aberbrothick, where we drank tea, he muttered *Claudite, jam rivos, pueri.* I must again and again apologize to fastidious readers, for recording such minute particulars. They prove the scrupulous fidelity of my Journal. Dr. Johnson said it was a very exact picture of a portion of his life.

While we were chatting in the indolent style of men who were to stay here all this day at least, we were suddenly roused at being told that the wind was fair, that a little fleet of herring-busses was passing by for Mull, and that Mr. Simpson's vessel was about to sail. Hugh Macdonald, the skipper, came to us, and was impatient that we should get ready, which we soon did. Dr. Johnson, with composure and solemnity, repeated the observations of Epictetus, that "As man has the voyage of death before him, whatever may be his employment, he should be ready at the master's call; and an old man should never be far from the shore, lest he should not be able to get himself ready." He rode, and I and the other gentleman walked about an English mile to the shore, where the vessel lay. Dr. Johnson said, he should never forget Sky, and returned thanks for all civilities. We were carried to the vessel in a small boat which she had, and we set sail very briskly about one o'clock. I was much pleased with the motion for many hours. Dr. Johnson grew sick, and retired under cover, as it rained a good deal. I kept above, that I might have fresh air, and finding myself not affected by the motion of the vessel, I exulted in being a stout seaman, while Dr. Johnson was quite in a state of annihilation. But I was soon humbled; for after imagining that I could

* This is another "palpable hit" at the chief of the Macdonalds. The question as to the St. Kilda cold will be found discussed in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," under the date 1768; also in the journal kept by Dr. E. D. Clarke, and included in Otter's "Life of Clarke," 1825; and in Wilson's "Voyage round Scotland," 1842. The fact of the annual cold or influenza is undoubted, and the best solution of the problem is that of Dr. Clarke. The steward, or tacksman, in his annual visits brings a supply of whiskey with him; all the marriages take place while he is on the island; the huts of the islanders are crowded with dancing and drinking parties; and hence it is the alteration in manners and diet, the intemperance or jollity which takes place on the occasion of the steward's visit, which causes the epidemic.—ED.

go with ease to America or the East Indies, I became very sick, but kept above board, though it rained hard.

As we had been detained so long in Sky by bad weather, we gave up the scheme that Col had planned for us of visiting several islands, and contented ourselves with the prospect of seeing Mull, and Icolmkill, and Inchkenneth, which lie near to it.

Mr. Simpson was sanguine in his hopes for awhile, the wind being fair for us. He said he would land us at Icolmkill that night. But when the wind failed, it was resolved that we should make for the sound of Mull, and land in the harbour of Tobermorie. We kept near the five herring vessels for some time; but afterwards four of them got before us, and one little wherry fell behind us. When we got in full view of the point of Ardnamurchan, the wind changed, and was directly against our getting into the sound. We were then obliged to tack, and get forward in that tedious manner. As we advanced, the storm grew greater, and the sea very rough. Col then began to talk of making for Egg, or Canna, or his own island. Our skipper said, he would get us into the sound. Having struggled for this a good while in vain, he said, he would push forward till we were near the land of Mull, where we might cast anchor, and lie till the morning; for although, before this, there had been a good moon, and I had pretty distinctly seen not only the land of Mull, but up the sound, and the country of Morven as at one end of it, the night was now grown very dark. Our crew consisted of one Macdonald, our skipper, and two sailors, one of whom had but one eye; Mr. Simpson himself, Col, and Hugh Macdonald his servant, all helped. Simpson said, he would willingly go for Col, if young Col or his servant would undertake to pilot us to a harbour; but, as the island is low land, it was dangerous to run upon it in the dark. Col and his servant appeared a little dubious. The scheme of running for Canna seemed then to be embraced; but Canna was ten leagues off, all out of our way; and they were afraid to attempt the harbour of Egg. All these different plans were successively in agitation. The old skipper still tried to make for the land of Mull; but then it was considered that there was no place there where we could anchor in safety. Much time was lost in striving against the storm. At last it became so rough, and threatened to be so much worse, that Col and his servant took more courage, and said they would undertake to hit one of the harbours in Col.—"Then let us run for it in God's name," said the skipper; and instantly we turned towards it. The little wherry which had fallen behind us, had hard work. The master begged that, if we made for Col, we should put out a light to him. Accordingly one of the sailors waved a glowing peat for some time. The various difficulties that were

started gave me a good deal of apprehension, from which I was relieved, when I found we were to run for a harbour before the wind. But my relief was but of short duration; for I soon heard that our sails were very bad, and were in danger of being torn in pieces, in which case we should be driven upon the rocky shore of Col. It was very dark, and there was a heavy and incessant rain. The sparks of the burning peat flew so much about, that I dreaded the vessel might take fire. Then, as Col was a sportsman, and had powder on board, I figured that we might be blown up. Simpson and he appeared a little frightened, which made me more so; and the perpetual talking, or rather shouting, which was carried on in Erse, alarmed me still more. A man is always suspicious of what [another] is saying in an unknown tongue; and, if fear be his passion at the time, he grows more afraid. Our vessel often lay so much on one side, that I trembled lest she should be overset, and indeed they told me afterwards, that they had run her sometimes to within an inch of the water, so anxious were they to make what haste they could before the night should be worse. I now saw what I never saw before, a prodigious sea, with immense billows coming upon a vessel, so as that it seemed hardly possible to escape. There was something grandly horrible in the sight. I am glad I have seen it once. Amidst all these terrifying circumstances, I endeavoured to compose my mind. It was not easy to do it; for all the stories that I had heard of the dangerous sailing among the Hebrides, which is proverbial, came full upon my recollection. When I thought of those who were dearest to me, and would suffer severely, should I be lost, I upbraided myself, as not having a sufficient cause for putting myself in such danger. Piety afforded me comfort; yet I was disturbed by the objections that have been made against a particular providence, and by the arguments of those who maintain that it is in vain to hope that the petitions of an individual, or even of congregations, can have any influence with the Deity—objections which have been often made, and which Dr. Hawkesworth has lately revived, in his Preface to the "Voyages to the South Seas;" but Dr. Ogden's excellent doctrine on the efficacy of intercession prevailed.

It was half-an-hour after eleven before we set ourselves in the course for Col. As I saw them all busy doing something, I asked Col, with much earnestness, what I could do. He, with a happy readiness, put into my hand a rope, which was fixed to the top of one of the masts, and told me to hold it till he bade me pull. If I had considered the matter, I might have seen that this could not be of the least service; but his object was to keep me out of the way of those who were busy working the vessel, and at the same time to

divert my fear, by employing me, and making me think that I was of use. Thus did I stand firm to my post, while the wind and rain beat upon me, always expecting a call to pull my rope.

The man with one eye steered; old Macdonald, and Col and his servant lay upon the forecastle, looking sharp out for the harbour. It was necessary to carry much *cloth* as they termed it; that is to say, much sail, in order to keep the vessel off the shore of Col. This made violent plunging in a rough sea. At last they spied the harbour of Lochiern, and Col cried, "Thank God, we are safe!" We ran up till we were opposite to it, and soon afterwards we got into it, and cast anchor.

Dr. Johnson had all this time been quiet and unconcerned. He had lain down on one of the beds, and, having got free from sickness, was satisfied. The truth is, he knew nothing of the danger we were in; but, fearless and unconcerned, might have said, in the words which he has chosen for the motto to his "Rambler,"

"Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes."*

Once, during the doubtful consultations, he asked whither we were going; and upon being told that it was not certain whether to Mull or Col, he cried, "Col for my money!" I now went down, with Col and Mr. Simpson, to visit him. He was lying in philosophic tranquillity, with a greyhound of Col's at his back, keeping him warm. Col is quite the *Juvenis qui gaudet canibus*. He had, when we left Talisker, two greyhounds, two terriers, a pointer, and a large Newfoundland water-dog. He lost one of his terriers by the road, but had still five dogs with him. I was very ill, and very desirous to get to shore. When I was told that we could not land that night, as the storm had now increased, I looked so miserably, as Col afterwards informed me, that what Shakespeare has made the Frenchman say of the English soldiers, when scantily dieted, "*Piteous they will look, like drowned mice!*"† might, I believe, have been applied to me. There was in the harbour before us a Campbell-town vessel, the *Betty*, Kenneth Morrison master, taking in kelp, and bound for Ireland. We sent our boat to beg beds for two gentlemen, and that the master would send his boat, which was larger than ours. He accordingly did so, and Col and I were accommodated in his vessel till the morning.

* "For, as the tempest drives, I shape my way."—Francis.

† They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves;
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.
First Part of King Henry VI., *Act* i., *sc.* 2.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 4.

About eight o'clock we went in the boat to Mr. Simpson's vessel, and took in Dr. Johnson. He was quite well, though he had tasted nothing but a dish of tea since Saturday night. On our expressing some surprise at this, he said that, "When he lodged in the Temple, and had no regular system of life, he had fasted for two days at a time, during which he had gone about visiting, though not at the hours of dinner or supper; that he had drunk tea, but eaten no bread; that this was no intentional fasting, but happened just in the course of a literary life."

There was a little miserable public-house close upon the shore, to which we should have gone had we landed last night; but this morning Col resolved to take us directly to the house of Captain Lauchlan Maclean, a descendant of his family, who had acquired a fortune in the East Indies, and taken a farm in Col. We had about an English mile to go to it. Col, and Joseph, and some others, ran to some little horses, called here *Shelties*, that were running wild on a heath, and catched one of them. We had a saddle with us, which was clapped upon it, and a straw halter was put on its head. Dr. Johnson was then mounted, and Joseph very slowly and gravely led the horse. I said to Dr. Johnson, "I wish, sir, *the club* saw you in this attitude."*

It was a very heavy rain, and I was wet to the skin. Captain Maclean had but a poor temporary house, or rather hut; however, it was a very good haven to us. There was a blazing peat-fire, and Mrs. Maclean, daughter of the minister of the parish, got us tea. I felt still the motion of the sea. Dr. Johnson said, it was not in imagination, but a continuation of motion on the fluids, like that of the sea itself after the storm is over.

There were some books on the board which served as a chimney-piece. Dr. Johnson took up "Burnet's History of his own Times." He said, "The first part of it is one of the most entertaining books in the English language—it is quite dramatic; while he went about every where, saw every where, and heard every where. By the first part, I mean so far as it appears that Burnet himself was actually engaged in what he has told; and this may be easily distinguished." Captain Maclean censured Burnet for his high praise of Lauderdale

* This curious exhibition may perhaps remind some of my readers of the ludicrous lines, made, during Sir Robert Walpole's administration, on Mr. George (afterwards Lord) Lyttelton, though the figures of the two personages must be allowed to be very different:

"But who is this astride the pony;
So long, so lean, so lank, so bony?
Dat be de great orator, Littletony."—BOSWELL.

in a dedication, when he shows him in his history to have been so bad a man.--JOHNSON: "I do not myself think that a man should say in a dedication what he could not say in a history. However, allowance should be made; for there is a great difference. The known style of a dedication is flattery—it professes to flatter. There is the same difference between what a man says in a dedication and what he says in a history, as between a lawyer's pleading a cause and reporting it."

The day passed away pleasantly enough. The wind became fair for Mull in the evening, and Mr. Simpson resolved to sail next morning; but having been thrown into the island of Col, we were unwilling to leave it unexamined, especially as we considered that the Campbell-town vessel would sail for Mull in a day or two; and therefore we determined to stay.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5.

I rose, and wrote my Journal till about nine; and then went to Dr. Johnson, who sat up in bed, and talked and laughed. I said, it was curious to look back ten years, to the time when we first thought of visiting the Hebrides. How distant and improbable the scheme then appeared! Yet here we were actually among them.-- "Sir," said he, "people may come to do anything almost, by talking of it. I really believe I could talk myself into building a house upon island Isa, though I should probably never come back again to see it. I could easily persuade Reynolds to do it; and there would be no great sin in persuading him to do it. Sir, he would reason thus: 'What will it cost me to be there once in two or three summers? Why, perhaps, five hundred pounds; and what is that, in comparison of having a fine retreat, to which a man can go, or to which he can send a friend?'—He would never find out that he may have this within twenty miles of London. Then I would tell him that he may marry one of the Miss Macleods, a lady of great family. Sir, it is surprising how people will go to a distance for what they may have at home. I knew a lady who came up from Lincolnshire to Knightsbridge with one of her daughters, and gave five guineas a-week for a lodging and a warm bath—that is, mere warm water. *That*, you know, could not be had in *Lincolnshire!* She said it was made either too hot or too cold there."

After breakfast, Dr. Johnson and I, and Joseph mounted horses, and Col and the Captain walked with us about a short mile across the island. We paid a visit to the Reverend Mr. Hector Maclean. His parish consists of the islands of Col and Tyr-yi. He was about seventy-seven years of age—a decent ecclesiastic, dressed in a full

suit of black clothes, and a black wig. He appeared like a Dutch pastor, or one of the assembly of divines at Westminster. Dr. Johnson observed to me afterwards, "That he was a fine old man, and was as well dressed, and had as much dignity in his appearance as the dean of a cathedral." We were told that he had a valuable library, though but poor accommodation for it, being obliged to keep his books in large chests. I was curious to see him and Dr. Johnson together. Neither of them heard very distinctly; so each of them talked in his own way, and at the same time. Mr. Maclean said he had a confutation of Bayle, by Leibnitz.—JOHNSON: "A confutation of Bayle, sir! What part of Bayle do you mean? The greatest part of his writings is not confutable; it is historical and critical." Mr. Maclean said, "The irreligious part;" and proceeded to talk of Leibnitz's controversy with Clarke, calling Leibnitz a great man.—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, Leibnitz persisted in affirming that Newton called space *sensorium numinis*, notwithstanding he was corrected, and desired to observe, that Newton's words were, QUASI *sensorium numinis*. No, sir, Leibnitz was as paltry a fellow as I know. Out of respect to Queen Caroline, who patronised him, Clarke treated him too well."

During the time that Dr. Johnson was thus going on, the old minister was standing with his back to the fire, cresting up erect, pulling down the front of his periwig, and talking what a great man Leibnitz was. To give an idea of the scene would require a page with two columns; but it ought rather to be represented by two good players. The old gentleman said Clarke was very wicked, for going so much into the Arian system.—"I will not say he was wicked," said Dr. Johnson; "he might be mistaken."—MACLEAN: "He was wicked, to shut his eyes against the Scriptures; and worthy men in England have since confuted him to all intents and purposes."—JOHNSON: "I know not *who* has confuted him to *all intents and purposes*." Here, again, there was a double talking, each continuing to maintain his own argument, without hearing exactly what the other said.

I regretted that Dr. Johnson did not practise the art of accommodating himself to different sorts of people. Had he been softer with this venerable old man, we might have had more conversation; but his forcible spirit, and impetuosity of manner, may be said to spare neither sex nor age. I have seen even Mrs. Thrale stunned; but I have often maintained, that it is better he should retain his own manner. Pliability of address I conceive to be inconsistent with that majestic power of mind which he possesses, and which produces such noble effects. A lofty oak will not bend like a supple willow.

He told me afterwards he liked firmness in an old man, and was



JOHNSON AND HECTOR MACLEAN.

pleased to see Mr. Maclean so orthodox. "At his age, it is too late for a man to be asking himself questions as to his belief." *

We rode to the northern part of the island, where we saw the ruins of a church or chapel. We then proceeded to a place called Grissipol, or the rough Pool.

At Grissipol we found a good farm-house, belonging to the Laird of Col, and possessed by Mr. Macsweyn. On the beach here there is a singular variety of curious stones. I picked up one very like a small cucumber. By the by, Dr. Johnson told me, that Gay's line in the "Beggar's Opera"—"As men should serve a cucumber," &c., has no waggish meaning with reference to men † flinging away cucumbers as too *cooling*, which some have thought; for it has been a common saying of physicians in England, that a cucumber should be well

* Or, as Johnson more emphatically expresses it in his "Journey:" "A man who has settled his opinions does not love to have the tranquillity of his conviction disturbed: and at seventy-seven it is time to be in earnest." The old minister died in 1780.—Ed.

† *Mrs. Peachum's* "Lament" for *Polly's* marriage:
"And when she's drest, with care and cost, all tempting, fine, and gay,
As men should serve a cucumber, she flings herself away."
There seems no obscurity in the passage.—Ed.

sliced, and dressed with pepper and vinegar, and then thrown out, as good for nothing.—Mr. Macsweyn's predecessors had been in Sky from a very remote period, upon the estate belonging to Macleod; probably before Macleod had it. The name is certainly Norwegian, from *Sueno*, King of Norway. The present Mr. Macsweyn left Sky upon the late Macleod's raising his rents. He then got this farm from Col.

He appeared to be near fourscore; but looked as fresh, and was as strong as a man of fifty. His son Hugh looked older; and, as Dr. Johnson observed, had more the manners of an old man than he. I had often heard of such instances, but never saw one before. Mrs. Macsweyn was a decent old gentlewoman. She was dressed in tartan, and could speak nothing but Erse. She said she taught Sir James Macdonald Erse, and would teach me soon. I could now sing a verse of the song *Hatyin foam'eri*, made in honour of Allan, the famous Captain of Clanranald, who fell at Sheriffmuir; whose servant, who lay on the field watching his master's dead body, being asked next day who that was, answered, "He was a man yesterday." *

* This striking reply is also ascribed to a domestic of the young Earl of Strathmore, who fell at Sheriffmuir. (See Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather.") The death of Allan Muidartach, or Allan of Muidart, paralysed the Highland ranks, but they were roused by Glengarry springing forward and shouting in Gaelic, "Revenge to-day, and mourning to-morrow!" Another touch of chivalry in this ill-managed battle was the exclamation of an old Highlander on witnessing the indecision of his general, "Oh for one hour of Dundee!" Allan of Muidart was a gallant soldier, and sustained the dignity of a chief with great liberality and magnificence. He is said to have been trained to arms in the wars of the Continent, and to have been severely wounded on a battle-field in Italy, on which occasion he was carefully nursed and attended by a "lady of the land." The Gaelic song in honour of Allan of Muidart, or Moidart, Captain of Clanronald, was a Jacobite ditty, connected with the rising in 1715. It is still a favourite in the West Highlands. Boswell boasts that he had learned a verse of the song; but we suspect it was only the chorous, which, though of the customary length of four lines, consists of but four words frequently repeated. It is as follows:—

"Tha tigh'n fodham, fodham, fodham,
Tha tigh'n fodham, fodham, fodham,
Tha tigh'n fodham, fodham, fodham,
Tha tigh'n fodham éiridh."

Literally, "I am thinking of rising"—*i. e.*, taking up arms for the Chevalier. The following crude version will give some idea of the original, though it may appear but what Andrew Fairservice calls "nipperty-tipperty poetry nonsense."

Come pledge the health we proudly name,
The health of hero bright—
Allan of Muidart, to thy fame,
And may'st thou rise in might!
Tha tigh'n, &c.

Though far from me thou might'st remove,
My heart would glow to hear
The martial tidings that I love,
The deeds of heroes dear!
Tha tigh'n, &c.

We were entertained here with a primitive heartiness. Whiskey was served round in a shell,* according to the ancient Highland custom. Dr. Johnson would not partake of it; but, being desirous to do honour to the "modes of other times," drank some water out of the shell.

In the forenoon Dr. Johnson said, "It would require great resignation to live in one of these islands."—BOSWELL: "I don't know,

* Called a *quaich*, a small cup with handles, often finely mounted with silver.—ED.

Oh, many a maiden in her mirth—
  In costly habit† fine,
From Moidart town to Barra firth,
  Would joy that she were thine.
          Tha tigh'n, &c.

And some of England's daughters fair,
  And some in flowery France,
And some in sunny Italy,
  May rue thy witching glance.
          Tha tigh'n, &c.

Even to Kilphedar's‡ holy fane,
  Crowd all the damsels fair,
Nor seem to list the preacher's strain,
  For Allan Muidart's there.
          Tha tigh'n, &c.

Or gathering at the trysting ground,
  When falls the evening grey;
To pipe and flute the dancers bound,
  With cuffs§ and streamers gay.
          Tha tigh'n, &c.

A pilot wise in storms art thou,
  To sail by gulf or strand,
With dauntless skill to point the prow,
  And steer the bark to land.
          Tha tigh'n, &c.

A hunter brave, thy quarry still
  On mountains rough to find,
When breaks the morn on pass and hill,
  And starts the stag and hind!
          Tha tigh'n, &c.

A lion fierce in battle thou,
  Thy blood-red crest on high,||
Grim valour sits upon thy brow,
  And glory lights thine eye!
          Tha tigh'n, &c.

† Habit, a loose dress used by ladies in the west Highlands in 1715; a fashionable walking-dress.

‡ Cille Phedair, the chapel or burying-ground, dedicated to St. Peter.

§ The young women wore fillets of white cambric round the head, which were fastened behind, the ends falling down in long stripes, crossed like a clergyman's bands.

|| A red hand, a ship, and a salmon were the armorial bearings of the Captain of Clanronald.—ED.

sir; I have felt myself at times in a state of almost mere physical existence, satisfied to eat, drink, and sleep, and walk about, and enjoy my own thoughts; and I can figure a continuation of this."—JOHNSON: "Ay, sir; but if you were shut up here, your own thoughts would torment you. You would think of Edinburgh or London, and that you could not be there."

We set out after dinner for *Breacacha*, the family seat of the Laird of Col, accompanied by the young laird, who had now got a horse, and by the younger Mr. Macsweyn, whose wife had gone thither before us, to prepare everything for our reception, the laird and his family being absent at Aberdeen. It is called *Breacacha*, or the Spotted Field, because in summer it is enamelled with clover and daisies, as young Col told me. We passed by a place where there is a very large stone, I may call it a *rock*;—"a vast weight for Ajax." The tradition is, that a giant threw such another stone at his mistress, up to the top of a hill, at a small distance; and that she, in return, threw this mass down to him. It was all in sport.

"Malo me petit lasciva puella."*

As we advanced, we came to a large extent of plain ground. I had not seen such a place for a long time. Col and I took a gallop upon it by way of race. It was very refreshing to me, after having been so long taking short steps in hilly countries. It was like stretching a man's legs after being cramped in a short bed. We also passed close by a large extent of sand-hills, near two miles square. Dr. Johnson said, "He never had the image before. It was horrible, if barrenness and danger could be so." I heard him, after we were in the house of *Breacacha*, repeating to himself, as he walked about the room—

"And smothered in the dusty whirlwind, dies."

Probably he had been thinking of the whole of the simile in *Cato*, of which that is the concluding line; the sandy desert had struck him so strongly.† The sand has of late been blown over a good deal of

* "My Phyllis me with pelted apples plies,
Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies."—DRYDEN.

† A Highland snow-drift had, forty years before, suggested the same simile to Captain Burt. "These drifts are, above all other dangers, dreaded by the Highlanders; for my own part, I could not but think of Mr. Addison's short description of a whirlwind in the wild, sandy deserts of Numidia."—("Letters from the North of Scotland.") The passage alluded to closes the fourth act of *Cato*—

"So where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden the impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smothered in the dusty whirlwind, dies."

meadow; and the people of the island say, that their fathers remembered much of the space which is now covered with sand to have been under tillage. Col's house is situated on a bay called *Breacacha* Bay. We found here a neat new-built gentleman's house, better than any we had been in since we were at Lord Errol's. Dr. Johnson relished it much at first, but soon remarked to me, that "There was nothing becoming a chief about it: it was a mere tradesman's box." He seemed quite at home, and no longer found any difficulty in using the Highland address; for as soon as we arrived, he said, with a spirited familiarity, "Now, *Col*, if you could get us a dish of tea."—Dr. Johnson and I had each an excellent bed-chamber. We had a dispute which of us had the best curtains. His were rather the best, being of linen; but I insisted that my bed had the best posts, which was undeniable. "Well, (said he,) if you *have* the best *posts*, we will have you tied to them, and whipped."—I mention this slight circumstance, only to show how ready he is, even in mere trifles, to get the better of his antagonist, by placing him in a ludicrous view. I have known him sometimes use the same art, when hard pressed in serious disputation. Goldsmith, I remember, to retaliate for many a severe defeat which he has suffered from him, applied to him a lively saying in one of Cibber's comedies, which puts this part of his character in a strong light,—"There is no arguing with Johnson; for, *if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt-end of it.*"

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6.

After a sufficiency of sleep, we assembled at breakfast. We were just as if in barracks. Every body was master. We went and viewed the old castle of Col, which is not far from the present house, near the shore, and founded on a rock. It has never been a large feudal residence, and has nothing about it that requires a particular description. Like other old inconvenient buildings of the same age, it exemplified Gray's picturesque lines—

> "Huge windows that exclude the light,
> And passages that lead to nothing."*

It may, however, be worth mentioning, that on the second story we saw a vault, which was, and still is, the family prison. There was a woman put into it by the laird for theft, within these ten years, and any offender would be confined there yet; for, from the necessity of the thing, as the island is remote from any power established by law, the laird must exercise his jurisdiction to a certain degree.

* Gray has "*Rich* windows," but the epithet would not have suited the windows of an old Highland castle—ED.

We were shown, in a corner of this vault, a hole, into which Col said greater criminals used to be put. It was now filled up with rubbish of different kinds. He said it was of a great depth. "Ay," (said Dr. Johnson, smiling,) all such places, that *are filled up*, were of a great depth." He is very quick in showing that he does not give credit to careless or exaggerated accounts of things. After seeing the castle, we looked at a small hut near it. It is called *Teigh Franchich*, *i. e.* the Frenchman's House. Col could not tell us the history of it. A poor man with a wife and children now lived in it. We went into



JOHNSON GIVING ALMS.

it, and Dr. Johnson gave them some charity. There was but one bed for all the family, and the hut was very smoky. When he came out, he said to me, "*Et hoc secundum sententiam philosophorum est esse beatus*—[And this, in the opinion of the philosophers, is to be happy.] BOSWELL: "The philosophers, when they placed happiness in a cottage, supposed cleanliness and no smoke."—JOHNSON: "Sir, they did not think about either."

We walked a little in the laird's garden, in which endeavours have been used to rear some trees; but as soon as they got above the surrounding wall, they died. Dr. Johnson recommended sowing the seeds of hardy trees, instead of planting.

Col and I rode out this morning, and viewed a part of the island. In the course of our ride, we saw a turnip-field, which he had hoed with his own hands. He first introduced this kind of husbandry into the Western islands. We also looked at an appearance of lead, which seemed very promising. It has been long known; for I found letters to the late laird, from Sir John Erskine and Sir Alexander Murray, respecting it.

After dinner came Mr. Maclean, of Corneck, brother to Isle of Muck, who is a cadet of the family of Col. He possesses the two ends of Col, which belong to the Duke of Argyl. Corneck had lately taken a lease of them at a very advanced rent, rather than let the Campbells get a footing in the island, one of whom had offered nearly as much as he. Dr. Johnson well observed, that "Landlords err much when they calculate merely what their land *may* yield. The rent must be in a proportionate ratio of what the land may yield, and of the power of the tenant to make it yield. A tenant cannot make by his land, but according to the corn and cattle which he has. Suppose you should give him twice as much land as he has, it does him no good, unless he gets also more stock. It is clear, then, that the Highland landlords, who let their substantial tenants leave them, are infatuated; for the poor small tenants cannot give them good rents, from the very nature of things. They have not the means of raising more from their farms." Corneck, Dr. Johnson said, was the most distinct man that he had met with in these isles; he did not shut his eyes, or put his fingers in his ears, which he seemed to think was a good deal the mode with most of the people whom we have seen of late.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7.

Captain Maclean joined us this morning at breakfast. There came on a dreadful storm of wind and rain, which continued all day, and rather increased at night. The wind was directly against our getting to Mull. We were in a strange state of abstraction from the world: we could neither hear from our friends, nor write to them. Col had brought Daille "On the Fathers," Lucas "On Happiness," and More's "Dialogues," from the Reverend Mr. Maclean's, and Burnet's "History of his own Times," from Captain Maclean's; and he had of his own some books of farming, and Gregory's "Geometry." Dr. Johnson read a good deal of Burnet, and of Gregory, and I ob-

served he made some geometrical notes in the end of his pocket-book. I read a little of Young's "Six Weeks' Tour through the Southern Counties," and Ovid's "Epistles," which I had bought at Inverness, and which helped to solace many a weary hour.

We were to have gone with Dr. Johnson this morning to see the mine; but were prevented by the storm. While it was raging, he said, "We may be glad we are not *damnati ad metalla*."

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8.

Dr. Johnson appeared to-day very weary of our present confined situation. He said, "I want to be on the main-land, and go on with existence. This is a waste of life." *

I shall here insert, without regard to chronology, some of his conversation at different times.

"There was a man some time ago, who was well received for two years among the gentlemen of Northamptonshire, by calling himself my brother. At last he grew so impudent, as by his influence to get tenants turned out of their farms. Allen, the printer, who is of that county, came to me, asking, with much appearance of doubtfulness, if I had a brother; and upon being assured I had none alive, he told me of the imposition, and immediately wrote to the country, and the fellow was dismissed. It pleased me to hear that so much was got by using my name. It is not every name that can carry double—do both for a man's self and his brother (laughing). I should be glad to see the fellow. However, I could have done nothing against him. A man can have no redress for his name being used, or ridiculous stories being told of him in the newspapers, except he can show that he has suffered damage.—Some years ago, a foolish piece was published, said to be written *by S. Johnson*. Some of my friends wanted me to be very angry about this. I said, it would be in vain; for the answer would be, '*S. Johnson* may be Simon Johnson, or Simeon Johnson, or Solomon Johnson;' and even if the full name, Samuel Johnson, had been used, it might be said: 'It is not you; it is a much cleverer fellow.'

"Beauclerk and I, and Langton, and Lady Sydney Beauclerk, mother to our friend, were one day driving in a coach by Cuper's

* Johnson's detention in Coll had apparently been talked of; for Pennant, in his "Second Tour in Scotland," published in 1774, before Johnson's "Journey" appeared, thus sarcastically alludes to it:—"Separated from Tirey by a small sound is the Isle of Coll, still more celebrated for being the place where Dr. Samuel Johnson had long and woeful experience of oats being the food of man in Scotland, as they are of horses in England." Johnson did not pass this over in his 'Journey." He remarks:—"We were at Coll, under the protection of the young laird, without any of the distresses which Mr. Pennant, in a fit of simple credulity, seems to think almost worthy of an elegy by Ossian."—ED.

Gardens, which were then unoccupied.* I, in sport, proposed that Beauclerk, and Langton, and myself should take them; and we amused ourselves with scheming how we should all do our parts. Lady Sydney grew angry, and said, 'An old man should not put such things in young people's heads.' She had no notion of a joke, sir: had come late into life; and had a mighty unpliable understanding.

"Carte's 'Life of the Duke of Ormond' is considered as a book of authority; but it is ill-written. The matter is diffused in too many words; there is no animation, no compression, no vigour. Two good volumes in duodecimo might be made out of the two in folio."

Talking of our confinement here, I observed, that our discontent and impatience could not be considered as very unreasonable; for that we were just in the state of which Seneca complains so grievously, while in exile in Corsica. "Yes, (said Dr. Johnson,) and he was not further from home than we are." The truth is, he was much nearer.†

There was a good deal of rain to-day, and the wind was still contrary. Corneck attended me, while I amused myself in examining a collection of papers belonging to the family of Col. The first laird was a younger son of the Chieftain Maclean, and got the middle part of Col for his patrimony. Dr. Johnson having given a very particular account of the connection between this family and a branch of the family of Camerons, called M'Lonich, I shall only insert the following document (which I found in Col's cabinet), as a proof of its continuance, even to a late period:

TO THE LAIRD OF COL.

DEAR SIR,—The long-standing tract of firm affectionate friendship 'twixt your worthy predecessors and ours affords us such assurance, as that we may have full relyance on your favour and undoubted friendship, in recommending the bearer, Ewen Cameron, our cousin, son to the deceast Dugall M'Connill of Innermaillie, sometime in Glenpean, to your favour and conduct, who is a man of undoubted honesty and dis-

* A place once noted for its fireworks, subsequently for the great resort of the profligate of both sexes, and so called after Boyder Cuper, a gardener in the family of Thomas, Earl of Arundel. Cuper's Gardens were suppressed as a place of public diversion, in 1753. The present Waterloo Bridge-road runs through the very centre of these gardens. (Cunningham's Handbook for London.)—ED.

† Boswell had previously, in his "History of Corsica," quoted the epigrams of Seneca, in which the philosopher complains of the sea-girt rocks and deserts of his place of exile. But the travellers temporarily detained in the Isle of Coll were not "*just in the state*" of Seneca, who was banished from Rome, and kept in exile about eight years! It was better to be at the mercy of the elements for a day or two in Coll's house than at the mercy of Claudius in Corsica, though the latter did happen to be "much nearer home." The stoic, however, recovered his serenity, "happy in the midst of those things which usually make other people miserable," and he wrote his "Books of Consolation" in Corsica. Seneca's ruined tower at Capo Corse used to be shown to strangers, but a modern structure has eclipsed it in interest and fame—the patrimonial house of Napoleon at Ajaccio.—ED.

cretion, only that he has the misfortune of being alledged to have been accessory to the killing of one of M'Martin's family about fourteen years ago, upon which alledgeance the M'Martins are now so sanguine on revenging, that they are fully resolved for the deprivation of his life; to the preventing of which you are relyed on by us, as the only fit instrument, and a most capable person. Therefore your favour and protection is expected and intreated, during his good behaviour; and failing of which behaviour you'll please to use him as a most insignificant person deserves.

Sir, he had, upon the alledgeance aforesaid, been transported, at Lochiel's desire, to France, to gratify the M'Martins, and upon his return home, about five years ago, married: But now he is so much threatened by the M'Martins, that he is not secure enough to stay where he is, being Ardmurchan, which occasions this trouble to you. Wishing prosperity and happiness to attend still yourself, worthy lady, and good family, we are, in the most affectionate manner,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged affectionate, and most humble servants,

DUGALL CAMERON, of Strone.
DUGALL CAMERON, of Barr.
DUGALL CAMERON, of Inveriskvoulline.
DUGALL CAMERON, of Invinvalie.

Strone, 11th March, 1737.

Ewen Cameron was protected, and his son has now a farm from the Laird of Col, in Mull.

The family of Col was very loyal in the time of the great Montrose, from whom I found two letters in his own hand-writing. The first is as follows:—

FOR MY VERY LOVING FRIEND THE LAIRD OF COALL.

SIR,—I must heartily thank you for all your willingness and good affection to his Majesty's service, and particularly the sending alongs of your son, to who I will heave ane particular respect, hopeing also that you will still continue ane goode instrument for the advancing ther of the King's service, for which, and all your former loyal carriages, be confident you shall find the effects of his Ma.'s favour, as they can be witnessed you by Your very faithful friende,

MONTROSE.

Strethearne, 20th Jan., 1646.

The other is—

FOR THE LAIRD OF COL.

SIR,—Having occasion to write to your fields, I cannot be forgetful of your willingness and good affection to his Majesty's service. I acknowledge to you, and thank you heartily for it, assuring, that in what lies in my power, you shall find the good. Meanwhile, I shall expect that you will continue your loyal endeavours, in wishing those slack people that are about you to appear more obedient than they do, and loyal in their prince's service; whereby I assure you, you shall find me ever

Your faithful friend,

MONTROSE.*

Petty, 17th April, 1646.

* It is observable that men of the first rank spelt very ill in the last century. In the first of these letters I have preserved the original spelling.—BOSWELL.

I found some uncouth lines on the death of the present laird's father, intituled, "Nature's Elegy upon the Death of Donald Maclean, of Col." They are not worth insertion. I shall only give what is called his Epitaph, which Dr. Johnson said "was not so very bad."

> "Nature's minion, Virtue's wonder,
> Art's corrective here lyes under."

I asked what "Art's corrective" meant.—"Why, sir," said he, "that the laird was so exquisite, that he set art right, when she was wrong."

I found several letters to the late Col, from my father's old companion at Paris, Sir Hector Maclean, one of which was written at the time of settling the colony in Georgia. It dissuades Col from letting people go there, and assures him there will soon be an opportunity of employing them better at home. Hence it appears that emigration from the Highlands, though not in such numbers at a time as of late, has always been practised. Dr. Johnson observed, that "the lairds, instead of improving their country, diminished their people."

There are several districts of sandy desert in Col. There are forty-eight lochs of fresh water; but many of them are very small,—mere pools. About one-half of them, however, have trout and eel. There is a great number of horses in the island, mostly of a small size. Being overstocked, they sell some in Tir-yi, and on the main-land. Their black cattle, which are chiefly rough-haired, are reckoned remarkably good. The climate being very mild in winter, they never put their beasts into any house. The lakes are never frozen so as to bear a man; and snow never lies above a few hours. They have a good many sheep, which they eat mostly themselves, and sell but a few. They have goats in several places. There are no foxes; no serpents, toads, or frogs, nor any venomous creature. They have otters and mice here; but had no rats till lately that an American vessel brought them. There is a rabbit-warren on the north-east of the island, belonging to the Duke of Argyl. Young Col intends to get some hares, of which there are none at present.* There are no black-cock, muir-fowl, nor partridges; but there are snipe, wild-duck, wild-geese, and swans, in winter; wild-pigeons, plover, and great number of starlings, of which I shot some, and found them pretty good eating. Woodcocks come hither, though there is not a tree upon the island. There are no rivers in Col, but only some brooks, in which there is a great variety of fish. In the whole isle there are but three hills, and none

* Hares were not introduced till about 1820. The island abounds with rabbits, and it still enjoys its exemption from venomous reptiles. The cattle reared in Coll are considered of a superior quality, and about two hundred are annually exported to the south.—Ed.

of them considerable for a Highland country. The people are very industrious; every man can tan. They get oak, and birch-bark, and lime from the main-land. Some have pits, but they commonly use tubs. I saw brogues very well tanned; and every man can make them. They all make candles of the tallow of their beasts, both moulded and dipped; and they all make oil of the livers of fish. The little fish called cuddies produce a great deal. They sell some oil out of the island, and they use it much for light in their houses, in little iron lamps, most of which they have from England; but of late their own blacksmith makes them. He is a good workman; but he has no employment in shoeing horses, for they all go unshod here, except some of a better kind belonging to young Col, which were now in Mull. There are two carpenters in Col; but most of the inhabitants can do something as boat-carpenters. They can all dye. Heath is used for yellow; and for red, a moss which grows on stones. They make broad-cloth, and tartan, and linen, of their own wool and flax, sufficient for their own use; as also stockings. Their bonnets come from the main-land. Hardware and several small articles are brought annually from Greenock, and sold in the only shop in the island, which is kept near the house, or rather hut, used for public worship, there being no church in the island.* The inhabitants of Col have increased considerably within these thirty years, as appears from the parish-registers. There are but three considerable tacksmen on Col's part of the island; the rest is let to small tenants, some of whom pay so low a rent as four, three, or even two guineas.† The highest is seven pounds, paid by a farmer, whose son goes yearly on foot to Aberdeen for education, and in summer returns, and acts as a schoolmaster in Col. Dr. Johnson said, "There is something noble in a young man's walking two hundred miles and back again every year, for the sake of learning."‡

This day a number of people came to Col, with complaints of each others' trespasses. Corneck, to prevent their being troublesome, told them that the lawyer from Edinburgh was here, and if they did not

* A church has subsequently been erected.—ED.

† In 1847, when measures were taken for the relief of the destitute districts in the Highlands, it was found that the population of Coll was 1440; of these 100 tenants paid rent; there were 90 cottars and 50 paupers. Much has been done in the reclamation of waste land. The islanders also prosecute fishing, but on a very limited scale. —ED.

‡ The student alluded to, Mr. Maclean, afterwards became minister of the parish of Small Isles in the Hebrides. Shortly after his return to England, Johnson kindly sent Mr. Maclean a copy of his Dictionary, addressed to him in the author's handwriting. The book is still carefully preserved. Mr. Maclean had two sons, both of whom are ministers in the church of Scotland.—ED.

agree, he would take them to task. They were alarmed at this; said they had never been used to go to law, and hoped Col would settle matters himself. In the evening Corneck left us.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9.

As, in our present confinement, anything that had even the name of curious was an object of attention, I proposed that Col should show me the great stone mentioned in a former page as having been thrown by a giant to the top of a mountain. Dr. Johnson, who did not like to be left alone, said he would accompany us as far as riding was practicable. We ascended a part of the hill on horseback, and Col and I scrambled up the rest. A servant led our horses, and Dr. Johnson placed himself on the ground, with his back against a large fragment of rock. The wind being high, he let down the cocks of his hat, and tied it with his handkerchief under his chin. While we were employed in examining the stone, which did not repay our trouble in getting to it, he amused himself with reading "Gataker on Lots, and on the Christian Watch," a very learned book of the last age [published in 1616], which had been found in the garret of Col's house, and which he said was a treasure here. When we descried him from above, he had a most eremitical appearance; and on our return, told us he had been so much engaged by Gataker, that he had never missed us. His avidity for variety of books, while we were in Col, was frequently expressed; and he often complained that so few were within his reach. Upon which I observed to him, that it was strange he should complain of want of books, when he could at any time make such good ones.

We next proceeded to the lead-mine. In our way, we came to a strand of some extent, where we were glad to take a gallop, in which my learned friend joined with great alacrity. Dr. Johnson, mounted on a large bay mare without shoes, and followed by a foal, which had some difficulty in keeping up with him, was a singular spectacle.

After examining the mine, we returned through a very uncouth district, full of sand-hills, down which, though apparent precipices, our horses carried us with safety, the sand always gently sliding away from their feet. Vestiges of houses were pointed out to us, which Col, and two others who had joined us, asserted had been overwhelmed with sand blown over them. But, on going close to one of them, Dr. Johnson showed the absurdity of the notion, by remarking, that "it was evidently only a house abandoned, the stones of which had been taken away for other purposes; for the large stones, which form the lower part of the walls, were still standing higher than the sand. If *they* were not blown over, it was clear nothing higher than they

could be blown over." This was quite convincing to me; but it made not the least impression on Col and the others, who were not to be argued out of a Highland tradition.

We did not sit down to dinner till between six and seven. We lived plentifully here, and had a true welcome. In such a season, good firing was of no small importance. The peats were excellent, and burned cheerfully. Those at Dunvegan, which were damp, Dr. Johnson called "a sullen fuel." Here a Scottish phrase was singularly applied to him. One of the company having remarked that he had gone out on a stormy evening, and brought in a supply of peats from the stack, old Mr. Macsweyn said, "That was *main honest!*"

Blenheim being occasionally mentioned, he told me he had never seen it: he had not gone formerly, and he would not go now, just as a common spectator, for his money: he would not put it in the power of some man about the Duke of Marlborough to say, "Johnson was here; I knew him, but I took no notice of him." He said he should be very glad to see it, if properly invited, which, in all probability, would never be the case, as it was not worth his while to seek for it. I observed, that he might be easily introduced there by a common friend of ours, nearly related to the duke. He answered, with an uncommon attention to delicacy of feeling, "I doubt whether our friend be on such a footing with the duke as to carry any body there; and I would not give him the uneasiness of seeing that I knew he was not, or even of being himself reminded of it."*

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10.

There was this day the most terrible storm of wind and rain that I ever remember. It made such an awful impression on us all, as to produce, for some time, a kind of dismal quietness in the house. The day was passed without much conversation: only, upon my observing that there must be something bad in a man's mind who does not like to give leases to his tenants, but wishes to keep them in a perpetual wretched dependence on his will, Dr. Johnson said, "You are right: it is a man's duty to extend comfort and security among as many people as he can. He should not wish to have his tenants mere *Ephemeræ*—mere beings of an hour."—BOSWELL: "But, sir, if they

* Topham Beauclerk, the common friend of Johnson and Boswell, was married to the Duke of Marlborough's sister, after her divorce from Lord Bolingbroke. The duke would not be inclined, as Johnson surmised, to relish an introduction from such a source. Johnson, however, visited Blenheim in the course of his tour to Wales with Mr., Mrs., and Miss Thrale, in the summer of 1774. In his notes of this tour, first published by Mr. Duppa, in 1816, Johnson says, "We saw Blenheim and Woodstock Park. The park contains 2,500 acres—about four square miles; it has red deer. Mr. Bryant showed me the library with great civility."—ED.

have leases, is there not some danger that they may grow insolent? I remember you yourself once told me, an English tenant was so independent, that, if provoked, he would *throw* his rent at his landlord."—JOHNSON: "Depend upon it, sir, it is the landlord's own fault if it is thrown at him. A man may always keep his tenants in dependence enough, though they have leases. He must be a good tenant, indeed, who will not fall behind in his rent, if his landlord will let him; and, if he does fall behind, his landlord has him at his mercy. Indeed, the poor man is always much at the mercy of the rich, no matter whether landlord or tenant. If the tenant lets his landlord have a little rent before-hand, or has lent him money, then the landlord is in his power. There cannot be a greater man than a tenant who has lent money to his landlord; for he has under subjection the very man to whom he should be subjected."

MONDAY, OCTOBER 11.

We had some days ago engaged the Campbelltown vessel to carry us to Mull, from the harbour where she lay. The morning was fine, and the wind fair and moderate; so we hoped at length to get away.

Mrs. Macsweyn, who officiated as our landlady here, had never been on the main-land. On hearing this, Dr. Johnson said to me, before her, "That is rather being behind-hand with life. I would at least go and see Glenelg."—BOSWELL: "You yourself, sir, have never seen anything but your native island."—JOHNSON: "But, sir, by seeing London, I have seen as much of life as the world can shew."—BOSWELL: "You have not seen Pekin."—JOHNSON: "What is Pekin? Ten thousand Londoners would *drive* all the people of Pekin: they would drive them like deer."

We set out about eleven for the harbour; but, before we reached it, so violent a storm came on, that we were obliged again to take shelter in the house of Captain Maclean, where we dined, and passed the night.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12.

After breakfast, we made a second attempt to get to the harbour; but another storm soon convinced us that it would be in vain. Captain Maclean's house being in some confusion, on account of Mrs. Maclean being expected to lie-in, we resolved to go to Mr. Macsweyn's, where we arrived very wet, fatigued, and hungry. In this situation, we were somewhat disconcerted by being told that we should have no dinner till late in the evening, but should have tea in the meantime. Dr. Johnson opposed this arrangement; but they persisted, and he took the tea very readily. He said to me afterwards, "You must

consider, sir, a dinner here is a matter of great consequence. It is a thing to be first planned and then executed. I suppose the mutton was brought some miles off, from some place where they knew there was a sheep killed."

Talking of the good people with whom we were, he said, "Life has not got at all forward by a generation in Macsweyn's family; for the son is exactly formed upon the father. What the father says, the son says; and what the father looks, the son looks."

There being little conversation to-night, I must endeavour to recollect what I may have omitted on former occasions. When I boasted at Rasay, of my independency of spirit, and that I could not be bribed he said, "Yes, you may be bribed by flattery." At the Reverend Mr. Maclean's, Dr. Johnson asked him if the people of Col had any superstitions. He said, "No." The cutting peats at the increase of the moon was mentioned as one; but he would not allow it, saying, it was not a superstition, but a whim. Dr. Johnson would not admit the distinction. There were many superstitions, he maintained, not connected with religion; and this was one of them. On Monday we had a dispute at the Captain's, whether sand-hills could be fixed down by art. Dr. Johnson said, "How *the devil* can you do it?"* but instantly corrected himself, "How can you do it?" I never before heard him use a phrase of that nature.

He has particularities which it is impossible to explain. He never

* It is successfully done in the Hebrides, on parts of the English and Welsh coasts. and in Holland, by sowing grasses. Along the western shores of the outer range of the Hebrides, there are large accumulations of shell or calcareous sand, thrown up by the sea and drifted inwards by the wind, which generally blows from the west. This sand-drift did great damage to the more inland portions of the low adjacent grounds, especially in the islands of Harris, North and South Uist, and Barra, until, about thirty years since, a successful mode of treating the evil was practised by Dr. A. Macleod, now of Portree. This consisted in levelling down the steep broken faces of the sand-hills (always looking west or seaward), to a more gentle slope, and then covering the slope with turf or sod cut off the leeward or unbroken part of the sand-bank. By this means the indigenous grasses, as sand-bent (*arundo arenaria*), wheat-grass (*triticum junceum*), bed-straw (*galium verum*), and others, thus transferred in the sod from one portion of their native sand to the other, immediately took root and spread; while the roots left in the ground where the sods were cut soon shot up and covered the spot with its usual verdure. Such, indeed, is the aptitude of the native roots to creep and vegetate, that where the green turf is scarce it is not necessary to cover the slope entirely with sods, but at distances of from twelve to eighteen inches apart. In cases where there are tracts of flat sands utterly devoid of vegetation, and green turf cannot be procured, bent-grass is sown in tufts, as seedling fir-trees are planted, within a yard or so of each other; and this, in a few years, is found sufficient to arrest the drift, and cover the sandy desert with a luxuriant crop of green bent, which is now found to be a good wintering for sheep. The Highlanders call this species of improvement "curing the machar-banks"—*machar* being a Gaelic word, synonymous with *links* in the Lowlands of Scotland, or *downs* in England. In Pembrokeshire the sea-sedge *carex arenaria*) is sewn on the drifting sandy downs, and effectually answers the purpose of binding them and covering the ground with a close vegetable sward.—Ed.

wears a night-cap, as I have already mentioned; but he puts a handkerchief on his head in the night. The day that we left Talisker, he bade us ride on. He then turned the head of his horse back towards Talisker, stopped for some time, then wheeled round to the same direction with ours, and then came briskly after us. He sets open a window in the coldest day or night, and stands before it. It may do with his constitution; but most people, amongst whom I am one, would say, with the frogs in the fable, "This may be sport to you, but it is death to us." It is in vain to try to find a meaning in every one of his particularities, which, I suppose, are mere habits, contracted by chance, of which every man has some that are more or less remarkable. His speaking to himself, or rather repeating, is a common habit with studious men accustomed to deep thinking; and, in consequence of their being thus rapt, they will even laugh by themselves, if the subject which they are musing on is a merry one. Dr. Johnson is often uttering pious ejaculations, when he appears to be talking to himself; for sometimes his voice grows stronger, and parts of the Lord's Prayer are heard. I have sat beside him with more than ordinary reverence on such occasions.*

In our Tour, I observed that he was disgusted whenever he met with coarse manners. He said to me, "I know not how it is, but I cannot bear low life; and I find others, who have as good a right as I to be fastidious, bear it better, by having mixed more with different sorts of men. You would think that I have mixed pretty well too."

He read this day a good deal of my Journal, written in a small book with which he had supplied me, and was pleased, for he said, "I wish thy books were twice as big." He helped me to fill up blanks which I had left in first writing it, when I was not quite sure of what he had said, and he corrected any mistakes that I had made. "They call me a scholar, (said he,) and yet how very little literature is there in my conversation."—BOSWELL: "That, sir, must be according to your company. You would not give literature to those who cannot taste it. Stay till we meet Lord Elibank."

We had at last a good dinner, or rather supper, and were very well satisfied with our entertainment.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13.

Col called me up, with intelligence that it was a good day for a passage to Mull; and, just as we rose, a sailor from the vessel arrived

* It is remarkable that Dr. Johnson should have read this account of some of his own peculiar habits without saying anything on the subject, which I hoped he would have done.—BOSWELL. [The late Mrs. Mackinnon, Corrichatachin, used to relate that Johnson *washed* his handkerchiefs himself in his bed-room, and hung them over the chairs to dry.—ED.]

for us. We got all ready with dispatch. Dr. Johnson was displeased at my bustling, and walking quickly up and down, he said, "It does not hasten us a bit. It is getting on horseback in a ship. All boys do it? and you are longer a boy than others." He himself has no alertness, or whatever it may be called; so he may dislike it, as *Oderunt hilarem tristes.* [Morose men hate the cheerful.]

Before we reached the harbour, the wind grew high again. However, the small boat was waiting and took us on board. We remained for some time in uncertainty what to do: at last it was determined, that, as a good part of the day was over, and it was dangerous to be at sea at night in such a vessel and such weather, we should not sail till the morning tide, when the wind would probably be more gentle. We resolved not to go ashore again, but lie here in readiness. Dr. Johnson and I had each a bed in the cabin. Col sat at the fire in the forecastle, with the captain, and Joseph, and the rest. I eat some dry oatmeal, of which I found a barrel in the cabin. I had not done this since I was a boy. Dr. Johnson owned that he too was fond of it when a boy—a circumstance which I was highly pleased to hear from him, as it gave me an opportunity of observing that, notwithstanding his joke on the article of OATS, he was himself a proof that this kind of *food* was not peculiar to the people of Scotland.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14.

When Dr. Johnson awaked this morning, he called, "*Lanky!*" having, I suppose, been thinking of Langton; but corrected himself instantly, and cried "*Bozzy!*" He has a way of contracting the names of his friends. Goldsmith feels himself so important now as to be displeased at it. I remember one day, when Tom Davies was telling that Dr. Johnson said, "We are all in labour for a name to *Goldy's* play," Goldsmith cried, "I have often desired him not to call me *Goldy.*"

Between six and seven we hauled our anchor, and set sail with a fair breeze; and, after a pleasant voyage, we got safely and agreeably into the harbour of Tobermorie before the wind rose, which it always has done, for some days, about noon.

Tobermorie is an excellent harbour. An island lies before it, and it is surrounded by a hilly theatre. The island is too low, otherwise this would be quite a secure port; but the island not being a sufficient protection, some storms blow very hard here. Not long ago, fifteen vessels were blown from their moorings. There are sometimes sixty or seventy sail here: to-day there were twelve or fourteen vessels. To see such a fleet was the next thing to seeing a town.* The vessels

* There is now a prosperous little town at Tobermory. The population in 1841 was 1,390; in 1851, 1,542.—ED.

were from different places — Clyde, Campbelltown, Newcastle, &c. One was returning to Lancaster from Hamburgh. After having been shut up so long in Col, the sight of such an assemblage of moving habitations, containing such a variety of people, engaged in different pursuits, gave me much gaiety of spirit. When we had landed, Dr. Johnson said, "Boswell is now all alive. He is like Antæus; he gets new vigour whenever he touches the ground." I went to the top of a hill fronting the harbour, from whence I had a good view of it. We had here a tolerable inn. Dr. Johnson had owned to me this morning, that he was out of humour. Indeed, he showed it a good deal in the ship; for, when I was expressing my joy on the prospect of our landing in Mull, he said, he had no joy, when he recollected that it would be five days before he should get to the main-land. I was afraid he would now take a sudden resolution to give up seeing Icolmkill. A dish of tea, and some good bread and butter, did him service, and his bad humour went off. I told him, that I was diverted to hear all the people whom he had visited in our Tour say, "*Honest man!* he's pleased with every thing; he's always content!"—"Little do they know," said I. He laughed, and said, "You rogue!"

We sent to hire horses to carry us across the island of Mull to the shore opposite to Inchkenneth, the residence of Sir Allan Maclean, uncle to young Col, and Chief of the Macleans, to whose house we intended to go the next day. Our friend Col went to visit his aunt, the wife of Dr. Alexander Maclean, a physician, who lives about a mile from Tobermorie.

Dr. Johnson and I sat by ourselves at the inn, and talked a good deal. I told him, that I had found, in Leandro Alberti's Description of Italy, much of what Addison has given us in his *Remarks*.* He said, "The collection of passages from the Classics has been made by another Italian; it is, however, impossible to detect a man as a plagiary in such a case, because all who set about making such a collection must find the same passages; but, if you find the same applications in another book, then Addison's learning in his *Remarks* tumbles down. It is a tedious book; and if it were not attached to Addison's previous reputation, one would not think much of it. Had he written nothing else, his name would not have lived. Addison does not

* It is still read with pleasure. The style is pure and flowing, the classical quotations and allusions are numerous and happy, and we are now and then charmed by that singularly humane and delicate humour in which Addison excelled all men. Yet this agreeable work, even when considered merely as the history of a literary tour, may justly be censured on account of its faults of omission. Though rich in extracts from the Latin poets, it contains scarcely any references to the Latin orators and historians. We must add that it contains little, or rather no information respecting the history and literature of Modern Italy. ("Macaulay's Essays," ed. 1850, p. 698.)—Ed.

seem to have gone deep in Italian literature: he shows nothing of it in his subsequent writings. He shows a great deal of French learning. There is, perhaps, more knowledge circulated in the French language than in any other. There is more original knowledge in English."—"But the French," said I, "have the art of accommodating literature."—JOHNSON: "Yes, sir; we have no such book as Moreri's Dictionary."—BOSWELL: "Their *Ana* are good."—JOHNSON: "A few of them are good; but we have one book of that kind better than any of them—Selden's 'Table Talk.' As to original literature, the French have a couple of tragic poets who go round the world, Racine and Corneille, and one comic poet, Moliere."—BOSWELL: "They have Fenelon."—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, 'Telemachus' is pretty well."—BOSWELL: "And Voltaire, sir."—JOHNSON: "He has not stood his trial yet. And what makes Voltaire chiefly circulate, is collection; such as his 'Universal History.'"—BOSWELL: "What do you say to the Bishop of Meaux?"—JOHNSON: "Sir, nobody reads him."* He would not allow Massillon and Bordaloue to go round the world. In general, however, he gave the French much praise for their industry.

He asked me whether he had mentioned, in any of the papers of the "Rambler," the description in Virgil of the entrance into Hell, with an application to the press; "for," said he, "I do not much remember them." I told him, "No." Upon which he repeated it;—

"Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus Orci,
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ;
Pallentesque habitant Morbi, tristisque Senectus,
Et Metus, et malesuada Fames, et turpis Egestas,
Terribiles visu formæ; Lethumque, Laborque." †

"Now," said he, "almost all these apply exactly to an author, all these are the concomitants of a printing-house." I proposed to him to dictate an essay on it, and offered to write it. He said, he would not do it then, but perhaps would write one at some future period.

The Sunday evening that we sat by ourselves at Aberdeen, I asked him several particulars of his life, from his early years, which he readily told me; and I wrote them down before him. This day

* I take leave to enter my strongest protest against this judgment. Bossuet I hold to be one of the first luminaries of religion and literature. If there are who do not read him, it is full time they should begin.—BOSWELL.

† "Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful Cares, and sullen Sorrows dwell;
And pale Diseases, and repining Age;
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage;
Here Toils and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their sentry keep."—DRYDEN.

I proceeded in my inquiries, also writing them in his presence. I have them on detached sheets. I shall collect authentic materials for THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.; and, if I survive him, I shall be one who will most faithfully do honour to his memory. I have now a vast treasure of his conversation, at different times, since the year 1762, when I first obtained his acquaintance; and, by assiduous inquiry, I can make up for not knowing him sooner.*

A Newcastle ship-master, who happened to be in the house, intruded himself upon us. He was much in liquor, and talked nonsense about his being a man for *Wilkes and Liberty*, and against the ministry. Dr. Johnson was angry, "that a fellow should come into *our* company, who was fit for *no* company." He left us soon.

Col returned from his aunt, and told us, she insisted that we should come to her house that night. He introduced to us Mr. Campbell, the Duke of Argyle's factor in Tyr-yi. He was a genteel, agreeable man. He was going to Inverary, and promised to put letters into the post-office for us. I now found that Dr. Johnson's desire to get on the main-land, arose from his anxiety to have an opportunity of conveying letters to his friends.

After dinner we proceeded to Dr. Maclean's, which was about a mile from our inn. He was not at home, but we were received by his lady and daughter, who entertained us so well, that Dr. Johnson seemed quite happy. When we had supped, he asked me to give him some paper to write letters. I begged he would write short ones, and not *expatiate*, as we ought to set off early. He was irritated by this, and said, "What must be done, must be done: the thing is past a joke."—"Nay, sir," said I, "write as much as you please; but do not blame me, if we are kept six days before we get to the main-land. You were very impatient in the morning; but no sooner do you find yourself in good quarters, than you forget that you are to move." I got him paper enough, and we parted in good humour.

Let me now recollect whatever particulars I have omitted.—In the morning I said to him, before we landed at Tobermorie, "We shall see Dr. Maclean, who has written the history of the Macleans."†

* It is no small satisfaction to me to reflect, that Dr. Johnson read this, and, after being apprised of my intention, communicated to me, at subsequent periods, many particulars of his life, which probably could not otherwise have been preserved.—BOSWELL.

† Dr. Maclean in his history thus mentions his own descent: "Lauchlan Maclean, of Grulin, was married to Janet, daughter of John Macleod, of Cantulick, tutor of Macleod, and Isobel, daughter of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, of Scatwell, by whom he had Hector, married to Catherine, only daughter of Donald Maclean, of Coll." Dr. Hector Maclean lived at the farm of Erray, near Tobermory. He died about 1785, and after his death his widow resided with her nephew, the Laird of Coll, young Coll's brother.—ED.

—JOHNSON: "I have no great patience to stay to hear the history of the Macleans. I would rather hear the history of the Thrales."—When on Mull, I said, "Well, sir, this is the fourth of the Hebrides that we have been upon."—JOHNSON: "Nay, we cannot boast of the number we have seen. We thought we should see many more. We thought of sailing about easily from island to island; and so we should, had we come at a better season; but we, being wise men, thought it would be summer all the year, where *we* were. However, sir, we have seen enough to give us a pretty good notion of the system of insular life."——

Let me not forget, that he sometimes amused himself with very slight reading; from which, however, his conversation showed that he contrived to extract some benefit. At Captain Maclean's he read a good deal in "The Charmer," a collection of songs.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15.

We this morning found that we could not proceed, there being a violent storm of wind and rain, and the rivers being impassable. When I expressed my discontent at our confinement, Dr. Johnson said, "Now that I have had an opportunity of writing to the main-land, I am in no such haste." I was amused with his being so easily satisfied; for the truth was, that the gentleman who was to convey our letters, as I was now informed, was not to set out for Inverary for some time; so that it was probable we should be there as soon as he: however, I did not undeceive my friend, but suffered him to enjoy his fancy.

Dr. Johnson asked, in the evening, to see Dr. Maclean's books. He took down Willis *de Anima Brutorum*, and pored over it a good deal.

Miss Maclean produced some Erse poems by John Maclean, who was a famous bard in Mull, and had died only a few years ago. He could neither read nor write. She read and translated two of them: one, a kind of elegy on Sir John Maclean's being obliged to fly his country in 1715; another a dialogue between two Roman Catholic young ladies, sisters, whether it was better to be a nun or to marry. I could not perceive much poetical imagery in the translation. Yet all of our company who understood Erse, seemed charmed with the original. There may, perhaps, be some choice of expression, and some excellence of arrangement, that cannot be shown in translation.

After we had exhausted the Erse poems, of which Dr. Johnson said nothing, Miss Maclean gave us several tunes on a spinnet, which, though made so long ago, as in 1667, was still very well toned. She sung along with it. Dr. Johnson seemed pleased with the music,

though he owns he neither likes it, nor has hardly any perception of it. At Mr. Macpherson's, in Slate, he told us that "he knew a a drum from a trumpet, and a bagpipe from a guitar, which was about the extent of his knowledge of music." To-night he said, that, "if he had learnt music, he should have been afraid he would have done nothing else but play. It was a method of employing the mind without the labour of thinking at all, and with some applause from a man's self."

We had the music of the bagpipe every day, at Armidale, Dunvegan, and Col. Dr. Johnson appeared fond of it, and used often to stand for some time with his ear close to the great drone.

The penurious gentleman of our acquaintance, formerly alluded to [Sir Alexander Macdonald] afforded us a topic of conversation to-night. Dr. Johnson said, I ought to write down a collection of the instances of his narrowness, as they almost exceeded belief. Col told us, that O'Kane, the famous Irish harper, was once at that gentleman's house. He could not find in his heart to give him any money, but gave him a key for a harp, which was finely ornamented with gold and silver, and with a precious stone, and was worth eighty or a hundred guineas. He did not know the value of it; and when he came to know it, he would fain have had it back; but O'Kane took care that he should not.—JOHNSON: "They exaggerate the value; everybody is so desirous that he should be fleeced. I am very willing it should be worth eighty or a hundred guineas; but I do not believe it."—BOSWELL: "I do not think O'Kane was obliged to give it back."—JOHNSON: "No, sir. If a man with his eyes open, and without any means used to deceive him, gives me a thing, I am not to let him have it again when he grows wiser. I like to see how avarice defeats itself: how, when avoiding to part with money, the miser gives something more valuable."—Col said, the gentleman's relations were angry at his giving away the harp-key, for it had been long in the family.—JOHNSON: "Sir he values a new guinea more than an old friend."

Col also told us, that the same person having come up with a serjeant and twenty men, working on the high road, he entered into discourse with the serjeant, and then gave him sixpence for the men to drink. The serjeant asked, "Who is this fellow?" Upon being informed, he said, "If I had known who he was, I should have thrown it in his face."—JOHNSON: "There is much want of sense in all this. He had no business to speak with the serjeant. He might have been in haste, and trotted on. He has not learnt to be a miser. I believe we must take him apprentice."—BOSWELL: "He would grudge giving half a guinea to be taught."—JOHNSON: "Nay, sir, you must

teach him *gratis.* You must give him an opportunity to practise your precepts."

Let me now go back, and glean *Johnsoniana.*—The Saturday before we sailed from Slate, I sat awhile in the afternoon, with Dr. Johnson in his room, in a quiet serious frame. I observed that hardly any man was accurately prepared for dying; but almost every one left something undone—something in confusion; that my father, indeed, told me he knew one man, (Carlyle of Limekilns,) after whose death all his papers were found in exact order; and nothing was omitted in his will.—JOHNSON: "Sir, I had an uncle who died so; but such attention requires great leisure, and great firmness of mind. If one was to think constantly of death, the business of life would stand still. I am no friend to making religion appear too hard. Many good people have done harm by giving severe notions of it. In the same way, as to learning: I never frighten young people with difficulties; on the contrary, I tell them that they may very easily get as much as will do very well. I do not, indeed, tell them that they will be Bentleys."

The night we rode to Col's house, I said, "Lord Elibank is probably wondering what has become of us."—JOHNSON: "No, no; he is not thinking of us."—BOSWELL: "But recollect the warmth with which he wrote. Are we not to believe a man, when he says he has a great desire to see another? Don't you believe that I was very impatient for your coming to Scotland?"—JOHNSON: "Yes, sir; I believe you were; and I was impatient to come to you. A young man feels so, but seldom an old man." I, however convinced him that Lord Elibank, who has much of the spirit of a young man, might feel so. He asked me if our jaunt had answered expectation. I said it had much exceeded it. I expected much difficulty with him, and had not found it. "And," he added, "wherever we have come, we have been received like princes in their progress."

He said he would not wish not to be disgusted in the Highlands; for that would be to lose the power of distinguishing, and a man might then lie down in the middle of them. He wished only to conceal his disgust.

At Captain Maclean's, I mentioned Pope's friend, Spence.—JOHNSON: "he was a weak, conceited man."*—BOSWELL: "A good

* Mr. Langton thinks this must have been the hasty expression of a splenetic moment, as he has heard Dr. Johnson speak of Mr. Spence's judgment in criticism with so high a degree of respect as to show that this was not his settled opinion of him. Let me add that in the preface to the "Preceptor," he recommends Spence's "Essay on Pope's Odyssey," and that his admirable "Lives of the English Poets" are much enriched by Spence's Anecdotes of Pope.—BOSWELL.

scholar, sir?"—JOHNSON: "Why. no, sir."—BOSWELL: "He was a pretty scholar."—JOHNSON: "You have about reached him."

Last night at the inn, when the factor in Tyr-yi spoke of his having heard that a roof was put on some part of the building at Icolmkill, I unluckily said, "It will be fortunate if we find a cathedral with a roof on it." I said this from a foolish anxiety to engage Dr. Johnson's curiosity more. He took me short at once. "What, sir? how can you talk so? If we shall *find* a cathedral roofed! as if we were going to a *terra incognita:* when everything that is at Icolmkill is so well known. You are like some New-England-men who came to the mouth of the Thames. 'Come,' said they, 'let us go up and see what sort of inhabitants there are here.' They talked, sir, as if they had been to go up the Susquehannah, or any other American river."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16.

This day there was a new moon, and the weather changed for the better. Dr. Johnson said of Miss Maclean, "She is the most accomplished lady that I have found in the Highlands. She knows French, music, and drawing, sews neatly, makes shell-work, and can milk cows; in short, she can do every thing. She talks sensibly, and is the first person whom I have found that can translate Erse poetry literally."* We set out, mounted on little Mull horses. Mull corresponded exactly with the idea which I had always had of it; a hilly country, diversified with heath and grass and many rivulets. Dr. Johnson was not in a very good humour. He said, it was a dreary country, much worse than Sky. I differed from him. "O, sir, (said he), a most dolorous country!"

We had a very hard journey to-day. I had no bridle for my sheltie, but only a halter; and Joseph rode without a saddle. At one place, a loch having swelled over the road, we were obliged to plunge through pretty deep water. Dr. Johnson observed, how helpless a man would be, were he travelling here alone, and should meet with any accident; and said, "he longed to get to *a country of saddles and bridles.*" He was more out of humour to-day, than

* The subsequent history of this young lady was unfortunate. She conceived a warm attachment for a Mr. Duncan Mackenzie, of Aros, whom her friends conceived to be much inferior to her in rank and acquirements. In deference to her father's feelings, Miss Maclean continued single for many years; but after his death she was united to Mr. Mackenzie, June 6th, 1786 They resided at Tobermory, in reduced circumstances, until about 1800, when Mr. Mackenzie died, without issue, and his widow became a pensioner on the bounty of Coll. She died in 1826, and was interred at Kilmore, about seven miles from Tobermory, but no stone marks her grave. A melancholy sequel to the bright morning of her life depicted by Johnson and Boswell!—ED.

he has been in the course of our tour, being fretted to find that his little horse could scarcely support his weight; and having suffered a loss, which, though small in itself, was of some consequence to him, while travelling the rugged steeps of Mull, where he was at times obliged to walk. The loss that I allude to was that of the large oak-stick, which, as I formerly mentioned, he had brought with him from London. It was of great use to him in our wild peregrination; for, ever since his last illness in 1766, he has had a weakness in his knees, and has not been able to walk easily. It had too the properties of a measure; for one nail was driven into it at the length of a foot; another at that of a yard. In return for the services it had done him, he said, this morning he would make a present of it to some museum; but he little thought he was so soon to lose it. As he preferred riding with a switch, it was entrusted to a fellow to be delivered to our baggage-man, who followed us at some distance; but we never saw it more. I could not persuade him out of a suspicion that it had been stolen. "No, no, my friend (said he), it is not to be expected that any man in Mull, who has got it, will part with it. Consider, sir, the value of such a *piece of timber* here!"

As we travelled this morning, we met Dr. Maclean, who expressed much regret at his having been so unfortunate as to be absent while we were at his house.

We were in hopes to get to Sir Allan Maclean's at Inchkenneth, to-night; but the eight miles, of which our road was said to consist, were so very long, that we did not reach the opposite coast of Mull till seven at night, though we had set out about eleven in the forenoon; and when we did arrive there, we found the wind strong against us. Col determined that we should pass the night at Macquarrie's, in the island of Ulva, which lies between Mull and Inchkenneth; and a servant was sent forward to the ferry, to secure the boat for us: but the boat was gone to the Ulva side, and the wind was so high that the people could not hear him call; and the night so dark that they could not see a signal. We should have been in a very bad situation, had there not fortunately been lying in the little sound of Ulva an Irish vessel, the *Bonnetta*, of Londonderry, Captain Maclure, master. He himself was at Macquarrie's; but his men obligingly came with their long boat, and ferried us over.

Macquarrie's house was mean; but we were agreeably surprised with the appearance of the master, whom we found to be intelligent, polite, and much a man of the world. Though his clan is not numerous, he is a very ancient chief, and has a burial-place at Icolmkill. He told us his family had possessed Ulva for nine

hundred years; but I was distressed to hear that it was soon to be sold for payment of his debts.

Captain Maclure, whom we found here, was of Scotch extraction, and properly a Macleod, being descended of some of the Macleods who went with Sir Norman of Bernera to the battle of Worcester; and after the defeat of the royalists, fled to Ireland, and, to conceal themselves, took a different name. He told me, there was a great number of them about Londonderry; some of good property. I said, they should now resume their real name. The Laird of Macleod should go over, and assemble them, and make them all drink the large horn full, and from that time they should be Macleods. The captain informed us, he had named his ship the *Bonnetta*, out of gratitude to Providence; for once, when he was sailing to America with a good number of passengers, the ship in which he then sailed was becalmed for five weeks, and during all that time, numbers of the fish Bonnetta swam close to her, and were caught for food; he resolved, therefore, that the ship he should next get, should be called the *Bonnetta*.

Macquarrie told us a strong instance of the second sight. He had gone to Edinburgh, and taken a man-servant along with him. An old woman, who was in the house, said one day, "Macquarrie will be at home to-morrow, and will bring two gentlemen with him;" and she said she saw his servant return in red and green. He did come home next day. He had two gentlemen with him; and his servant had a new red and green livery, which Macquarrie had bought for him at Edinburgh, upon a sudden thought, not having the least intention when he left home to put his servant in livery; so that the old woman could not have heard any previous mention of it. This, he assured us, was a true story.

Macquarrie insisted that the *Mercheta Mulierum*, mentioned in our old charters, did really mean the privilege which a lord of a manor, or a baron, had, to have the first night of all his vassals' wives. Dr. Johnson said, the belief of such a custom having existed was also held in England, where there is a tenure called *Borough English*, by which the eldest child does not inherit, from a doubt of his being the son of the tenant.* Macquarrie told us, that still, on the marriage of each of his tenants, a sheep is due to him; for which the composition is fixed at five shillings. I suppose Ulva is the only place where this custom remains.

Talking of the sale of an estate of an ancient family, which was

* Sir William Blackstone says, in his "Commentaries," that "he cannot find that ever this custom prevailed in England;" and therefore he is of opinion that it could not have given rise to Borough-English.—Boswell.

said to have been purchased much under its value by the confidential lawyer of that family, and it being mentioned that the sale would probably be set aside by a suit in equity, Dr. Johnson said, "I am very willing that this sale should be set aside, but I doubt much whether the suit will be successful; for the argument for avoiding the sale is founded on vague and indeterminate principles—as that the price was too low, and that there was a great degree of confidence placed by the seller in the person who became the purchaser. Now, how low should a price be? or what degree of confidence should there be to make a bargain be set aside?—a bargain, which is a wager of skill between man and man. If, indeed, any fraud can be proved, that will do."

When Dr. Johnson and I were by ourselves at night, I observed of our host, "*aspectum generosum habet;*"—"*et generosum animum,*" he added. For fear of being overheard in the small Highland houses, I often talked to him in such Latin as I could speak, and with as much of the English accent as I could assume, so as not to be understood, in case our conversation should be too loud for the space.

We had each an elegant bed in the same room; and here it was that a circumstance occurred, as to which he has been strangely misunderstood. From his description of his chamber, it has erroneously been supposed that, his bed being too short for him, his feet during the night were in the mire; whereas he has only said, that when he undressed, he felt his feet in the mire: that is, the clay-floor of the room, on which he stood before he went into bed, was wet, in consequence of the windows being broken, which let in the rain.*

* The old Macquarrie mansion still stands, and "Johnson's room" is pointed out to strangers. At a short distance from it a new and handsome house has been erected, with garden, plantations, &c. The chief of the Macquarries sold his estate in 1777. He had been profusely hospitable, and there was little or no reversion after his debts were paid. He was sixty-two years of age. Yet with unsubdued energy the old chief entered the army, served with distinction for many years, and, returning to his native country, died at Glenforsa, a valley in Mull, on the 14th of January, 1818. He had attained the vast age of 103. The purchaser of Ulva was a Campbell. In 1835 it became the property of Mr. Francis William Clark. This gentleman, though a Lowlander, and bred a lawyer, has acquired the Gaelic language, and he made a visit to Belgium in order to ascertain, by personal inquiry, whether the Belgian system of *petite* husbandry could be adapted to the Highlands. The result of his investigation was unfavourable. Ulva wants the better soil and finer climate of Belgium—the close vicinity of markets, and the comparative smallness of public burdens. Since the failure of the kelp manufacture the rental of Ulva has dwindled down from 1100*l.* a-year to about 220*l.* and the population from 500 to 150. The proprietor states that he had no alternative but either to surrender his property to the crofters, or to remove them. He had purchased the property at the price of 29,500*l.* It was then let to crofters, paying an average rent of 12*l.* to 14*l.* annually, and nearly the whole of the rent was paid from the wages received for manufacturing kelp. The gross rental actually realized averaged 1,100*l.* a-year for the first four years. When kelp became unsaleable, his revenue declined; and in 1846 the stipulated rental was reduced to

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17.

Being informed that there was nothing worthy of observation in Ulva, we took boat and proceeded to Inchkenneth, where we were introduced by our friend Col to Sir Allan Maclean, the chief of his clan, and two young ladies, his daughters. Inchkenneth is a pretty little island, a mile long and about half a mile broad, all good land.

As we walked up from the shore, Dr. Johnson's heart was cheered by the sight of a road marked with cart-wheels, as on the main-land; a thing which we had not seen for a long time. It gave us a pleasure similar to that which a traveller feels, when, whilst wandering on what he fears is a desert island, he perceives the print of human feet.

Military men acquire excellent habits of having all conveniences about them. Sir Allan Maclean, who had been long in the army, and had now a lease of the island, had formed a commodious habitation, though it consisted but of a few small buildings, only one storey high. He had, in his little apartments, more things than I could enumerate in a page or two.

Among other agreeable circumstances, it was not the least to find here a parcel of the "Caledonian Mercury," published since we left Edinburgh, which I read with that pleasure which every man feels who has been for some time secluded from the animated scenes of the busy world.

Dr. Johnson found books here. He bade me buy Bishop Gastrell's "Christian Institutes," which was lying in the room. He said, "I do not like to read anything on a Sunday but what is theological; not that I would scrupulously refuse to look at anything which a friend should show me in a newspaper, but, in general, I would read only what is theological. I read just now some of Drummond's Travels, before I perceived what books were here. I then took up Derham's 'Physico-Theology.'"

Every particular concerning this island having been so well described by Dr. Johnson, it would be superfluous in me to present the public with the observations that I made upon it, in my Journal.

I was quite easy with Sir Allan almost instantaneously. He knew the great intimacy that had been between my father and his predecessor, Sir Hector, and was himself of a very frank disposition. After

470*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*, but the crofters were barely able to maintain themselves with the aid they received, and could pay no rent. He expended 1,600*l.* on drainage and other improvements, chiefly with a view to give employment to the inhabitants. In the four years, 1846–49, he had expended in wages of labour and gratuities, not only all the revenue derived from it, but 367*l.* from other sources. In 1849 the removal of the crofters was completed, and in 1850 he had a clear revenue of 221*l.*, with the prospect of its increasing. See Sir John M'Neill's report on the Highlands.—ED.

dinner, Sir Allan said he had got Dr. Campbell about a hundred subscribers to his "Britannica Elucidata," (a work since published under the title of "A Political Survey of Great Britain,") of whom he believed twenty were dead, the publication having been so long delayed.—JOHNSON: "Sir, I imagine the delay of publication is owing to this, that, after publication, there will be no more subscribers, and few will send the additional guinea to get their books: in which they will be wrong; for there will be a great deal of instruction in the work. I think highly of Campbell. In the first place, he has very good parts. In the second place, he has very extensive reading; not, perhaps, what is properly called learning, but history, politics, and, in short, that popular knowledge which makes a man very useful. In the third place, he has learned much by what is called the *vox viva*. He talks with a great many people."

Speaking of this gentleman, at Rasay, he told us that he one day called on him, and they talked of "Tull's Husbandry." Dr. Campbell said something. Dr. Johnson began to dispute it. "Come," said Dr. Campbell, "we do not want to get the better of one another: we want to increase each other's ideas." Dr. Johnson took it in good part, and the conversation then went on coolly and instructively. His candour in relating this anecdote does him much credit, and his conduct on that occasion proves how easily he could be persuaded to talk from a better motive than "for victory."

Dr. Johnson here showed so much of the spirit of a Highlander, that he won Sir Allan's heart: indeed, he has shown it during the whole of our tour. One night, in Col, he strutted about the room with a broad-sword and target, and made a formidable appearance; and, another night, I took the liberty to put a large blue bonnet on his head. His age, his size, and his bushy grey wig, with this covering on it, presented the image of a venerable *Senachi;* and, however unfavourable to the Lowland Scots, he seemed much pleased to assume the appearance of an ancient Caledonian. We only regretted that he could not be prevailed with to partake of the social glass. One of his arguments against drinking appears to me not convincing. He urged, that "in proportion as drinking makes a man different from what he is before he has drunk, it is bad; because it has so far affected his reason." But may it not be answered, that a man may be altered by it *for the better;* that his spirits may be exhilarated without his reason being affected? On the general subject of drinking, however, I do not mean positively to take the other side. I am *dubius non improbus.*

In the evening, Sir Allan informed us that it was the custom of his house to have prayers every Sunday; and Miss Maclean read the

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evening service, in which we all joined. I then read Ogden's second and ninth Sermons on Prayer, which, with their other distinguished excellence, have the merit of being short. Dr. Johnson said, that it was the most agreeable Sunday he had ever passed; and it made such an impression on his mind, that he afterwards wrote the following Latin verses upon Inchkenneth:

INSULA SANCTI KENNETHI.

Parva quidem regio, sed religione priorum
  Nota, Caledonias panditur inter aquas;
Voce ubi Cennethus populos domuisse feroces
  Dicitur, et vanos dedocuisse deos.
Huc ego delatus placido per cœrula cursu
  Scire locum volui quid daret ille novi.
Illic Leniades humili regnabat in aulâ,
  Leniades magnis nobilitatus avis:
Una duas habuit casa cum genitore puellas,
  Quas Amor undarum fingeret esse deas:
Non tamen inculti gelidis latuere sub antris,
  Accola Danubii qualia sævus habet;
Mollia non deerant vacuæ solatia vitæ,
  Sive libros poscant otia, sive lyram.
Luxerat illa dies, legis gens docta supernæ
  Spes hominum ac curas cum procul esse jubet,
Ponti inter strepitus sacri non munera cultus
  Cessarunt; pietas hic quoque cura fuit:
Quid quod sacrifici versavit femina libros,
  Legitimas faciunt pectora pura preces.
Quo vagor ulterius? quod ubique requiritur hic est;
  Hic secura quies, hic et honestus amor.*

* Johnson made various alterations on these verses, as may be seen from the copy printed in his Works, Oxford edit., Vol I. The poem was thus translated by the late Sir Daniel K. Sandford, Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow:

"Scarce spied amidst the West-sea foam,
Yet once Religion's chosen home,
Appears the isle whose savage race
By Kenneth's voice was won to grace.
O'er glassy tides I thither flew,
The wonders of the spot to view:
In lonely cottage great Maclean
Held his high ancestral reign,
With daughters fair, whom Love might deem
The Naiads of the Ocean-stream;
Yet not in chilly cavern rude
Were they, like Danube's lawless brood;
But all that charms a polished age,
The tuneful lyre, the learned page,
Combined to beautify and bless
That life of ease and loneliness.
Now dawned the day whose holy light
Puts human hopes and cares to flight;

MONDAY, OCTOBER 18.

We agreed to pass this day with Sir Allan, and he engaged to have everything in order for our voyage to-morrow.

Being now soon to be separated from our amiable friend, young Col, his merits were all remembered. At Ulva he had appeared in a new character, having given us a good prescription for a cold. On my mentioning him with warmth, Dr. Johnson said, "Col does everything for us: we will erect a statue to Col."—"Yes," said I, "and we will have him with his various attributes and characters, like Mercury, or any other of the heathen gods. We will have him as a pilot; we will have him as a fisherman, as a hunter, as a husbandman, as a physician."

I this morning took a spade, and dug a little grave in the floor of

Nor 'mid the hoarse waves' circling swell
Did Worship here forget to dwell.
What though beneath a woman's hand
The Sacred Volume's leaves expand,
No need of priestly sanction there—
The sinless heart makes holy prayer!
Then wherefore further seek to rove,
While here is all our hearts approve—
Repose, security, and love?"

Sir Allan Maclean had unfortunately but little of the ancient possessions of the chiefs of Maclean. Coll, Lochbuy, and Ardgour had long passed to younger branches of the house, and most of the remainder had been forfeited in 1715 and 1715, and came into the hands of the Argyle family. "The ashes of Sir Allan," says the "Statistical Account," "rest near the spot where he related to Dr. Johnson his American campaign; but the estate has long since gone from the family. It is now the property of Colonel Robert Macdonald, who has built a mansion-house on the island, and, like Sir Allan, resides there in agreeable retirement, after having fought and bled in the cause of his country." Sir Allan's two daughters both married Macleans; the eldest, a neighbouring proprietor, Maclean of Lochaline. The huts in which the military baronet received Johnson and Boswell were afterwards abandoned and left to ruin; the walls remain, and assist the imagination in recalling the scene of sequestered beauty and piety so exquisitely drawn by Johnson.

Sir Allan Maclean died at Inchkenneth, December 10th, 1783. "The family of Maclean of Duart," says Mr. Gregory, in his work on the Western Highlands, "in the reign of James VI. was the most powerful in the Hebrides, but had, before the end of the seventeenth century, lost nearly all its possessions, and was almost deprived of influence. The seeds of the decay of this important family were sown in the reign of Queen Mary, when the great feud between the Macleans and Macdonald first broke out. In the reigns of James VI. and Charles I., many debts had accumulated against the barony of Duart, which enabled the Marquis of Argyle and his successors to establish a claim to that estate; and this claim the Macleans, owing to their exertions in favour of the Stuarts, never had an opportunity of shaking off. Sir Lauchlan Maclean of Morven, immediate younger brother of Hector Maclean, of Duart, and grandson of Lauchlan Mor, was created a Baronet of Nova Scotia by Charles I. On the death of his elder brother, Sir Lauchlan succeeded to the estate of Duart, and on the failure of the male issue of Sir Lauchlan, some generations later, the baronetcy devolved (in 1750) on Allan Maclean, of Brolos (Johnson's entertainer), descended from Donald, a younger brother of the first Baronet of Duart. Sir Allan's heir male, who now bears the title, is Lieutenant-General Sir Fitzroy Maclean of Morarven, eighth baronet.—Ed.

a ruined chapel, near Sir Allan Maclean's house, in which I buried some human bones I found there.* Dr. Johnson praised me for what I had done, though he owned he could not have done it. He showed in the chapel at Rasay his horror at dead men's bones. He showed it again at Col's house. In the charter-room there was a remarkably large shin-bone, which was said to have been a bone of John Garve, one of the lairds.† Dr. Johnson would not look at it; but started away.

At breakfast, I asked, "What is the reason that we are angry at a trader's having opulence?"—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, the reason is (though I don't undertake to prove that there is a reason), we see no qualities in trade that should entitle a man to superiority. We are not angry at a soldier's getting riches, because we see that he possesses qualities which we have not. If a man returns from a battle, having lost one hand, and with the other full of gold, we feel that he deserves the gold; but we cannot think that a fellow, by sitting all day at a desk, is entitled to get above us."—BOSWELL: "But, sir, may we not suppose a merchant to be a man of an enlarged mind, such as Addison in the "Spectator" describes Sir Andrew Freeport to have been?"—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, we may suppose any fictitious character. We may suppose a philosophical day-labourer, who is happy in reflecting that, by his labour, he contributes to the fertility of the earth, and to the support of his fellow-creatures; but we find no such philosophical day-labourer. A merchant may, perhaps, be a man of an enlarged mind; but there is nothing in trade connected with an enlarged mind."

I mentioned that I had heard Dr. Solander say he was a Swedish Laplander.—JOHNSON: "Sir, I don't believe he is a Laplander. The Laplanders are not much above four feet high. He is as tall as you; and he has not the copper colour of a Laplander.—BOSWELL: "But what motive could he have to make himself a Laplander?"‡—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, he must either mean the word Laplander in a very extensive sense, or may mean a voluntary degradation of himself. 'For all my being the great man that you see me now, I was origi-

* Johnson, always interested in the ruins of religious houses, describes this chapel minutely, and in a letter to Mrs. Thrale gives a characteristic anecdote of his fellow-traveller. He says—"Boswell, who is very pious, went into it at night to perform his devotions, but came back in haste, for fear of spectres."—ED.

† John Garve was the first laird of Coll, and founder of the Coll branch of the Macleans. He held the principal part of the estate by a charter granted by James II. of Scotland.—ED.

‡ A very pertinent question, and one which Johnson answered but lamely. Dr. Solander was born at Norland, in Sweden. His labours as a botanist, and his voyage with Cook in company with Sir Joseph Banks, have justly rendered him eminent. He died in London, May 13, 1782.—ED.

nally a barbarian;' as if Burke should say, 'I came over a wild Irishman:' which he might say in his present state of exaltation."

Having expressed a desire to have an island like Inchkenneth, Dr. Johnson set himself to think what would be necessary for a man in such a situation. "Sir, I should build me a fortification, if I came to live here; for, if you have it not, what should hinder a parcel of ruffians to land in the night, and carry off everything you have in the house, which, in a remote country, would be more valuable than cows and sheep? Add to all this the danger of having your throat cut."—BOSWELL: "I would have a large dog."—JOHNSON: "So you may, sir; but a large dog is of no use but to alarm." He, however, I apprehend, thinks too lightly of the power of that animal. I have heard him say, that he is afraid of no dog. "He would take him up by the hinder legs, which would render him quite helpless, and then knock his head against a stone, and beat out his brains." Topham Beauclerk told me, that at his house in the country, two large ferocious dogs were fighting. Dr. Johnson looked steadily at them for a little while; and then, as one would separate two little boys, who were foolishly hurting each other, he ran up to them, and cuffed their heads till he drove them asunder.* But few men have his intrepidity, Herculean strength, or presence of mind. Most thieves or robbers would be afraid to encounter a mastiff.

I observed, that, when young Col talked of the lands belonging to his family, he always said, "*my* lands." For this he had a plausible pretence; for he told me, there has been a custom in this family that the laird resigns the estate to the eldest son when he comes of age, reserving to himself only a certain life-rent. He said, it was a voluntary custom; but I think I found an instance in the charter-room that there was such an obligation in a contract of marriage. If the custom was voluntary, it was only curious; but if founded on obligation, it might be dangerous; for I have been told, that in Otaheite, whenever a child is born (a son, I think), the father loses his right to the estate and honours; and that this unnatural, or rather absurd, custom occasions the murder of many children.

Young Col told us he could run down a greyhound; "for (said he,) the dog runs himself out of breath by going too quick, and then I get up with him." I accounted for his advantage over the dog, by remarking that Col had the faculty of reason, and knew how to moderate his pace, which the dog had not sense enough to do. Dr.

* "When we inquired into the truth of this story, he answered, 'The dogs have been somewhat magnified, I believe. They were, as I remember, two stout young pointers, *but the story has gained but little*.'—Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes. Johnson would have thought it had gained a good deal if related of any other party.—ED.

Johnson said, "He is a noble animal. He is as complete an islander as the mind can figure. He is a farmer, a sailor, a hunter, a fisher: he will run you down a dog. If any man has a *tail*, it is Col. He is hospitable; and he has intrepidity of talk, whether he understands the subject or not. I regret that he is not more intellectual."

Dr. Johnson observed, that there was nothing of which he would not undertake to persuade a Frenchman in a foreign country. "I'll carry a Frenchman to St. Paul's Churchyard, and I'll tell him, 'By our law you may walk half round the church; but, if you walk round the whole, you will be punished capitally;' and he will believe me at once. Now, no Englishman would readily swallow such a thing: he would go and inquire of somebody else."—The Frenchman's credulity, I observed, must be owing to his being accustomed to implicit submission; whereas every Englishman reasons upon the laws of his country, and instructs his representatives, who compose the legislature.

This day was passed in looking at a small island adjoining Inchkenneth, which afforded nothing worthy of observation; and in such social and gay entertainments as our little society could furnish.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19.

After breakfast, we took leave of the young ladies, and of our excellent companion Col, to whom we had been so much obliged. He had now put us under the care of his chief, and was to hasten back to Sky. We parted from him with very strong feelings of kindness and gratitude; and we hoped to have had some future opportunity of proving to him the sincerity of what we felt; but in the following year he was unfortunately lost in the sound between Ulva and Mull; and this imperfect memorial, joined to the high honour of being tenderly and respectfully mentioned by Dr. Johnson, is the only return which the uncertainty of human events has permitted us to make to this deserving young man.*

Sir Allan, who obligingly undertook to accompany us to Icolmkill, had a strong, good boat, with four stout rowers. We coasted along Mull till we reached *Gribon*, where is what is called Mackinnon's

* September 25, 1774, Archibald Murdoch, Esq., younger, of Gartincaber, Mr. Maclean, of Coll, Mr. Fisher from England, and Mr. Malcolm Macdonald, drover in Mull, with five attendants, unfortunately drowned in crossing a ferry in the Isle of Mull. Mr. Murdoch had gone to Mull on a visit to Mr. Maclaine, of Lochbuy, and having dined in a friend's house, the melancholy accident happened on their return. The barge overset within a gunshot of the lands of Ulva and Mull. Mr. Maclaine of Lochbuy, and three young men in the barge, having got hold of the mast, continued dashing in the waves for three quarters of an hour, and were saved by the ferry-boat of Ulva, which reached them just as they were ready to sink. ("Scots' Magazine.") In 1797 Dr. E. D. Clarke, when in the Highlands, experienced great kindness from the brother of the lamented Coll. The hospitality of the family was proverbial.—ED.

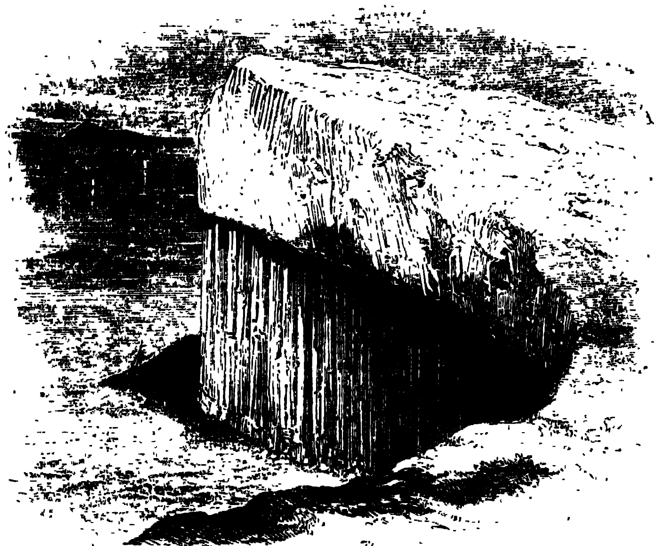
cave, compared with which that at Ulinish is inconsiderable. It is in a rock of great height, close to the sea. Upon the left of its entrance there is a cascade, almost perpendicular from the top to the bottom of the rock. There is a tradition that it was conducted thither artificially, to supply the inhabitants of the cave with water. Dr. Johnson gave no credit to this tradition. As, on the one hand, his faith in the Christian religion is firmly founded upon good grounds; so, on the other, he is incredulous when there is no sufficient reason for belief; being, in this respect, just the reverse of modern infidels, who, however nice and scrupulous in weighing the evidences of religion, are yet often so ready to believe the most absurd and improbable tales of another nature, that Lord Hailes well observed, a good essay might be written, *Sur la credulité des Incredules.*

The height of this cave I cannot tell with any tolerable exactness; but it seemed to be very lofty, and to be a pretty regular arch. We penetrated, by candle-light, a great way; by our measurement, no less than four hundred and eighty-five feet. Tradition says, that a piper and twelve men once advanced into this cave, nobody can tel how far, and never returned. At the distance to which we proceeded, the air was quite pure, for the candle burned freely, without the least appearance of the flame growing globular; but, as we had only one, we thought it dangerous to venture farther, lest, should it have been extinguished, we should have had no means of ascertaining whether we could remain without danger. Dr. Johnson said this was the greatest natural curiosity he had ever seen.*

We saw the island of Staffa, at no very great distance, but could not land upon it, the surge was so high on its rocky coast.

Sir Allan, anxious for the honour of Mull, was still talking of its *woods*, and pointing them out to Dr. Johnson, as appearing at a distance on the skirts of that island, as we sailed along.—JOHNSON: "Sir, I saw at Tobermorie what they called a wood, which I unluckily took for *heath*. If you show me what I shall take for *furze*, it will be something."

* The author of the statistical account of the parish supposes that the cave was formed by the wasting of a trap vein. The breadth at the entrance is about forty-five feet, and the roof, rising almost in a regular arch, is so high and lofty that the torches and lights used are insufficient to show it distinctly; and from its general depth or length it is not very possible to form a notion of its dimensions from any point of view. Passing inwards from the sea to a great depth on the right-hand side, is a narrow passage about six feet wide, obstructed by large stones, over which, having passed, there is a second cave of about twenty-five feet in breadth; and here is a square stone called Fingal's Table. Onwards still the cave leads, until tokens of a feculent or corrupted atmosphere, beginning to affect the lights, warn the traveller as to the propriety of returning. The cave derives its name from a tradition that a gentleman of the name of Mackinnon was lost in seeking to explore the cave.—ED.



STAFFA.

In the afternoon we went ashore on the coast of Mull, and partook of a cold repast, which we carried with us. We hoped to have procured some rum or brandy, for our boatmen and servants, from a public-house near where we landed; but, unfortunately, a funeral a few days before had exhausted all their store. Mr. Campbell, however, one of the Duke of Argyle's tacksmen, who lived in the neighbourhood, on receiving a message from Sir Allan, sent us a liberal supply.

We continued to coast along Mull, and passed by Nuns' Island, which, it is said, belonged to the nuns of Icolmkill, and from which, we are told, the stone for the buildings there was taken. As we sailed along by moonlight, in a sea somewhat rough, and often between black and gloomy rocks, Dr. Johnson said, "If this be not *roving among the Hebrides*, nothing is."—The repetition of words which he had so often previously used, made a strong impression on my imagination; and, by a natural course of thinking, led me to consider how our present adventures would appear to me at a future period.

I have often experienced, that scenes through which a man has passed, improve by lying in the memory: they grow mellow. *Acti labores sunt jucundi.* This may be owing to comparing them with present listless ease. Even harsh scenes acquire a softness by length

of time;* and some are like very loud sounds, which do not please, or at least do not please so much, till you are removed to a certain distance. They may be compared to strong, coarse pictures, which will not bear to be viewed near. Even pleasing scenes improve by time, and seem more exquisite in recollection, than when they were present—if they have not faded to dimness in the memory. Perhaps there is so much evil in every human enjoyment, when present—so much dross mixed up with it—that it requires to be refined by time; and yet I do not see why time should not melt away the good and the evil in equal proportions—why the shade should decay, and the light remain in preservation.

After a tedious sail, which, by our following various turnings of the coast of Mull, was extended to about forty miles, it gave us no small pleasure to perceive a light in the village of Icolmkill, in which almost all the inhabitants of the island live, close to where the ancient building stood. As we approached the shore, the tower of the cathedral, just discernible in the air, was a picturesque object.

When we had landed upon the sacred place, which, as long as I can remember, I had thought on with veneration, Dr. Johnson and I cordially embraced. We had long talked of visiting Icolmkill; and, from the lateness of the season, were at times very doubtful whether we should be able to effect our purpose. To have seen it, even alone, would have given me great satisfaction; but the venerable scene was rendered much more pleasing by the company of my great and pious friend, who was no less affected by it than I was; and who has described the impressions it should make on the mind, with such strength of thought, and energy of language, that I shall quote his words, as conveying my own sensations much more forcibly than I am capable of doing:—

"We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotions would be impossible, if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona!"†

* I have lately observed that this thought has been elegantly expressed by Cowley, [Ode upon his Majesty's restoration]:—

"Things which offend when present, and affright,
In memory, well painted, move delight"—BOSWELL.

† Had our Tour produced nothing else but this sublime passage, the world must

Upon hearing that Sir Allan Maclean was arrived, the inhabitants, who still consider themselves as the people of Maclean, to whom the island formerly belonged, though the Duke of Argyle has at present possession of it, ran eagerly to him.

We were accommodated this night in a large barn, the island affording no lodging that we should have liked so well. Some good hay was strewed at one end of it, to form a bed for us, upon which we lay with our clothes on; and we were furnished with blankets from the village. Each of us had a portmanteau for a pillow. When I awaked in the morning, and looked round me, I could not help smiling at the idea of the chief of the Macleans, the great English moralist, and myself, lying thus extended in such a situation.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20.

Early in the morning, we surveyed the remains of antiquity at this place, accompanied by an illiterate fellow, as *cicerone*, who called himself a descendant of a cousin of St. Columba, the founder of the religious establishment here. As I knew that many persons had already examined them, and as I saw Dr. Johnson inspecting and measuring several of the ruins of which he has since given so full an account, my mind was quiescent; and I resolved to stroll among them at my ease, to take no trouble to investigate minutely, and only receive the general impression of solemn antiquity, and the particular ideas of such objects as should of themselves strike my attention.

We walked from the monastery of nuns to the great church or cathedral, as they call it, along an old broken causeway. They told us, that this had been a street, and that there were good houses built on each side. Dr. Johnson doubted if it was anything more than a paved road for the nuns. The convent of monks, the great church, Oran's chapel, and four other chapels, are still to be discerned. But I must own that Icolmkill did not answer my expectations; for they were high, from what I had read of it, and still more from what I had heard and thought of it, from my earliest years. Dr. Johnson said, it came up to his expectations, because he had taken his impression from an account of it, subjoined to Sacheverel's "History of the Isle of Man," where it is said, there is not much to be seen here. We were both disappointed when we were shown what are called the monuments of the kings of Scotland, Ireland, and Denmark, and of a king of France. There are only some grave-stones flat on the earth,

have acknowledged that it was not made in vain. The present respectable President of the Royal Society [Sir Joseph Banks] was so much struck on reading it, that he clasped his hands together, and remained for some time in an attitude of silent admiration.—BOSWELL.

and we could see no inscriptions. How far short was this of marble monuments, like those in Westminster Abbey, which I had imagined here! The grave-stones of Sir Allan Maclean's family, and of that of Macquarrie, had as good an appearance as the royal grave-stones; if they were royal, we doubted.

My easiness to give credit to what I heard in the course of our tour was too great. Dr. Johnson's peculiar accuracy of investigation detected much traditional fiction, and many gross mistakes. It is not to be wondered at, that he was provoked by people carelessly telling him, with the utmost readiness and confidence, what he found, on questioning them a little more, was erroneous. Of this there were innumerable instances.

I left him and Sir Allan at breakfast in our barn, and stole back again to the cathedral, to indulge in solitude and devout meditation. While contemplating the venerable ruins, I reflected with much satisfaction, that the solemn scenes of piety never lose their sanctity and influence, though the cares and follies of life may prevent us from visiting them, or may even make us fancy that their effects are only "as yesterday, when it is past," and never again to be perceived. I hoped that, ever after having been in this holy place, I should maintain an exemplary conduct. One has a strange propensity to fix upon some point of time from whence a better course of life may begin.

Being desirous to visit the opposite shore of the island, where Saint Columba is said to have landed, I procured a horse from one M'Ginnis, who ran along as my guide. The M'Ginnises are said to be a branch of the clan of Maclean. Sir Allan had been told that this man had refused to send him some rum, at which the knight was in great indignation. "You rascal! (said he) don't you know that I can hang you, if I please?"—Not adverting to the Chieftain's power over his clan, I imagined that Sir Allan had known of some capital crime that the fellow had committed, which he could discover, and so get him condemned; and said, "How so?"—"Why, (said Sir Allan) "are they not all my people?"—Sensible of my inadvertency, and most willing to contribute what I could towards the continuation of feudal authority: "Very true," said I.—Sir Allan went on: "Refuse to send rum to me, you rascal! Don't you know, that if I order you to go and cut a man's throat, you are to do it?"—"Yes, an't please your honour! and my own too, and hang myself too."—The poor fellow denied that he had refused to send the rum. His making these professions was not merely a pretence in presence of his Chief; for after he and I were out of Sir Allan's hearing, he told me, "Had he sent his dog for the rum, I would have given it; I would cut my bones for him."—It was very remarkable to find such an attachment to a Chief,

though he had then no connection with the island, and had not been there for fourteen years.—Sir Allan, by way of upbraiding the fellow, said, "I believe you are a *Campbell.*"

The place which I went to see is about two miles from the village. They call it *Portawherry*, from the wherry in which Columba came; though, when they show the length of his vessel, as marked on the beach by two heaps of stones, they say, "Here is the length of the *Currach*," using the Erse word.*

Icolmkill is a fertile island. The inhabitants export some cattle and grain; and I was told, they import nothing but iron and salt. They are industrious, and make their own woollen and linen cloth; and they brew a good deal of beer, which we did not find in any of the other islands.

We set sail again about mid-day, and in the evening landing on Mull, near the house of the Reverend Mr. Neil Macleod, who having been informed of our coming, by a message from Sir Allan, came out to meet us. We were this night very agreeably entertained at his house. Dr. Johnson observed to me, that he was the cleanest-headed man that he had met with in the Western islands.† He seemed to

* This spot has always borne the name of "*Port a' Curragh*;" *i. e.*, the Bay of the Wicker Boat. Boswell had mistaken the Celtic pronunciation. The length of Columba's *curragh* must have been sixty feet, if the artificial mound represent truly its dimensions. The Island of Iona is now too well known to require description. Like ancient Rome, "it is visited by every caste; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray." (Forsyth's "Italy.") Johnson did much for its celebrity, and the steamboats that ply weekly from Oban afford ready facilities to tourists; still the sacred island does not flourish. A miserable population crowd its shores, destitute of land or money; and the condition of the "crofter," or small tenant, of ten or fifteen pounds, has been reduced by the decline in the value of cattle and the failure of the potato. The export of produce has diminished materially since 1846, notwithstanding that the crofts are generally larger and the soil better in Iona than in the neighbouring islands. When Sacheverel visited Iona in 1688, he found the number of families to be about 80; the entire population is now about 400, but it is gradually lessening by emigration.—Ed.

† A singular use of the adjective *cleanest*; clearest would seem to be the word, but it is the same in all the editions; and it is consistent with Johnson's own definition of *clean*, in one sense, as "elegant, not unwieldy; not encumbered with anything useless, or disproportioned." The minister did not live to read the unusual compliment; he died April 28, 1780. Johnson notices this gentleman in his "Journey," but by mistake calls him Maclean—"A minister who lives upon the coast, whose elegance of conversation and strength of judgment would make him conspicuous in places of greater celebrity." A daughter of this gentleman's—Miss Mary Macleod, residing at Tobermory—is, perhaps, the only person now alive (1852) who remembers having seen Dr. Johnson in the Hebrides. She was then but a child; but she has a distinct recollection of Johnson's appearance. Alexander, one of Mr. Macleod's sons, deserves notice. He emigrated to the United States in 1792, and became a minister of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. He distinguished himself by his opposition to slavery, and during the first year of his ministry, the presbytery, through his influence, passed a resolution, that no slave-holder should be retained in their communion. He was the

be well acquainted with Dr. Johnson's writings, and courteously said, "I have been often obliged to you, though I never had the pleasure of seeing you before."

He told us, he had lived for some time in St. Kilda, under the tuition of the minister or catechist there, and had there first read Horace and Virgil. The scenes which they describe must have been a strong contrast to the dreary waste around him.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21.

This morning the subject of politics was introduced.—JOHNSON: "Pulteney was as paltry a fellow as could be. He was a Whig, who pretended to be honest; and you know it is ridiculous for a Whig to pretend to be honest. He cannot hold it out."—He called Mr. Pitt a meteor; Sir Robert Walpole a fixed star.—He said, "It is wonderful to think that all the force of government was required to prevent Wilkes from being chosen the chief magistrate of London, though the liverymen knew he would rob their shops—knew he would debauch their daughters."*

BOSWELL: "The History of England is so strange, that, if it were not so well vouched as it is, it would hardly be credible."—JOHNSON: "Sir, if it were told as shortly, and with as little preparation for introducing the different events, as the History of the Jewish Kings, it would be equally liable to objections of improbability."—Mr. Macleod was much pleased with the justice and novelty of the thought.—Dr. Johnson illustrated what he had said, as follows: "Take, as an instance, Charles the First's concessions to his parliament, which were greater and greater, in proportion as the parliament grew more insolent, and less deserving of trust. Had these conces-

author of several valuable theological works, and died at New York in 1833. His son, the Rev. Dr. John Neil Macleod (grandson of Johnson's entertainer), now worthily fills his father's place in the Reformed Presbyterian Church at New York.—ED.

* I think it incumbent on me to make some observation on this strong satirical sally on my classical companion, Mr. Wilkes. Reporting it lately from memory, in his presence, I expressed it thus: "They knew he would rob their shops, *if he durst*; they knew he would debauch their daughters, *if he could*;" which, according to the French phrase, may be said *rencherir* on Dr. Johnson, but on looking into my "Journal" I found it as above, and would by no means make any addition. Mr. Wilkes received both readings with a good humour that I cannot enough admire. Indeed, both he and I (as, with respect to myself, the reader has more than once had occasion to observe in the course of this "Journal") are too fond of a *bon mot* not to relish it, though we should be ourselves the object of it. Let me add, in justice to the gentleman here mentioned, that at a subsequent period he *was* elected chief magistrate of London, and discharged the duties of that high office with great honour to himself and advantage to the city. Some years before Dr. Johnson died, I was fortunate enough to bring him and Mr. Wilkes together; the consequence of which was, that they were ever afterwards on easy and not unfriendly terms. The particulars I shall have great pleasure in relating at large in my "Life of Dr. Johnson."—BOSWELL.

sions been related nakedly, without any detail of the circumstances which generally led to them, they would not have been believed."

Sir Allan Maclean bragged that Scotland had the advantage of England, by its having more water. JOHNSON: "Sir, we would not have your water, to take the vile bogs which produce it. You have too much! A man who is drowned has more water than either of us;"—and then he laughed. (But this was surely robust sophistry; for the people of taste in England, who have seen Scotland, own that its variety of rivers and lakes makes it naturally more beautiful than England, in that respect.)—Pursuing his victory over Sir Allan, he proceeded: "Your country consists of two things, stone and water. There is, indeed, a little earth above the stone in some places, but a very little; and the stone is always appearing. It is like a man in rags; the naked skin is still peeping out."

He took leave of Mr. Macleod, saying, "Sir, I thank you for your entertainment, and your conversation."

Mr. Campbell, who had been so polite yesterday, came this morning on purpose to breakfast with us, and very obligingly furnished us with horses to proceed on our journey to Mr. Maclaine's of *Lochbuy*, where we were to pass the night. We dined at the house of Dr. Alexander Maclean, another physician in Mull, who was so much struck with the uncommon conversation of Dr. Johnson, that he observed to me, "This man is just a *hogshead* of sense."

Dr. Johnson said of the "Turkish Spy," which lay in the room, that it told nothing but what every body might have known at that time; and that what was good in it, did not pay you for the trouble of reading to find it.

After a very tedious ride, through what appeared to me the most gloomy and desolate country I had ever beheld, we arrived, between seven and eight o'clock, at *Moy*, the seat of the Laird of *Lochbuy*.—*Buy*, in Erse, signifies yellow, and I at first imagined that the loch or branch of the sea here, was thus denominated, in the same manner as the *Red Sea;* but I afterwards learned that it derived its name from a hill above it, which being of a yellowish hue, has the epithet of *Buy*.

We had heard much of Lochbuy's being a great, roaring braggadocio, a kind of Sir John Falstaff, both in size and manners; but we found that they had swelled him up to a fictitious size, and clothed him with imaginary qualities. Col's idea of him was equally extravagant, though very different: he told us he was quite a Don Quixote; and said, he would give a great deal to see him and Dr. Johnson together. The truth is, that Lochbuy proved to be only a bluff, comely, noisy, old gentleman, proud of his hereditary consequence,

and a very hearty and hospitable landlord. Lady Lochbuy was sister to Sir Allan Maclean, but much older. He said to me, "They are quite *antediluvians*." Being told that Dr. Johnson did not hear well, Lochbuy bawled out to him, "Are you of the Johnstons of Glencro, or of Ardnamurchan?"—Dr. Johnson gave him a significant look, but made no answer; and I told Lochbuy that he was not John*ston*, but John*son*, and that he was an Englishman.*

Lochbuy some years ago tried to prove himself a weak man, liable to imposition, or, as we term it in Scotland, a *facile* man, in order to set aside a lease which he had granted; but failed in the attempt. On my mentioning this circumstance to Dr. Johnson, he seemed much surprised that such a suit was admitted by the Scottish law, and observed, that "In England no man is allowed to *stultify* himself."†

Sir Allan, Lochbuy, and I, had the conversation chiefly to ourselves to-night. Dr. Johnson, being extremely weary, went to bed soon after supper.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22.

Before Dr. Johnson came to breakfast, Lady Lochbuy said, "He was a *dungeon* of wit;" a very common phrase in Scotland to express a profoundness of intellect, though he afterwards told me, that he never had heard it. She proposed that he should have some cold sheeps'-head for breakfast. Sir Allan seemed displeased at his sister's vulgarity, and wondered how such a thought should come into her head. From a mischievous love of sport, I took the lady's part; and very gravely said, "I think it is but fair to give him an offer of it. If he does not choose it, he may let it alone."—"I think so," said the lady, looking at her brother with an air of victory. Sir Allan, finding the matter desperate, strutted about the room, and took snuff. When Dr. Johnson came in, she called to him, "Do you choose any cold sheep's-head, sir?"—"No, MADAM," said he, with a tone of surprise and anger."—"It is here, sir," said she, supposing he had refused it to save the trouble of bringing it in. Thus they went on at cross

* Dr. Clarke heard this related differently on the island. The old laird, on being informed that his visitor was neither of the Johnsons of Glencoe, nor of the Johnsons of Ardnamurchan, bluntly said to him, "Then you must be a bastard!" The name of Johnson or John's son, in Gaelic, is Mac Ian. The Mac Ians of Glencoe, and those of Ardnamurchan, were well known branches of the Clan Colla or Macdonald; and as Dr. Johnson belonged to neither of these septs, Lochbuy concluded that he was illegitimate. Boswell had not understood the question, and confounded Glencoe, famous for its rugged scenery and the massacre of the Mac Ians in 1692, with Glencroe, also a magnificent valley, in Argyleshire, through which the travellers passed on their return. Old Lochbuy, after escaping the accident which proved fatal to young Coll, died April 4th, 1778.—ED.

† This maxim, however, has been controverted. See "Blackstone's Commentaries," Vol II., p. 291; and the authorities there quoted.—BOSWELL.

purposes, till he confirmed his refusal in a manner not to be misunderstood; while I sat quietly by, and enjoyed my success.

After breakfast, we surveyed the old castle, in the pit or dungeon of which Lochbuy had some years before taken upon him to imprison several persons; and though he had been fined in a considerable sum by the Court of Justiciary,* he was so little affected by it, that while we were examining the dungeon, he said to me, with a smile, "Your father knows something of this;" (alluding to my father having sat as one of the judges on his trial.) Sir Allan whispered me, that the laird could not be persuaded that he had lost his heritable jurisdiction.†

We then set out for the ferry, by which we were to cross to the main-land of Argyleshire. Lochbuy and Sir Allan accompanied us. We were told much of a war-saddle, on which this reputed Don Quixote used to be mounted; but we did not see it, for the young laird had applied it to a less noble purpose, having taken it to Falkirk fair *with a drove of black cattle.*‡

* This was a characteristic Highland case. The laird, with three of his tenants, the innkeeper, the piper's son, and a servant, seized upon Hector Maclean, son of Maclean of Killean, and Allan Maclean of Kilmory, and thrust them into the old ruinous castle of Moy, where they were kept two days. The inferior parties pleaded (no doubt with great truth) their situation of dependence, and their obligation to obey the laird's orders, but the plea was not sustained in Court. Lochbuy was fined 500 marks Scots, and 180*l.* sterling of damages and expenses, and with the others was condemned to suffer imprisonment for seventeen days. This was a sufficient hint as to the progress of the law. The Rev. Donald Macqueen, Kilmuir, in his communication to Pennant on the subject of the Western Islands, says, "The approaches of the law were far from welcome to men closely attached to their own customs and connexions, being deaf to the voice of parties, and to the distinctions of clans and individuals. 'The law hath come the length of Rosshire,' saith one neighbour to another. 'O ho!' replied he; 'if God doth not stop it you will soon have it nearer home.'"—Ed.

† The heritable jurisdictions were taken from the proprietors and vested in the Crown by statute, 20th George II., or 1747. Their value, as stated by the Lords of Session, in their Report laid before the Privy Council, and as subsequently paid to the proprietors, was 152,037*l.* 12*s* 2*d.* The Argyle family seem to have obtained the lion's share of this money; a sum of 15,000*l.* was allowed the duke for his office of Justice-General, and 6,000*l* for different regalities. Maclaine of Lochbuy preferred a claim as "Bailie of the Bailiery of Morovis and Mulerois," valued at 500*l.*; but the claim was disallowed. A great many claims were rejected by the Lords of Session, on the ground that lords of regalities had not a power to split or divide those jurisdictions; although it had been common with them, when they sold a part of their lands, to give the purchasers a privilege of regality, or criminal jurisdiction, over what they bought.—Ed.

‡ The young laird met with a melancholy end. Dr. E. D. Clarke writes, "The estates are now fallen to a distant relation of the late Laird of Lochbuy, who got his death in consequence of a dispute about the best method of *cutting up a duck.* He had been in the American War, and returning from New York with laurels worthy of his illustrious clan, was coming to reside once more upon the territories of his ancestors. In his passage home a dispute arose about the properest method of carving a duck, which ended in a duel, and the last descendant of the chieftains of Lochbuy fell

We bade adieu to Lochbuy, and to our very kind conductor, Sir Allan Maclean, on the shore of Mull, and then got into the ferry-boat, the bottom of which was strewed with branches of trees or bushes, upon which we sat. We had a good day and a fine passage, and in the evening landed at Oban, where we found a tolerable inn. After having been so long confined at different times in islands, from which it was always uncertain when we could get away, it was comfortable to be now on the main-land, and to know that, if in health, we might get to any place in Scotland or England in a certain number of days.

Here we discovered, from the conjectures which were formed, that the people on the main-land were entirely ignorant of our motions; for in a Glasgow newspaper we found a paragraph, which, as it contains a just and well-turned compliment to my illustrious friend, I shall here insert:—

"We are well assured that Dr. Johnson is confined by tempestuous weather to the Isle of Sky; it being unsafe to venture in a small boat upon such a stormy surge as is very common there at this time of the year. Such a philosopher, detained on an almost barren island, resembles a whale left upon the strand. The latter will be welcome to everybody, on account of its oil, his bone, &c., and the other will charm his companions, and the rude inhabitants, with his superior knowledge and wisdom, calm resignation, and unbounded benevolence."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23.

After a good night's rest, we breakfasted at our leisure. We talked of Goldsmith's "Traveller," of which Dr. Johnson spoke highly; and, while I was helping him on with his great-coat, he repeated from it the character of the British nation, which he did with such energy, that the tear started into his eye:

"Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned, fresh from nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,
While ev'n the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man."

We could get but one bridle here, which, according to the maxim *detur digniori*, was appropriated to Dr. Johnson's sheltie. I and

a victim upon that occasion. The father of this young man was the identical Highland laird mentioned by Dr. Johnson as 'rough and haughty, and tenacious of his dignity.'" (Life of Dr. E. D. Clarke, vol. i. p. 293.) Since the date of Dr. Johnson's visit a handsome mansion-house has been erected near the old tower of Lochbuy.—ED.

Joseph rode with halters. We crossed in a ferrry-boat a pretty wide lake, and on the farther side of it, close by the shore, found a hut for our inn. We were much wet. I changed my clothes in part, and was at pains to get myself well dried. Dr. Johnson resolutely kept on all his clothes, wet as they were, letting them steam before the smoky turf fire. I thought him in the wrong; but his firmness was, perhaps, a species of heroism.



I remember but little of our conversation. I mentioned Shenstone's saying of Pope, that he had the art of condensing sense more than any body. Dr. Johnson said, "It is not true, sir. There is more sense in a line of Cowley than in a page (or a sentence, or ten lines,—I am not quite certain of the very phrase) of Pope."* He

* Most readers will, on this point, prefer the dictum of Shenstone to that of Johnson. In wit and fancy Cowley may contest the laurel with Pope; the ore was richer, though generally less refined. But in conveying truth and sense, maxims of life, and moral or ethical precepts, where shall we find such precision, elegance, and concentration as in the "Moral Essays" and "Satires" of Pope? His select and brilliant expression of thought and sentiment is also a contrast to the careless, irregular dic-

maintained that Archibald, Duke of Argyle, was a narrow man. I wondered at this; and observed, that his building so great a house at Inverary was not like a narrow man. "Sir, (said he) when a narrow man has resolved to build a house, he builds it like another man. But Archibald, Duke of Argyle, was narrow in his ordinary expences, in his quotidian expences."

The distinction is very just. It is in the ordinary expences of life that a man's liberality or narrowness is to be discovered. I never heard the word *quotidian* in this sense, and I imagined it to be a word of Dr. Johnson's own fabrication; but I have since found it in Young's "Night Thoughts," (Night Fifth):

"Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey."

and in my friend's Dictionary, supported by the authorities of Charles I. and Dr. Donne.

It rained very hard as we journeyed on after dinner. The roar of torrents from the mountains, as we passed along in the dusk, and the other circumstances attending our ride in the evening, have been mentioned with so much animation by Dr. Johnson, that I shall not attempt to say anything on the subject.*

tion of the elder poet. For Cowley's finest thoughts we should rather look to his prose than to his poetry; but Johnson's more deliberate and critical estimate of Cowley will be found in his "Life" of that poet—one of the best of his biographies.—Ed.

* "The night came on while we had yet a great part of the way to go, though not so dark but that we could discern the cataracts, which poured down the hills on one side and fell into one general channel that ran with great violence on the other. The wind



KILCHURN CASTLE.

was loud, the rain was heavy, and the whistling of the blast, the fall of the shower, the rush of the cataracts, and the roar of the torrent, made a nobler chorus of the rough music of Nature than it had ever been my chance to hear before." (Johnson's "Jour-

We got at night to Inver..ry, where we found an excellent inn. Even here, Dr. Johnson would not change his wet clothes.

The prospect of good accommodation cheered us much. We supped well; and, after supper, Dr. Johnson, whom I had not seen taste any fermented liquor during all our travels, called for a gill of whiskey. "Come (said he), let me know what it is that makes a Scotchman happy!" He drank it all but a drop, which I begged leave to pour into my glass, that I might say we had drunk whiskey together. I proposed Mrs. Thrale should be our toast. He would not have *her* drunk in whiskey, but rather "some insular lady;" so we drank one of the ladies whom we had lately left.—He owned to-night, that he got as good a room and bed as at an English inn.

I had here the pleasure of finding a letter from home, which relieved me from the anxiety I had suffered, in consequence of not having received any account of my family for many weeks. I also found a letter from Mr. Garrick, which was a regale as agreeable as a pine-apple would be in a desert. He had favoured me with his correspondence for many years; and when Dr. Johnson and I were at Inverness, I had written to him as follows:—

Inverness, Sunday, 29th August, 1773.

My dear Sir,—Here I am, and Mr. Samuel Johnson actually with me. We were a night at Fores, in coming to which, in the dusk of the evening, we passed over the bleak and blasted heath where Macbeth met the witches. Your old preceptor repeated, with much solemnity, the speech—

"How far is't called to Fores? What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire," &c.

This day we visited the ruins of Macbeth's castle at Inverness. I have had great romantic satisfaction in seeing Johnson upon the classical scenes of Shakspeare in Scotland; which I really looked upon as almost as improbable as that "Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane." Indeed, as I have always been accustomed to view him as a permanent London object, it would not be much more wonderful to me to see St. Paul's church moving along where we now are. As yet we have travelled in post-chaises; but to-morrow we are to mount on horseback, and ascend into the mountains by Fort Augustus, and so on to the ferry, where we are to cross to Sky. We shall see that island fully, and then visit some more of the Hebrides; after which we are to land in Argyleshire, proceed by Glasgow to Auchinleck, repose there a competent time, and then return to Edinburgh, from whence the Rambler will depart for old England again, as soon as he finds it convenient. Hitherto we have had a very

ney.")—This road from Oban to Inverary commands views of some of the noblest scenery in Scotland. Few who have travelled it will forget Loch Etive, Loch Awe and its wild Pass, Kilchurn Castle, or Ben Cruachan. Historical and poetic associations also consecrate the landscape. The chivalrous exploits of Bruce are indelibly connected with the district, and it has received fresh interest from the genius of Scott, Wordsworth, and Wilson. Scott's Highland widow, sitting at the foot of the oak-tree, by the River Awe, will be remembered as long as Bruce's knightly encounter with the followers of Lorn.—Ed.

prosperous expedition. I flatter myself, *servetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto processerit.* [That it will continue as prosperous as it began.] He is in excellent spirits, and I have a rich journal of his conversation. Look back, *Davy,** to Lichfield; run up through the time that has elapsed since you first knew Mr. Johnson, and enjoy with me his present extraordinary tour. I could not resist the impulse of writing to you from this place. The situation of the old castle corresponds exactly to Shakspeare's description. While we were there to-day it happened oddly that a raven perched upon one of the chimney-tops, and croaked. Then I in my turn repeated—

"The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan,
Under my battlements."

I wish you had been with us. Think what enthusiastic happiness I shall have to see Mr. Samuel Johnson walking among the romantic rocks and woods of my ancestors at Auchinleck! Write to me at Edinburgh. You owe me his verses on great George and tuneful Cibber, and the bad verses which led him to make his fine ones on Philips the musician. Keep your promise, and let me have them. I offer my very best compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and ever am

Your warm admirer and friend,
JAMES BOSWELL.

To David Garrick, Esq., London.

His answer was as follows:—

Hampton, September 14, 1773.

DEAR SIR,—You stole away from London, and left us all in the lurch; for we expected you one night at the club, and knew nothing of your departure. Had I payed you what I owed you, for the book you bought for me, I should only have grieved for the loss of your company, and slept with a quiet conscience; but wounded as it is, it must remain so till I see you again, though I am sure our good friend Mr. Johnson will discharge the debt for me, if you will let him. Your account of your journey to Fores, the raven, old castle, &c. &c., made me half mad. Are you not rather too late in the year for fine weather, which is the life and soul of seeing places? I hope your pleasure will continue *qualis ab incepto*, &c.

Your friend† —— threatens me much. I only wish that he would put his threats in execution, and, if he prints his play, I will forgive him. I remember he complained to you that his bookseller called for the money for some copies of his ——, which I subscribed for, and that I desired him to call again. The truth is, that my wife was

* I took the liberty of giving this familiar appellation to my celebrated friend, to bring in a more lively manner to his remembrance the period when he was Dr. Johnson's pupil.—BOSWELL.

† I have sppressed my friend's name from an apprehension of wounding his sensibility; but I would not withhold from my readers a passage which shows Mr. Garrick's mode of writing as the manager of a theatre, and contains a pleasing trait of his domestic life. His judgment of dramatic pieces, so far as concerns their exhibition on the stage, must be allowed to have considerable weight. But from the effect which a perusal of the tragedy here condemned had upon myself, and from the opinions of some eminent critics, I venture to pronounce that it has much poetical merit; and its author has distinguished himself by several performances which show that the epithet "poetaster" was, in the present instance, much misapplied.—BOSWELL. [From a letter of Johnson's to Mrs. Thrale, the author alluded to appears to have been Mickle, translator of the "Lusiad," a man of fine poetical but not dramatic talent.—ED.]

not at home, and that for weeks together I have not ten shillings in my pocket. However, had it been otherwise it was not so great a crime to draw his poetical vengeance upon me. I despise all that he can do, and am glad that I can so easily get rid of him and his ingratitude. I am hardened both to abuse and ingratitude.

You, I am sure, will no more recommend your poetasters to my civility and good offices.

Shall I recommend to you a play of Eschylus, (the Prometheus), published and translated by poor old Morell, who is a good scholar, and an acquaintance of mine? It will be but half a guinea, and your name shall be put in the list I am making for him. You will be in very good company.

Now for the epitaphs!

[*These, together with the verses on George the Second, and Colley Cibber, as his Poet Laureate, of which imperfect copies are gone about, will appear in my "Life of Dr. Johnson."*] *

I have no more paper, or I should have said more to you. My love and respects to Mr. Johnson.—Your's ever,

D. GARRICK.

I can't write, I have the gout in my hand.
To James Boswell, Esq., Edinburgh.



INVERARY.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 24.

We passed the forenoon calmly and placidly. I prevailed on Dr. Johnson to read aloud Ogden's sixth Sermon on Prayer, which he did with a distinct expression, and pleasing solemnity. He praised my favourite preacher, his elegant language, and remarkable acuteness; and said, he fought infidels with their own weapons.

As a specimen of Ogden's manner, I insert the following passage from the sermon which Dr. Johnson now read. The preacher, after arguing against that vain philosophy which maintains, in conformity

* See "Life of Johnson," under date 1741.—ED.

with the hard principle of eternal necessity, or unchangeable predetermination, that the only effect of prayer for others, although we are exhorted to pray for them, is to produce good dispositions in ourselves towards them; thus expresses himself:—

"A plain man may be apt to ask, 'But if this, then, though enjoined in the Holy Scriptures, is to be my real aim and intention, when I am taught to pray for other persons, why is it that I do not plainly so express it? Why is not the form of the petition brought nearer to the meaning? Give them, say I to our heavenly Father, what is good. But this, I am to understand, will be as it will be, and is not for me to alter. What is it, then, that I am doing? I am desiring to become charitable myself; and why may I not plainly say so? Is there shame in it, or impiety? The wish is laudable: why should I form designs to hide it?

"Or is it, perhaps, better to be brought about by indirect means, and in this artful manner? Alas! who is it that I would impose on? From whom can it be, in this commerce, that I desire to hide anything? When, as my Saviour commands me, I have entered into my closet, and shut my door, there are but two parties privy to my devotions, God and my own heart; which of the two am I deceiving?"

He wished to have more books; and, upon inquiring if there were any in the house, was told that a waiter had some, which were brought to him; but I recollect none of them, except "Hervey's Meditations." He thought slightingly of this admired book. He treated it with ridicule, and would not allow even the scene of the dying husband and father to be pathetic. I am not an impartial judge; for "Hervey's Meditations" engaged my affections in my early years.—He read a passage concerning the moon ludicrously, and showed how easily he could, in the same style, make reflections on that planet, the very reverse of Hervey's, representing her as treacherous to mankind. He did this with much humour; but I have not preserved the particulars. He then indulged a playful fancy, in making a "Meditation on a Pudding," of which I hastily wrote down, in his presence, the following note, which, though imperfect, may serve to give my readers some idea of it:

MEDITATION ON A PUDDING.

Let us seriously reflect of what a pudding is composed. It is composed of flour that once waved in the golden grain, and drank the dews of the morning; of milk pressed from the swelling udder by the gentle hand of the beauteous milk-maid, whose beauty and innocence might have recommended a worse draught; who, while she stroked the udder, indulged no ambitious thoughts of wandering in palaces, formed no plans for the destruction of her fellow-creatures: milk, which is drawn from the cow, that useful animal, that eats the grass of the field, and supplies us with that which made the greatest part of the food of mankind in the age which the poets have agreed to call golden. It is made with an egg, that miracle of nature, which the theoretical Burnet has compared to creation. An egg contains water within its beautiful smooth surface; and an unformed mass, by the incubation of the parent, becomes a regular animal, furnished with bones and sinews, and covered with feathers. Let us consider;

can there be more wanting to compl·te the meditation on a pudding? If more is wanting, more may be found. It contains salt, which keeps the sea from putrefaction; salt, which is made the image of intellectual excellence, contributes to the formation of a pudding.

In a magazine I found a saying of Dr. Johnson's, something to this purpose—that the happiest part of a man's life is what he passes lying awake in bed in the morning. I read it to him. He said, "I may, perhaps, have said this; for nobody, at times, talks more laxly than I do." I ventured to suggest to him, that this was dangerous from one of his authority.

I spoke of living in the country, and upon what footing one should be with neighbours. I observed that some people were afraid of being on too easy a footing with them, from an apprehension that their time would not be their own. He made the obvious remark, that it depended much on what kind of neighbours one has, whether it was desirable to be on an easy footing with them, or not. I mentioned a certain baronet, who told me, he never was happy in the country, till he was not on speaking terms with his neighbours, which he contrived in different ways to bring about. "Lord —— (said he) stuck long; but at last the fellow pounded my pigs, and then I got rid of him."—JOHNSON: "Nay, sir, my lord got rid of Sir John, and showed how little he valued him, by putting his pigs in the pound."

I told Dr. Johnson I was in some difficulty how to act at Inverary. I had reason to think that the Duchess of Argyle disliked me, on account of my zeal in the Douglas cause; but the Duke of Argyle had always been pleased to treat me with great civility. They were now at the castle, which is a very short walk from our inn; and the question was, whether I should go and pay my respects there. Dr. Johnson, to whom I stated the case, was clear that I ought; but, in his usual way, he was very shy of discovering a desire to be invited there himself. Though, from a conviction of the benefit of subordination to society, he has always shown great respect to persons of high rank, when he happened to be in their company, yet his pride of character has ever made him guard against any appearance of courting the great. Besides, he was impatient to go to Glasgow, where he expected letters. At the same time, he was, I believe, secretly not unwilling to have attention paid him by so great a chieftain, and so exalted a nobleman. He insisted that I should not go to the castle this day before dinner, as it would look like seeking an invitation. "But," (said I,) if the duke invites us to dine with him to-morrow, shall we accept?"—Yes, sir," I think he said; "to be sure." But he added: "He won't ask us!"—I mentioned, that I was afraid my company might be disagreeable to the duchess. He treated this objection with

a manly disdain: "*That*, sir, he must settle with his wife."—We dined well. I went to the castle just about the time when I supposed the ladies would be retired from dinner. I sent in my name; and, being shown in, found the amiable duke sitting at the head of his table, with several gentlemen. I was most politely received, and gave his grace some particulars of the curious journey which I had been making with Dr. Johnson. When we rose from table, the duke said to me, "I hope you and Dr. Johnson will dine with us to-morrow." I thanked his grace; but told him, my friend was in a great hurry to get back to London. The duke, with a kind complaisance, said, "He will stay one day; and I will take care he shall see this place to advantage." I said, I should be sure to let him know his grace's invitation.—As I was going away, the duke said, "Mr. Boswell, won't you have some tea?"—I thought it best to get over the meeting with the duchess this night; so respectfully agreed. I was conducted to the drawing-room by the duke, who announced my name; but the duchess, who was sitting with her daughter, Lady Betty Hamilton, and some other ladies, took not the least notice of me. I should have been mortified at being thus coldly received by a lady, of whom I, with the rest of the world, have always entertained a very high admiration, had I not been consoled by the obliging attention of the duke.

When I returned to the inn, I informed Dr. Johnson of the Duke of Argyle's invitation, with which he was much pleased, and readily accepted of it.—We talked of a violent contest which was then carrying on, with a view to the next general election for Ayrshire; where one of the candidates, in order to undermine the old and established interest, had artfully held himself out as a champion for the independency of the county against aristocratic influence, and had persuaded several gentlemen into a resolution to oppose every candidate who was supported by peers.—"Foolish fellows! (said Dr. Johnson,) don't they see that they are as much dependent upon the peers one way as the other. The peers have but to *oppose* a candidate to ensure him success. It is said the only way to make a pig go forward, is to pull him back by the tail. These people must be treated like pigs."

MONDAY, OCTOBER 25.

My acquaintance, the Reverend Mr. John Macaulay, one of the ministers of Inverary, and brother to our good friend at Calder, came to us this morning, and accompanied us to the castle, where I presented Dr. Johnson to the Duke of Argyle. We were shown through the house; and I never shall forget the impression made upon my fancy by some of the ladies' maids tripping about in neat morning



INVERARAY CASTLE.

dresses. After seeing for a long time little but rusticity, their lively manner, and gay, inviting appearance, pleased me so much, that I thought, for the moment, I could have been a knight-errant for them.*

We then got into a low one-horse chair, ordered for us by the duke, in which we drove about the place. Dr. Johnson was much struck by the grandeur and elegance of this princely seat. He thought, however, the castle too low, and wished it had been a storey higher. He said, "What I admire here, is the total defiance of expense." I had a particular pride in showing him a great number of fine, old trees, to compensate for the nakedness which had made such an impression on him on the eastern coast of Scotland.

When we came in, before dinner, we found the duke and some gentlemen in the hall. Dr. Johnson took much notice of the large collection of arms, which are excellently disposed there. I told what he had said to Sir Alexander Macdonald, of his ancestors not suffering their arms to rust. "Well," said the doctor, but let us be glad we live in times when arms *may* rust. We can sit to-day at his grace's table without any risk of being attacked, and perhaps sitting down again wounded or maimed." The duke placed Dr. Johnson next himself at table. I was in fine spirits; and though sensible that I had the misfortune of not being in favour with the duchess, I was not

* On reflection, at the distance of several years, I wonder that my venerable fellow-traveller should have read this passage without censuring my levity.—BOSWELL.

in the least disconcerted, and offered her grace some of the dish that was before me. It must be owned that I was in the right to be quite unconcerned, if I could. I was the Duke of Argyle's guest; and I had no reason to suppose that he adopted the prejudices and resentments of the Duchess of Hamilton.

I knew it was the rule of modern high life not to drink to any body; but that I might have the satisfaction for once to look the duchess in the face, with a glass in my hand, I, with a respectful air, addressed her: "My lady duchess, I have the honour to drink your grace's good health." I repeated the words audibly, and with a steady countenance. This was, perhaps, rather too much; but some allowance must be made for human feelings.



THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

The duchess was very attentive to Dr. Johnson. I know not how a *middle state* came to be mentioned. Her grace wished to hearhim on that point. "Madam," said he, "your own relation, Mr. Archibald Campbell, can tell you better about it than I can. He was a bishop of the Nonjuring communion, and wrote a book upon the subject." * He engaged to get it for her grace. He afterwards gave a full history of Mr. Archibald Campbell, which I am sorry I do not recollect particularly. He said, Mr. Campbell had been bred a violent Whig, but afterwards "kept *better company*, and became a Tory." He said this with a smile, in pleasant allusion as I thought, to the opposition between

* As this book is now become very scarce, I shall subjoin the title, which is curious:—

"The Doctrines of a Middle State, between Death and the Resurrection: of Prayers for the Dead; and the Necessity of Purification; plainly proved from the Holy Scriptures, and the Writings of the Fathers of the Primitive Church: and acknowledged by several learned Fathers and Great Divines of the Church of England and others since the Reformation. To which is added an Appendix concerning the Descent of the Soul of Christ into Hell, while his Body lay in the Grave. Together with the judgment of the Reverend Dr. Hickes concerning this Book, so far as relates to a Middle State, particular Judgment, and Prayers for the Dead, as it appeared in the first edition. And a manuscript of the Right Reverend Bishop Overall upon the subject of a Middle State, and never before printed. Also a preservative against several of the errors of the Roman Church, in six small treatises. By the Honourable Archibald Campbell." (Folio, 1721.)—BOSWELL.

his own political principles and those of the duke's clan. He added that Mr. Campbell, after the revolution, was thrown into gaol on account of his tenets; but, on application by letter to the old Lord Townshend, was released: that he always spoke of his lordship with great gratitude, saying, "though a *Whig*, he had humanity."

Dr. Johnson and I passed some time together, in June, 1784, at Pembroke College, Oxford, with the Reverend Dr. Adams, the master; and I having expressed a regret that my note relative to Mr. Archibald Campbell was imperfect, he was then so good as to write with his own hand, on the blank page of my Journal, opposite to that which contains what I have mentioned, the following paragraph, which however, is not quite so full as the narrative he gave at Inverary:—

"The Honourable Archibald Campbell was, I believe, the nephew [grandson] of the Marquis of Argyle. He began life by engaging in Monmouth's rebellion, and, to escape the law, lived some time in Surinam. When he returned, he became zealous for episcopacy and monarchy; and at the Revolution adhered not only to the Nonjurors, but to those who refused to communicate with the Church of England, or to be present at any worship where the usurper was mentioned as king. He was, I believe, more than once apprehended in the reign of King William, and once at the accession of George. He was the familar friend of Hicks and Nelson; a man of letters, but injudicious; and very curious and inquisitive, but credulous. He lived in 1743 or 1744; about 75 years old."

The subject of luxury having been introduced, Dr. Johnson defended it. "We have now," said he, "a splendid dinner before us; which of all these dishes is unwholesome?" The duke asserted, that he had observed the grandees of Spain diminished in their size by luxury. Dr. Johnson politely refrained from opposing directly an observation which the duke himself had made; but said, "Man must be very different from other animals, if he is diminished by good living; for the size of all other animals is increased by it." I made some remark that seemed to imply a belief in *second sight*. The duchess said, "I fancy you will be a *Methodist*." This was the only sentence her grace deigned to utter to me; and I take it for granted she thought it a good hit on my *credulity* in the Douglas cause.

A gentleman in company, after dinner, was desired by the duke to go into another room, for a specimen of curious marble, which his grace wished to shew us. He brought a wrong piece, upon which the duke sent him back again. He could not refuse; but, to avoid any appearance of servility, he whistled as he walked out of the room, to shew his independency. On my mentioning this afterwards to Dr. Johnson, he said, it was a nice trait of character.

Dr. Johnson talked a great deal, and was so entertaining, that Lady Betty Hamilton, after dinner, went and placed her chair close to his, leaned upon the back of it, and listened eagerly. It would have made a fine picture to have drawn the sage and her at this time in their several attitudes. He did not know, all the while, how much he was honoured. I told him afterwards. I never saw him so gentle and complaisant as this day.

We went to tea. The duke and I walked up and down the drawing-room, conversing. The duchess still continued to show the same marked coldness for me; for which, though I suffered from it, I made every allowance, considering the very warm part I had taken for Douglas, in the cause in which she thought her son deeply interested.* Had not her grace discovered some displeasure towards me, I should have suspected her of insensibility or dissimulation.

Her grace made Dr. Johnson come and sit by her, and asked him why he made his journey so late in the year. "Why, madam," said he, "you know Mr. Boswell must attend the Court of Session, and it does not rise till the twelfth of August." She said, with some sharpness, "I *know nothing* of Mr. Boswell." Poor Lady Lucy Douglas, to whom I mentioned this, observed, "She knew *too much* of Mr. Boswell." I shall make no remark on her grace's speech. I indeed felt it as rather too severe; but when I recollected that my punishment was inflicted by so dignified a beauty, I had that kind of consolation which a man would feel who is strangled by a *silken cord*. Dr. Johnson was all attention to her grace. He used afterwards a droll expression, upon her enjoying the three titles of Hamilton, Brandon, and Argyle. Borrowing an image from the Turkish empire, he called her a *duchess* with *three tails*.

He was much pleased with our visit at the castle of Inverary. The Duke of Argyle was exceedingly polite to him, and, upon his complaining of the shelties which he had hitherto ridden being too small for him, his grace told him he should be provided with a good horse to carry him next day.

Mr. John Macaulay passed the evening with us at our inn. When Dr. Johnson spoke of people whose principles were good, but whose practice was faulty, Mr. Macaulay said, he had no notion of people being in earnest in their good professions, whose practice was not suitable to them. The Doctor grew warm, and said, "Sir, are you so grossly ignorant of human nature, as not to know that a man may be very sincere in good principles, without having good practice?"

* He was the unsuccessful competitor for the Douglas property. Frequent reference is made to this great "cause" in the "Life of Johnson."—Ed.



JOHNSON AND LADY BETTY HAMILTON.

Dr. Johnson was unquestionably in the right; and whoever examines himself candidly, will be satisfied of it, though the inconsistency between principles and practice is greater in some men than in others.

I recollect very little of this night's conversation. I am sorry that indolence came on me towards the conclusion of our journey, so that I did not write down what passed with the same assiduity as during the greatest part of it.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26.

Mr. Macaulay breakfasted with us, nothing hurt or dismayed by his last night's correction. Being a man of good sense, he had a just admiration of Dr. Johnson.*

* Mr. Macaulay had previously been minister of South Uist and Lismore. In 1755 he was translated to Inverary, and afterwards he left Inverary on receiving a presentation to Cardross, in Dumbartonshire, where he died in 1789. This gentleman was the founder of an illustrious family. Zachary Macaulay, the associate of Wilberforce and Clarkson in the abolition of slavery, was his son; the Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay is his grandson. Allusion has been made (see *antè*, p. 84) to Mr. Kenneth Macaulay of Calder, brother of the minister of Inverary, and to Johnson's offer to pro-

Either yesterday morning or this, I communicated to Dr. Johnson, from Mr. Macaulay's information, the news that Dr. Beattie had got a pension of two hundred pounds a-year. He sat up in his bed, clapped his hands, and cried, "O brave we!"—a peculiar exclamation of his when he rejoices.*

As we sat over our tea, Mr. Home's tragedy of *Douglas* was mentioned. I put Dr. Johnson in mind, that once, in a coffee-house at Oxford, he called to old Mr. Sheridan, "How came you, sir, to give Home a gold medal for writing that foolish play?" and defied Mr. Sheridan to show ten good lines in it. He did not insist they should be together; but that there were not ten good lines in the whole play. He now persisted in this. I endeavoured to defend that pathetic and beautiful tragedy, and repeated the following passage.

"Sincerity,
Thou first of virtues! let no mortal leave
Thy onward path, although the earth should gape,
And from the gulf of hell destruction cry,
To take dissimulation's winding way."

JOHNSON: "That will not do, sir. Nothing is good but what is consistent with truth or probability, which this is not. Juvenal, indeed, gives us a noble picture of inflexible virtue:

"Esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem
Integer: ambiguæ si quando citabere testis,
Incertæque rei, Phalaris licet imperet, ut sis
Falsus, et admoto dictet perjuria tauro,

cure a servitorship at Oxford for his son. We have since learned that the young man (who bore the family name of Aulay Macaulay) entered the navy, and died in 1842 a retired officer of Marines. The statement made by Boswell, that Mr. Kenneth Macaulay did not write the History of St. Kilda which bears his name, but merely collected the materials, was always strenuously denied by his family and friends. The late Rev. Aulay Macaulay, a clergyman near Leicester, intended republishing the History of St. Kilda, with notes, showing the work to have been altogether his uncle's composition; but he died before accomplishing his task. There is no appearance of *two hands* being engaged in the work; one person must have written the whole; and it is certainly improbable that Dr. Macpherson of Skye should have allowed Macaulay to usurp the entire honours of the History, if he had himself been virtually the author of it. The book is a respectable volume of 278 pages. As Macaulay and Macpherson were not only brother clergymen in the Highlands, but intimate personal associates, the latter may have helped his friend to an occasional classical illustration or correction; for Dr Macpherson, as Johnson acknowledged, had "a great deal of Latin, and good Latin." This conjectural assistance, however, should not deprive the minister of Calder of the substantial honours of his History—especially as Mr. Macaulay was otherwise rather scurvily and indelicately treated by the travellers.—ED.

* Having mentioned more than once that my Journal was perused by Dr. Johnson, I think it proper to inform my readers that this is the last paragraph which he read.—BOSWELL.

Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas."*

He repeated the lines with great force and dignity; then added, "And after this, comes Johnny Home, with his *earth gaping*, and his *destruction crying*;—Pooh!"†

While we were lamenting the number of ruined religious buildings which we had lately seen, I spoke with peculiar feeling of the miserable neglect of the chapel belonging to the palace of Holyrood-house, in which are deposited the remains of many of the Kings of Scotland, and of many of our nobility. I said, it was a disgrace to the country that it was not repaired: and particularly complained that my friend Douglas, the representative of a great house, and proprietor of a vast estate, should suffer the sacred spot where his mother lies interred, to be unroofed, and exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather. Dr. Johnson, who, I know not how, had formed an opinion on the Hamilton side, in the Douglas cause, slily answered, "Sir, sir, don't be too severe upon the gentleman; don't accuse him of want of filial piety! Lady Jane Douglas was not *his* mother." He roused my zeal so much that I took the liberty to tell him he knew nothing of the cause: which I do most seriously believe was the case.

We were now "in a country of bridles and saddles," and set out fully equipped. The Duke of Argyle was obliging enough to mount Dr. Johnson on a stately steed from his grace's stable. My friend was highly pleased, and Joseph said, "He now looks like a bishop."

We dined at the inn at Tarbat, and at night came to Rosedow, the beautiful seat of Sir James Colquhoun, on the banks of Loch-lomond, where I, and any friends whom I have introduced, have ever been received with kind and elegant hospitality.

* "An honest guardian, arbitrator just,
Be thou; thy station deem a sacred trust.
With thy good sword maintain thy country's cause;
In every action venerate its laws:
The lie suborned if falsely urged to swear,
Though torture wait thee, torture firmly bear;
To forfeit honour think the highest shame,
And life too dearly bought by loss of fame;
Nor to preserve it, with thy virtue give
That for which only man should wish to live."

For this and the other translations to which no signature is affixed, I am indebted to the friend whose observations are mentioned in the notes, pp. 53 and 312.—BOSWELL.

† I am sorry that I was unlucky in my quotation. But notwithstanding the acuteness of Dr. Johnson's criticism, and the power of his ridicule, the tragedy of "Douglas" still continues to be generally and deservedly admired.—BOSWELL. [He had quoted the same passage in his "Essence of the Douglas Cause."—ED.]

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27.

When I went into Dr. Johnson's room this morning, I observed to him how wonderfully courteous he had been at Inverary, and said, "You were quite a fine gentleman, when with the duchess." He answered, in good humour, "Sir, I look upon myself as a very polite man:" and he was right, in a proper manly sense of the word. As an immediate proof of it, let me observe, that he would not send back the Duke of Argyle's horse without a letter of thanks, which I copied.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

MY LORD,—That kindness which disposed your grace to supply me with the horse, which I have now returned, will make you pleased to hear that he has carried me well.

By my diligence in the little commission with which I was honoured by the duchess, I will endeavour to show how highly I value the favours which I have received, and how much I desire to be thought, my lord, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

Rosedow, Oct. 29, 1773.

The Duke was so attentive to his respectable guest, that on the same day, he wrote him an answer, which was received at Auchinleck:

TO DR. JOHNSON, AUCHINLECK, AYRSHIRE.

SIR.—I am glad to hear your journey from this place was not unpleasant, in regard to your horse. I wish I could have supplied you with good weather, which I am afraid you felt the want of.

The Duchess of Argyle desires her compliments to you, and is much obliged to you for remembering her commission. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

ARGYLE.

Inverary, Oct. 29, 1773.

I am happy to insert every memorial of the honour done to my great friend. Indeed, I was at all times desirous to preserve the letters which he received from eminent persons, of which, as of all other papers, he was very negligent; and I once proposed to him, that they should be committed to my care, as his *Custos Rotulorum*. I wish he had complied with my request, as by that means many valuable writings might have been preserved that are now lost.*

After breakfast, Dr. Johnson and I were furnished with a boat, and sailed about upon Lochlomond, and landed on some of the islands

* As a remarkable instance of his negligence, I remember some years ago to have found lying loose in his study, and without the cover, which contained the address, a letter to him, from Lord Thurlow, to whom he had made an application as Chancellor, in behalf of a poor literary friend. It was expressed in such terms of respect for Dr. Johnson that, in my zeal for his reputation, I remonstrated warmly with him on his strange inattention, and obtained his permission to take a copy of it; by which probably it has been preserved, as the original, I have reason to suppose, is lost.—BOSWELL.



LOCH LOMOND.

which are interspersed. He was much pleased with the scene, which is so well known by the accounts of various travellers, that it is unnecessary for me to attempt any description of it.

I recollect none of his conversation, except that, when talking of dress, he said, "Sir, were I to have anything fine, it should be very fine. Were I to wear a ring, it should not be a bauble, but a stone of great value. Were I to wear a laced or embroidered waistcoat, it should be very rich. I had once a very rich laced waistcoat, which I wore the first night of my tragedy."

Lady Helen Colquhoun being a very pious woman, the conversation, after dinner, took a religious turn.* Her ladyship defended the Presbyterian mode of public worship; upon which Dr. Johnson delivered those excellent arguments for a form of prayer which he has introduced into his "Journey." I am myself fully convinced that a form of prayer for public worship is, in general, most decent and edifying. *Solennia verba* have a kind of prescriptive sanctity, and make

* This lady was a daughter of Lord Strathnaver, son of the Earl of Sutherland. She died at Rosedow House, January 7th, 1791.—ED.

a deeper impression on the mind than extemporaneous effusions, in which, as we know not what they are to be, we cannot readily acquiesce. Yet I would allow, also, of a certain portion of extempore address, as occasion may require. This is the practice of the French Protestant churches; and, although the office of forming supplications to the throne of Heaven is, in my mind, too great a trust to be indiscriminately committed to the discretion of every minister, I do not mean to deny that sincere devotion may be experienced when joining in prayer with those who use no liturgy.

We were favoured with Sir James Colquhoun's coach to convey us in the evening to Cameron, the seat of Commissary Smollett. Our satisfaction of finding ourselves again in a comfortable carriage was very great. We had a pleasing conviction of the commodiousness of civilisation, and heartily laughed at the ravings of those absurd visionaries who have attempted to persuade us of the superior advantages of a *state of nature*.

Mr. Smollett was a man of considerable learning, with abundance of animal spirits; so that he was a very good companion for Dr. Johnson, who said to me, "We have had more solid talk here than at any place where we have been."

I remember Dr. Johnson gave us this evening an able and eloquent discourse on the "Origin of Evil," and on the consistency of moral evil with the power and goodness of GOD. He showed us how it arose from our free agency, an extinction of which would be a still greater evil than any we experience. I know not that he said anything absolutely new, but he said a great deal wonderfully well; and, perceiving us to be delighted and satisfied, he concluded his harangue with an air of benevolent triumph over an objection which has distressed many worthy minds: "This, then, is the answer to the question, *Ποθεν το Κακον?*"—Mrs. Smollett whispered me, that it was the best sermon she had ever heard. Much do I upbraid myself for having neglected to preserve it.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28.

Mr. Smollett pleased Dr. Johnson, by producing a collection of newspapers in the time of the Usurpation, from which it appeared that all sorts of crimes were very frequent during that horrible anarchy. By the side of the high road to Glasgow, at some distance from his house, he had erected a pillar to the memory of his ingenious kinsman, Dr. Smollett; and he consulted Dr. Johnson as to an inscription for it. Lord Kames, who, though he had a great store of knowledge, with much ingenuity and uncommon activity of mind, was no profound scholar, had, it seems, recommended an English inscrip-

tion. Dr. Johnson treated this with great contempt, saying, "An English inscription would be a disgrace to Dr. Smollett;" and, in answer to what Lord Kames had urged, as to the advantage of its being in English because it would be generally understood, I observed, that all to whom Dr. Smollett's merit could be an object of respect and imitation would understand it as well in Latin, and that surely it was not meant for the Highland drovers, or other such people, who pass and repass that way.

We were then shown a Latin inscription proposed for this monument. Dr. Johnson sat down with an ardent and liberal earnestness to revise it, and greatly improved it by several additions and variations. I unfortunately did not take a copy of it as it originally stood, but I have happily preserved every fragment of what Dr. Johnson wrote:—

Quisquis ades, viator,
Vel mente felix, vel studiis cultus,
Immorare paululum memoriæ
TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, M.D.
Viri iis virtutibus
Quas in homine et cive
Et laudes, et imiteris,
* * * *
Postquam mira * * *
Se * * * * * *
* * *
Tali tantoque viro, suo patrueli,
* * *
Hanc columnam,
Amoris eheu! inane monumentum,
In ipsis Leviniæ ripis,
Quas primis infans vagitibus personuit,
Versiculisque jam fere moriturus illustravit,
Ponendam curavit*
* * * *

* The epitaph which has been inscribed on the pillar erected on the banks of the Leven, in honour of Dr. Smollett, is as follows. The part which was written by Dr. Johnson, it apears, has been alter d; whether for the better, the reader will judge. The alterations are distinguished by Italics:—

Siste viator!
Si lepores ingeniique venam benignam,
Si morum callidissimum pictorem,
Unquam es miratus,
Immorare paululum memoriæ
TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, M.D.
Viri virtutibus *hisce*
Quas in homine et cive
Et laudes et imiteris,
Haud mediocriter ornati:

We had this morning a singular proof of Dr. Johnson's quick and retentive memory. Hay's translation of Martial was lying in a window. I said, I thought it was pretty well done, and showed him a particular epigram, I think, of ten, but am certain of eight lines. He read it, and tossed away the book, saying—"No, it is *not* pretty well." As I persisted in my opinion, he said, "Why, sir, the original is thus,—" (and he repeated it) "and this man's translation is thus," —and then he repeated that also, exactly, though he had never seen

Qui in literis varii versatus,
Postquam felicitate *sibi propriâ*
Sese posteris commendaverat,
Morte acerbâ raptus
Anno ætatis 51,
Eheu! quam procul a patria!
Prope Liburni portum in Italia,
Jacet sepultus.
Tali tantoque viro, patrueli suo,
Cui in decursu lampada
Se potius tradidisse decuit,
Hanc Columnam,
Amoris, eheu! inane monumentum
In ipsis Levinia ripis
Quas *versiculis sub exitu vitæ illustratas*
Primis infans vagitibus personuit,
Ponendam curavit
JACOBUS SMOLLETT de Bonhill.
Abi et reminiscere,
Hoc quidem honore,
Non modo defuncti memoriæ,
Verum etiam exemplo, prospectum esse;
Aliis enim, si modo digni sint,
Idem erit virtutis præmium!

[TRANSLATION.—"Stay, traveller! If elegance of taste and wit, if fertility of genius, and an unrivalled talent in delineating the characters of mankind have ever attracted thy admiration, pause awhile on the memory of Tobias Smollett, M.D.; one more than commonly endued with those virtues which, in a man or citizen, you could praise or imitate; who, having secured the applause of posterity by a variety of literary abilities, and a peculiar felicity of composition, was, by a rapid and cruel distemper, snatched from the world in the fifty-first year of his age. Far, alas! from his native country, he lies interred near Leghorn, in Italy. In testimony of his many and great virtues, this empty monument, the only pledge, alas! of his affection, is erected on the banks of the Leven, the scene of his birth and of his latest poetry, by James Smollett of Bonhill, his cousin; who should rather have expected this last tribute from him. Go, and remember this honour was not given alone to the memory of the deceased, but for the encouragement of others: deserve like him, and be alike rewarded!"—LIFE OF SMOLLETT.

The inscription submitted to Johnson was the joint production of Professor George Stuart, of Edinburgh, and Mr. Ramsay, of Ochtertyre. Smollett of Bonhill, who erected the monument, did nothing for his distinguished relative while living, and left the novelist's widow to appeal to the public for relief. It is melancholy to think of this, and to know that if Smollett had lived a few years longer he would have inherited the property, worth about 1,000*l.* per annum.—ED.]

it before, and read it over only once, and that, too, without any intention of getting it by heart.

Here a post-chaise, which I had ordered from Glasgow, came for



GLASGOW IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (from a contemporary print).

us, and we drove on in high spirits. We stopped at Dunbarton, and though the approach to the castle there is very steep, Dr. Johnson ascended it with alacrity and surveyed all that was to be seen. During the whole of our tour, he showed uncommon spirit, could not bear to be treated like an old or infirm man, and was very unwilling to accept of any assistance, insomuch that, at our landing at Icolmkill, when Sir Allan Maclean and I submitted to be carried on men's shoulders from the boat to the shore, as it could not be brought quite close to land, he sprang into the sea and waded vigorously out.

On our arrival at the Saracen's Head Inn, at Glasgow, I was made happy by good accounts from home; and Dr. Johnson, who had not received a single letter since we left Aberdeen, found here a great many, the perusal of which entertained him much. He enjoyed in imagination the comforts which we could now command, and seemed to be in high glee. I remember, he put a leg up on each side of the grate and said, with a mock solemnity, by way of soliloquy, but loud enough for me to hear it, "Here am I, an ENGLISH man, sitting by a *coal* fire."



JOHNSON ENJOYING A COAL FIRE

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29.

The professors of the university being informed of our arrival, Dr. Stevenson, Dr. Reid, and Mr. Anderson, breakfasted with us. Mr. Anderson accompanied us while Dr. Johnson viewed this beautiful city. He had told me, that one day in London, when Dr. Adam Smith was boasting of it, he turned to him and said, "Pray, sir, have you ever seen Brentford?" This was surely a strong instance of his impatience and spirit of contradiction. I put him in mind of it to-day, while he expressed his admiration of the elegant buildings, and whispered him, "Don't you feel some remorse?"

We were received in the college by a number of the professors, who showed all due respect to Dr. Johnson; and then we paid a visit to the principal, Dr. Leechman, at his own house, where Dr. Johnson had the satisfaction of being told that his name had been gratefully celebrated in one of the parochial congregations in the Highlands, as the person to whose influence it was chiefly owing that the New Testament was allowed to be translated into the Erse language. It seems some political members of the Society in Scotland for propa-

gating Christian Knowledge, had opposed this pious undertaking, as tending to preserve the distiction between the Highlanders and Lowlanders. Dr. Johnson wrote a long letter upon the subject to a friend, which being shown to them, made them ashamed, and afraid of being publicly exposed; so they were forced to a compliance. It is now in my possession, and is, perhaps, one of the best productions of his masterly pen.*

Professors Reid and Anderson, and the two Messieurs Foulis, the Elzevirs of Glasgow, dined and drank tea with us at our inn, after which, the professors went away; and I, having a letter to write, left my fellow-traveller with Messieurs Foulis. Though good and ingenious men, they had that unsettled speculative mode of conversation which is offensive to a man regularly taught at an English school and university. I found that, instead of listening to the dictates of the sage, they had teazed him with questions and doubtful disputations. He came in a flutter to me and desired I might come back again, for he could not bear these men. "O ho! sir," said I, "you are flying to me for refuge!" He never, in any situation, was at a loss for a ready repartee. He answered, with a quick vivacity, "It is of two evils choosing the least." I was delighted with this flash bursting from the cloud which hung upon his mind, closed my letter directly, and joined the company.

We supped at Professor Anderson's. The general impression upon my memory is, that we had not much conversation at Glasgow, where the professors, like their brethren at Aberdeen, did not venture to expose themselves much to the battery of cannon which they knew might play upon them. Dr. Johnson, who was fully conscious of his own superior powers, afterwards praised Principal Robertson for his caution in this respect. He said to me, "Robertson, sir, was in the right. Robertson is a man of eminence, and the head of a college at Edinburgh. He had a character to maintain, and did well not to risk its being lessened."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30.

We set out towards Ayrshire. I sent Joseph on to *Loudoun*, with a message, that if the earl was at home, Dr. Johnson and I would have the honour to dine with him. Joseph met us on the road, and reported that the earl "*jumped for joy*," and said, "I shall be very happy to see them."—We were received with a most pleasing courtesy by his lordship, and by the countess his mother, who, in her ninety-fifth year, had all her faculties quite unimpaired. This was a very

* The letter was addressed to Mr. W. Drummond, and will be found in Boswell's Life of Johnson, under date 1766.—ED.

cheering sight to Dr. Johnson, who had an extraordinary desire for long life. Her ladyship was sensible and well-informed, and had seen a great deal of the world. Her lord had held several high offices, and she was sister to the great Earl of Stair.

I cannot here refrain from paying a just tribute to the character of John, Earl of Loudoun, who did more service to the county of Ayr in general, as well as to individuals in it, than any man we have ever had. It is painful to think that he met with much ingratitude from persons both in high and low rank; but such was his temper, such his knowledge of "base mankind,"* that, as if he had expected no other return, his mind was never soured, and he retained his good-humour and benevolence to the last. The tenderness of his heart was proved in 1745-6, when he had an important command in the Highlands, and behaved with a generous humanity to the unfortunate. I cannot figure a more honest politician; for, though his interest in our county was great, and generally successful, he not only did not deceive by fallacious promises, but was anxious that people should not deceive themselves by too sanguine expectations. His kind and dutiful attention to his mother was unremitted. At his house was true hospitality—a plain but a plentiful table; and every guest, being left at perfect freedom, felt himself quite easy and happy. While I live, I shall honour the memory of this amiable man.

At night, we advanced a few miles farther, to the house of Mr. Campbell of Treesbank, who was married to one of my wife's sisters, and were entertained very agreeably by a worthy couple.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31.

We reposed here in tranquillity. Dr. Johnson was pleased to find a numerous and excellent collection of books, which had mostly belonged to the Reverend Mr. John Campbell, brother of our host. I was desirous to have procured for my fellow-traveller, to-day, the company of Sir John Cuninghame, of Caprington, whose castle was but two miles from us. He was a very distinguished scholar, was long abroad, and during part of the time lived much with the learned Cuninghame, the opponent of Bentley as a critic upon Horace. He wrote Latin with great elegance, and, what is very remarkable, read Homer and Ariosto through every year. I wrote to him to request he would come to us; but unfortunately he was prevented by indisposition.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

Though Dr. Johnson was lazy, and averse to move, I insisted that he should go with me, and pay a visit to the Countess of Eglintoune,

* "The unwilling gratitude of base mankind."—*Pope*.—BOSWELL.

mother of the late and present earl. I assured him, he would find himself amply recompensed for the trouble; and he yielded to my solicitations, though with some unwillingness. We were well mounted, and had not many miles to ride. He talked of the attention that is necessary in order to distribute our charity judiciously. "If thoughtlessly done, we may neglect the most deserving objects; and, as every man has but a certain proportion to give, if it is lavished upon those who first present themselves, there may be nothing left for such as have a better claim. A man should first relieve those who are nearly connected with him, by whatever tie; and then, if he has anything to spare, may extend his bounty to a wider circle.

As we passed very near the castle of Dundonald, which was one of the many residences of the kings of Scotland, and in which Robert the Second lived and died, Dr. Johnson wished to survey it particularly. It stands on a beautiful rising ground, which is seen at a great distance on several quarters, and from whence there is an extensive prospect of the rich district of Cuninghame, the western sea, the Isle of Arran, and a part of the northern coast of Ireland. It has long been unroofed; and, though of considerable size, we could not, by any power of imagination, figure it as having been a suitable habitation for majesty. Dr. Johnson, to irritate my *old Scottish* enthusiasm, was very jocular on the homely accommodation of "King *Bob*," and roared and laughed till the ruins echoed.

Lady Eglintoune, though she was now in her eighty-fifth year, and had lived in the retirement of the country for almost half a century, was still a very agreeable woman. She was of the noble house of Kennedy, and had all the elevation which the consciousness of such birth inspires. Her figure was majestic, her manners high-bred, her reading extensive, and her conversation elegant. She had been the admiration of the gay circles of life, and the patroness of poets. Dr. Johnson was delighted with his reception here. Her principles in church and state were congenial with his. She knew all his merit, and had heard much of him from her son, Earl Alexander, who loved to cultivate the acquaintance of men of talents in every department.

All who knew his lordship, will allow that his understanding and accomplishments were of no ordinary rate. From the gay habits which he had early acquired, he spent too much of his time with men, and in pursuits far beneath such a mind as his. He afterwards became sensible of it, and turned his thoughts to objects of importance; but was cut off in the prime of his life. I cannot speak, but with emotions of the most affectionate regret, of one, in whose company many of my early days were passed, and to whose kindness I was much indebted.

Often must I have occasion to upbraid myself, that, soon after our return to the main-land, I allowed indolence to prevail over me so much, as to shrink from the labour of continuing my Journal with the same minuteness as before; sheltering myself in the thought that we had done with the *Hebrides*, and not considering that Dr. Johnson's *Memorabilia* were likely to be more valuable when we were restored to a more polished society. Much has thus been irrecoverably lost.

In the course of our conversation this day, it came out that Lady Eglintoune was married the year before Dr. Johnson was born, upon which she graciously said to him that she might have been his mother, and that she now adopted him; and, when we were going away, she embraced him, saying, "My dear son, farewell!" My friend was much pleased with this day's entertainment, and owned that I had done well to force him out.*

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

We were now in a country not only "*of saddles and bridles*," but of post-chaises; and, having ordered one from Kilmarnock, we got to Auchinleck before dinner.

My father was not quite a year and a half older than Dr. Johnson; but his conscientious discharge of his laborious duty as a judge in Scotland, where the law proceedings are almost all in writing—a severe complaint which ended in his death—and the loss of my mother, a woman of almost unexampled piety and goodness, had, before this time, in some degree affected his spirits, and rendered him less disposed to exert his faculties; for he had originally a very strong mind and cheerful temper. He assured me, he never had felt one moment of what is called low spirits, or uneasiness, without a real cause. He had a great many good stories, which he told uncommonly well, and he was remarkable for "humour, *incolumi gravitate*," as Lord Monboddo used to characterise it. His age, his office, and his character, had long given him an acknowledged claim to great

* Lady Eglintoune was the daughter of Sir Archibald Kennedy of Culzean. She lived seven years after the date of the above visit, dying in 1780 at the great age of ninety-one. Her charms were commemorated by Allan Ramsay, Hamilton of Bangour, and other lesser poets. She was the most celebrated beauty of that period. Even at eighty-four Johnson said she had "little reason to accuse time of depredations on her beauty." Her fine complexion was a source of mystery and envy. "As her secret may be of service to modern beauties," says Mr. Chambers, "I shall, in kindness to the sex, divulge it: she never used paint, but washed her face periodically with sow's milk!" ("Traditions of Edinburgh.") Her son, Earl Alexander, the early patron of Boswell, was, as is well known, shot by Mungo Campbell, whose gun he attempted to wrest from him under the impression that Campbell was a poacher. This unhappy occurrence took place in 1769.—ED.

attention, in whatever company he was; and he could ill brook any diminution of it. He was as sanguine a Whig and Presbyterian as Dr. Johnson was a Tory and Church of England man; and as he had not much leisure to be informed of Dr. Johnson's great merits by reading his works, he had a partial and unfavourable notion of him, founded on his supposed political tenets, which were so discordant to his own, that, instead of speaking of him with that respect to which he was entitled, he used to call him "a *Jacobite fellow*." Knowing all this, I should not have ventured to bring them together, had not my father, out of kindness to me, desired me to invite Dr. Johnson to his house.

I was very anxious that all should be well, and begged of my friend to avoid three topics, as to which they differed very widely—Whiggism, Presbyterianism, and—Sir John Pringle. He said, courteously, "I shall certainly not talk on subjects which I am told are disagreeable to a gentleman under whose roof I am; especially, I shall not do so to *your father*."

Our first day went off very smoothly. It rained, and we could not get out; but my father showed Dr. Johnson his library, which, in curious editions of the Greek and Roman classics, is, I suppose, not excelled by any private collection in Great Britain. My father had studied at Leyden, and been very intimate with the Gronovii and other learned men there. He was a sound scholar, and, in particular, had collated manuscripts and different editions of "Anacreon," and others of the Greek lyric poets, with great care; so that my friend and he had much matter for conversation, without touching on the fatal topics of difference.

Dr. Johnson found here Baxter's "Anacreon," which he told me he had long inquired for in vain, and began to suspect there was no such book. Baxter was the keen antagonist of Barnes. His life is in the "Biographia Britannica." My father has written many notes on this book, and Dr. Johnson and I talked of having it reprinted.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

It rained all day, and gave Dr. Johnson an impression of that incommodiousness of climate in the west, of which he has taken notice in his "Journey;" but, being well accommodated, and furnished with variety of books, he was not dissatisfied.

Some gentlemen of the neighbourhood came to visit my father; but there was little conversation. One of them asked Dr. Johnson how he liked the Highlands. The question seemed to irritate him, for he answered, "How, sir, can you ask me what obliges me to speak unfavourably of a country where I have been hospitably enter-

tained? Who *can* like the Highlands?—I like the inhabitants very well." The gentleman asked no more questions.*

Let me now make up for the present neglect by again gleaning from the past. At Lord Monboddo's, after the conversation upon the decrease of learning in England, his lordship mentioned "Hermes," by Mr. Harris of Salisbury, as the work of a living author, for whom he had a great respect. Dr. Johnson said nothing at the time, but, when we were in our post-chaise, he told me he thought Harris "a coxcomb." This he said of him, not as a man, but as an author; and I give his opinions of men and books faithfully, whether they agree with my own or not. I do admit, that there always appeared to me something of affectation in Mr. Harris's manner of writing—something of a habit of clothing plain thoughts in analytic and categorical formality; but all his writings are imbued with learning, and all breathe that philanthropy and amiable disposition which distinguished him as a man.†

At another time, during our Tour, he drew the character of a rapacious Highland chief with the strength of Theophrastus or la Bruyere, concluding with these words: "Sir, he has no more the soul of a chief, than an attorney who has twenty houses in a street and considers how much he can make by them."

He this day, when we were by ourselves, observed, how common it was for people to talk from books—to retail the sentiments of others and not their own; in short, to converse without any originality of thinking. He was pleased to say, "You and I do not talk from books."

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

I was glad to have at length a very fine day, on which I could show Dr. Johnson the *Place* of my family, which he has honoured with so much attention in his "Journey." He is, however, mistaken

* "It is said that being asked how he liked his entertainment in the Highlands, he answered, "The sauce to everything was the benevolence of the inhabitants. I love the people better than the country." ("Scots Magazine," November, 1773.)—Ed.

† This gentleman, though devoted to the study of grammar and dialectics, was not so absorbed in it as to be without a sense of pleasantry, or to be offended at his favourite topics being treated lightly. I one day met him in the street, as I was hastening to the House of Lords, and told him I was sorry I could not stop, being rather too late to attend an appeal of the Duke of Hamilton against Douglas. "I thought," said he, "their contest had been over long ago." I answered, "The contest concerning Douglas's filiation was over long ago; but the contest now is, who shall have the estate." Then, assuming the air of "an ancient sage philosopher," I proceeded thus: "Were I to predicate concerning him, I should say, the contest formerly was, What is he? The contest now is, What has he?"—"Right," replied Mr. Harris, smiling; "you have done with quality, and have got into quantity."—Boswell.

in thinking that the Celtic name, *Auchinleck*, has no relation to the natural appearance of it. I believe every Celtic name of a place will be found very descriptive. *Auchinleck* does not signify a *stony field*, as he has said, but a *field of flag stones*; and this place has a number of rocks, which abound in strata of that kind. The "sullen dignity of the old castle," as he has forcibly expressed it, delighted him exceedingly. On one side of the rock on which its ruins stand, runs the river *Lugar*, which is here of considerable breadth, and is bordered by other high rocks, shaded with wood. On the other side runs a brook, skirted in the same manner, but on a smaller scale. I cannot figure a more romantic scene.

I felt myself elated here, and expatiated to my illustrious Mentor on the antiquity and honourable alliances of my family, and on the merits of its founder, Thomas Boswell, who was highly favoured by his sovereign, James IV. of Scotland, and fell with him at the battle of Flodden-field; and in the glow of what, I am sensible, will, in a commercial age, be considered as genealogical enthusiasm, did not omit to mention what I was sure my friend would not think lightly of—my relation to the royal personage, whose liberality, on his accession to the throne, had given him comfort and independence. I have, in a former page, acknowledged my pride of ancient blood, in which I was encouraged by Dr. Johnson.* My readers, therefore, will not be surprised at my having indulged it on this occasion.

Not far from the old castle is a spot of consecrated earth, on which may be traced the foundations of an ancient chapel, dedicated to St. Vincent, and where in old times "was the place of graves" for the family. It grieves me to think that the remains of sanctity

* The "ancient blood" of our author would have boiled with indignation could he have foreseen that his grandson was to set aside the deed of entail attaching the family estate of Auchinleck to heirs male. The correspondence between Johnson and Boswell on this subject will be found in the "Life of Johnson," under date of 1776. The deed was drawn up by Lord Auchinleck, signed, tested, and placed in *publica custodia*, where it remained undisturbed from the year 1777 down to the summer of 1851. On examination, it was found that the deed was invalid. By the law of Scotland, confirmed by numerous decisions in the Scottish and English Courts, when a word of any importance in a deed of entail is written on an erasure, without being authenticated in the testing or prohibiting clause, the effect is fatal to the object of the deed, by rendering it improbative. The Auchinleck deed was in this position. In the clause prohibiting the right of sale, the word *redeemable* had at first been written instead of *irredeemable*. An erasure was made, and the five letters "irred" were written on this erasure, and no notice of the circumstance was contained in the testing clause. This was held by the Scottish Judges to be a fatal objection; and Sir James Boswell, the proprietor, will be entitled to sell the estate or to make a new disposition of it in order to provide for his children, who are all daughters. Thus vanishes the succession of heirs male. The blunder of a copying-clerk has annulled the deed, so anxiously concocted, that was to gratify family pride, and carry down to distant generations the name of Boswell of Auchinleck!—Ed.

here, which were considerable, were dragged away, and employed in building a part of the house of Auchinleck, of the middle age; which was the family residence, till my father erected that "elegant modern mansion," of which Dr. Johnson speaks so handsomely. Perhaps this chapel may one day be restored.

Dr. Johnson was pleased when I showed him some venerable old trees, under the shade of which my ancestors had walked. He exhorted me to plant assiduously, as my father had done to a great extent.

As I wandered with my reverend friend in the groves of Auchinleck, I told him, that if I survived him, it was my intention to erect a monument to him here, among scenes which, in my mind, were all classical; for in my youth I had appropriated to them many of the descriptions of the Roman poets. He could not bear to have death presented to him in any shape, for his constitutional melancholy made the king of terrors more frightful. He turned off the subject, saying, "Sir, I hope to see your grandchildren!"

This forenoon he observed some cattle without horns, of which he has taken notice in his "Journey," and seems undecided whether they be of a particular race. His doubts appear to have had no foundation; for my respectable neighbour, Mr. Fairlie, who, with all his attention to agriculture, finds time both for the classics and his friends, assures me they are a distinct species, and that, when any of their calves have horns, a mixture of breed can be traced. In confirmation of his opinion, he pointed out to me the following passage in Tacitus: "*Ne armentis quidem suus honor, aut gloria frontis;*" ("De Mor. Germ." § 5.) which he wondered had escaped Dr. Johnson.

On the front of the house of Auchinleck is this inscription:

"Quod petis, hic est;
Est Ulubris; animus si te non deficit æquus."*

It is characteristic of the founder; but the *animus æquus* is, alas! not inheritable, nor the subject of devise. He always talked to me as if it were in a man's own power to attain it; but Dr. Johnson told me that he owned to him, when they were alone, his persuasion that it was in a great measure constitutional, or the effect of causes which do not depend on ourselves; and that Horace boasts too much when he says, "*Æquum mi animum ipse parabo.*"

* "Anxious through seas and lands to search for rest,
Is but laborious idleness at best;
*In desert Ulubra the bliss you'll find,
If you preserve a firm and equal mind.*"—FRANCIS'S HORACE.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

The reverend Mr. Dun, our parish minister, who had dined with us yesterday, with some other company, insisted that Dr. Johnson and I should dine with him to-day. This gave me an opportunity to show my friend the road to the church, made by my father at a great expence, for above three miles, on his own estate, through a range of well-enclosed farms, with a row of trees on each side of it. He called it the *Via sacra*, and was very fond of it. Dr. Johnson, though he held notions far distant from those of the Presbyterian clergy, yet could associate on good terms with them. He indeed occasionally attacked them. One of them discovered a narrowness of information concerning the dignitaries of the Church of England, among whom may be found men of the greatest learning, virtue, and piety, and of a truly apostolic character. He talked before Dr. Johnson of fat bishops and drowsy deans; and, in short, seemed to believe the illiberal and profane scoffings of professed satirists or vulgar railers. Dr. Johnson was so highly offended, that he said to him, "Sir, you know no more of our church than a Hottentot."—I was sorry that he brought this upon himself.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

I cannot be certain, whether it was on this day, or a former, that Dr. Johnson and my father came in collision. If I recollect right, the contest began while my father was showing him his collection of medals; and Oliver Cromwell's coin unfortunately introduced Charles the First and Toryism. They became exceedingly warm and violent, and I was very much distressed by being present at such an altercation between two men, both of whom I reverenced; yet I durst not interfere. It would certainly be very unbecoming in me to exhibit my honoured father and my respected friend as intellectual gladiators, for the entertainment of the public; and therefore I suppress what would, I dare say, make an interesting scene in this dramatic sketch, —this account of the transit of Johnson over the Caledonian hemisphere.

Yet I think I may, without impropriety, mention one circumstance, as an instance of my father's address. Dr. Johnson challenged him, as he did us all at Talisker, to point out any theological works of merit written by Presbyterian ministers in Scotland. My father, whose studies did not lie much in that way, owned to me afterwards, that he was somewhat at a loss how to answer, but that luckily he recollected having read in catalogues the title of "Durham on the Galatians;" upon which he boldly said, "Pray, sir, have you read

Mr. Durham's excellent Commentary on the Galatians?"—"No, sir," said Dr. Johnson. By this lucky thought my father kept him at bay, and for some time enjoyed his triumph; but his antagonist soon made a retort, which I forbear to mention.

In the course of their altercation, Whiggism and Presbyterianism, Toryism and Episcopacy, were terribly buffetted. My worthy hereditary friend, Sir John Pringle, never having been mentioned, happily escaped without a bruise.*

My father's opinion of Dr. Johnson may be conjectured from the name he afterwards gave him, which was URSA MAJOR. But it is not true, as has been reported, that it was in consequence of my saying that he was a *constellation* of genius and literature. It was a sly abrupt expression to one of his brethren on the bench of the Court of Session, in which Dr. Johnson was then standing; but it was not said in his hearing.

* Sir Walter Scott contributed to Mr. Croker, for that gentleman's edition of Boswell, some traditionary notices of this quarrel. "It ended," he says, "in Johnson's pressing upon the old judge the question, what good Cromwell, of whom he had said something derogatory, had ever done to his country; when, after being much tortured, Lord Auchinleck at last spoke out: "God, doctor, he gart kings ken they had a *lith* in their neck"—"He taught kings they had a *joint* in their neck." We doubt this anecdote, which seems merely an echo of a saying by Quin, the actor, related by Davies: "On a thirtieth of January, Quin said every king in Europe would rise with a crick in his neck." The following is more characteristic: "There's nae hope for Jamie, mon," Lord Auchinleck said to a friend, "Jamie is gaen clean gyte. What do you think, mon? He's done wi' Paoli—he's off wi' the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican; and whose tail do you think he has pinned himself to now, mon?" Here the old judge summoned up a sneer of sovereign contempt. "A dominie, mon—an auld dominie; he keeped a schule, and cau'd it an academy." (Croker's Boswell.) Among the topics to be avoided between the old laird and his visitor, Boswell might have included Ossian; for Lord Auchinleck seems to have been at least a partial believer in the authenticity of the Celtic Homer. He writes to Dr. Blair, 2nd October, 1764, with an account of what he considered an *intrinsic proof of antiquity*. "When (in Ossian) a hero finds death approaching, he calls to prepare his deer's horn; a passage which I did not understand for a good time after Fingal was published, but came then to have it explained accidentally. You must know that in Badenoch, near the church of Alves, on the highway-side, are a number of tumuli, nobody had ever taken notice of these as artificial till Macpherson of Benchar, a very sensible man, under an apprehension of their being artificial, caused to cut up two of them, and found human bones in them, and at right angles with them a red-deer's horn above them. These burials plainly have been before Christianity, for the corpse lay in the direction of north and south, not in that of east and west; and as Fingal was published before any of these tumuli were opened (which you will get attested by Benchar and the people he employed in the works), this seems to make strong for the antiquity." (Highland Society's Report, 1805.) Johnson would have treated this proof with ineffable contempt; but, fortunately, among the *questiones vexatæ* at Auchinleck, that of Ossian does not appear to have been broached. Lord Auchinleck was elevated to the bench in 1756, and died in 1782. He had a taste for the olden literature of the country, and the Auchinleck Library is famous for its collection of rare and valuable works.—ED.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

My father and I went to public worship in our parish church, in which I regretted that Dr. Johnson would not join us; for, though we have there no form of prayer, nor magnificent solemnity, yet, as GOD is worshipped in spirit and in truth, and the same doctrines preached as in the Church of England, my friend would certainly have shown more liberality had he attended. I doubt not, however, but he employed his time in private to very good purpose. His uniform and fervent piety was manifested on many occasions during our Tour, which I have not mentioned.—His reason for not joining in Presbyterian worship has been recorded in a former page.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

Notwithstanding the altercation that had passed, my father, who had the dignified courtesy of an old baron, was very civil to Dr. Johnson, and politely attended him to the post-chaise, which was to convey us to Edinburgh.

Thus they parted.—They are now in another, and a higher, state of existence; and as they were both worthy Christian men, I trust they have met in happiness. But I must observe, in justice to my friend's political principles, and my own, that they have met in a place where there is no room for *Whiggism*.

We came at night to a good inn at Hamilton.—I recollect no more.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

I wished to have shown Dr. Johnson the Duke of Hamilton's house, commonly called the *Palace* of Hamilton, which is close by the town.* It is an object which, having been pointed out to me as a splendid edifice from my earliest years, in travelling between Auchinleck and Edinburgh, has still great grandeur in my imagination. My friend consented to stop, and view the outside of it, but could not be persuaded to go into it.

We arrived this night at Edinburgh, after an absence of eighty-three days. For five weeks together of the tempestuous season, there had been no account received of us. I cannot express how happy I was on finding myself again at home.

* Hamilton Palace has since been greatly extended and improved. The additions were begun in 1822, and continued for several years at an enormous cost. The picture gallery, library, and principal apartments are on the most magnificent scale, and the structure altogether is one of the most gorgeous in the kingdom. The pictures are numerous and highly valuable, and there is a rich collection of cabinets and works of vertu.—ED.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

Old Mr. Drummond, the bookseller, came to breakfast. Dr. Johnson and he had not met for ten years. There was respect on his side, and kindness on Dr. Johnson's.* Soon afterwards, Lord Elibank came in, and was much pleased at seeing Dr. Johnson in Scotland. His lordship said, "Hardly anything seemed to him more improbable." Dr. Johnson had a very high opinion of him. Speaking of him to me, he characterised him thus: "Lord Elibank has read a great deal. It is true, I can find in books all that he has read; but he has a great deal of what is in books, proved by the test of real life."—Indeed, there have been few men whose conversation discovered more knowledge enlivened by fancy. He published several small pieces of distinguished merit, and has left some in manuscript—in particular, an account of the expedition against Carthagena, in which he served as an officer in the army. His writings deserve to be collected. He was the early patron of Dr. Robertson, the historian, and Mr. Home, the tragic poet; who, when they were ministers of country parishes, lived near his seat. He told me, "I saw these lads had talents, and they were much with me."—I hope they will pay a grateful tribute to his memory.†

The morning was chiefly taken up by Dr. Johnson's giving him an account of our tour.—The subject of difference in political principles was introduced.—JOHNSON: "It is much increased by opposition. There was a violent Whig, with whom I used to contend with great eagerness. After his death I felt my Toryism much abated."—I suppose he meant Mr. Walmsley, of Lichfield, whose character he has drawn so well in his Life of Edmund Smith.

Mr. Nairne came in, and he and I accompanied Dr. Johnson to Edinburgh Castle, which he owned was "a great place." But I must mention, as a striking instance of that spirit of contradiction to which he had a strong propensity, when Lord Elibank was some days after talking of it with the natural elation of a Scotchman, or of any man who is proud of a stately fortress in his own country,

* This old friend of Johnson's died December 21st, 1774. He is styled in the newspapers of the day, "William Drummond, Esq., of Callendar, bookseller in Edinburgh."—ED.

† Lord Elibank seems to have been the most assiduous of the Edinburgh *literati* and public men in conciliating the favour of Johnson. He was also the most successful in his efforts; and we cannot forbear regretting that he did not live to read the result in the complimentary pages of Boswell. His lordship died August 3rd, 1778, aged seventy-six. He was a man of wit, learning, and varied talents; had studied law and served in the army, and was a first-rate conversationalist. It has since been ascertained that Elibank was in correspondence with the family of the Pretender, but he escaped detection, and afterwards kept his Jacobitism in prudent abeyance.—ED.

Dr. Johnson affected to despise it, observing that, "it would make a good *prison* in England."

Lest it should be supposed that I have suppressed one of his sallies against my country, it may not be improper here to correct a mistaken account that has been circulated, as to his conversation this day. It has been said, that being desired to attend to the noble prospect from the Castle-hill, he replied, "Sir, the noblest prospect that a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to London."—This lively sarcasm was thrown out at a tavern in London, in my presence, many years before.

We had with us to-day at dinner, at my house, the Lady Dowager Colvill, and Lady Anne Erskine, sisters of the Earl of Kelly; the Honourable Archibald Erskine, who has now succeeded to that title; Lord Elibank; the Reverend Dr. Blair; Mr. Tytler, the acute vindicator of Mary Queen of Scots, and some other friends. *

Fingal being talked of, Dr. Johnson, who used to boast that he had, from the first, resisted both Ossian and the Giants of Patagonia, averred his positive disbelief of its authenticity. Lord Elibank said, "I am sure it is not Macpherson's. Mr. Johnson, I keep company a great deal with you; it is known I do. I may borrow from you better things than I can say myself, and give them as my own; but, if I should, every body will know whose they are."—The Doctor was not softened by this compliment. He denied merit to Fingal, supposing it to be the production of a man who has had the advantages that the present age affords; and said, "nothing is more easy than to write enough in that style if once you begin." † One gentleman in company expressing his opinion, "that Fingal was certainly genuine, for that he had heard a great part of it repeated in the original," Dr. Johnson indignantly asked him whether he understood the original; to which an answer being given in the negative, "Why then," said Dr. Johnson, "we see to what *this* testimony comes:—thus it is."

I mention this as a remarkable proof how liable the mind of man is to credulity, when not guarded by such strict examination as that which Dr. Johnson habitually practised. The talents and integrity

* Mr. Tytler was an excellent Scottish antiquary, and did much to illustrate the history, poetry, and music of his native country. He died in 1792, aged eighty-five. His son inherited his taste and talents, and was a Scottish Judge under the title of Lord Woodhouselee. He died in 1813, aged sixty-six. Lord Woodhouselee had a son, who augmented the literary honours of the family—the late Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq., author of the "History of Scotland."—Ed.

† I desire not to be understood as agreeing *entirely* with the opinions of Dr. Johnson, which I relate without any remark. The many imitations, however, of "Fingal" that have been published confirm this observation in a considerable degree.—Boswell.

of the gentleman who made the remark are unquestionable; yet, had not Dr. Johnson made him advert to the consideration, that he who does not understand a language, cannot know that something which is recited to him is in that language, he might have believed, and reported to this hour, that he had "heard a great part of Fingal repeated in the original."

For the satisfaction of those on the north of the Tweed, who may think Dr. Johnson's account of Caledonian credulity and inaccuracy too strong, it is but fair to add, that he admitted the same kind of ready belief might be found in his own country. "He would undertake," he said, "to write an epic poem on the story of Robin Hood, and half England, to whom the names and places he should mention in it are familiar, would believe and declare they had heard it from their earliest years."

One of his objections to the authenticity of "Fingal," during the conversation at Ulinish, is omitted in my Journal, but I perfectly recollect it. "Why is not the original deposited in some public library, instead of exhibiting attestations of its existence? Suppose there were a question in a court of justice, whether a man be dead or alive: You aver he is alive, and you bring fifty witnesses to swear it: I answer, 'Why do you not produce the man?'" This is an argument founded upon one of the first principles of the *law of evidence*, which *Gilbert* would have held to be irrefragable.

I do not think it incumbent on me to give any precise decided opinion upon this question, as to which I believe more than some and less than others. The subject appears now to have become very uninteresting to the public. That "Fingal" is not, from beginning to end, a translation from the Gaelic, but that *some* passages have been supplied by the editor to connect the whole, I have heard admitted by very warm advocates for its authenticity. If this be the case, why are not these distinctly ascertained? Antiquaries, and admirers of the work, may complain, that they are in a situation similar to that of the unhappy gentleman whose wife informed him, on her deathbed, that one of their reputed children was not his; and, when he eagerly begged her to declare which of them it was, she answered, "*That* you shall never know;" and expired, leaving him in irremediable doubt as to them all.

I beg leave now to say something upon *second sight*, of which I have related two instances, as they impressed my mind at the time. I own, I returned from the Hebrides with a considerable degree of faith in the many stories of that kind which I heard with a too easy acquiescence without any close examination of the evidence; but, since that time, my belief in those stories has been much weakened by

reflecting on the careless inaccuracy of narrative in common matters, from which we may certainly conclude that there may be the same in what is more extraordinary. It is but just, however, to add, that the belief in second sight is not peculiar to the Highlands and Isles.

Some years after our tour, a cause was tried in the Court of Session, where the principal fact to be ascertained was, whether a ship-master, who used to frequent the Western Highlands and Isles, was drowned in one particular year or in the year after. A great number of witnesses from those parts were examined on each side, and swore directly contrary to each other upon this simple question. One of them, a very respectable chieftain, who told me a story of second sight which I have not mentioned, but which I too implicitly believed, had in this case, previous to this public examination, not only said, but attested under his hand, that he had seen the ship-master in the year subsequent to that in which the court was finally satisfied he was drowned. When interrogated with the strictness of judicial inquiry, and under the awe of an oath, he recollected himself better, and retracted what he had formerly asserted, apologising for his inaccuracy by telling the judges, "A man will *say* what he will not *swear*." By many he was much censured, and it was maintained that every gentleman would be as attentive to truth without the sanction of an oath as with it. Dr. Johnson, though he himself was distinguished at all times by a scrupulous adherence to truth, controverted this proposition; and as a proof that this was not, though it ought to be, the case, urged the very different decisions of elections under Mr. Grenville's Act from those formerly made. "Gentlemen will not pronounce upon oath what they would have said and voted in the house, without that sanction."

However difficult it may be for men who believe in preternatural communications, in modern times, to satisfy those who are of a different opinion, they may easily refute the doctrine of their opponents, who impute a belief in *second sight* to *superstition*. To entertain a visionary notion that one sees a distant or future event may be called *superstition*, but the correspondence of the fact or event with such an impression on the fancy, though certainly very wonderful, *if proved*, has no more connection with superstition than magnetism or electricity.

After dinner, various topics were discussed; but I recollect only one particular. Dr. Johnson compared the different talents of Garrick and Foote as companions, and gave Garrick greatly the preference for elegance, though he allowed Foote extraordinary powers of entertainment. He said, "Garrick is restrained by some principle, but Foote has the advantage of an unlimited range. Garrick has some delicacy of feeling; it is possible to put him out; you may get the better of

him; but Foote is the most incompressible fellow that I ever knew: when you have driven him into a corner, and think you are sure of him, he runs through between your legs, or jumps over your head, and makes his escape."

Dr. Erskine and Mr. Robert Walker, two very respectable ministers of Edinburgh, supped with us, as did the Reverend Dr. Webster.* The conversation turned on the Moravian missions, and on the Methodists. Dr. Johnson observed in general, that missionaries were too sanguine in their accounts of their success among savages, and that much of what they tell is not to be believed. He owned that the Methodists had done good—had spread religious impressions among the vulgar part of mankind; but, he said, they had great bitterness against other Christians, and that he never could get a Methodist to explain in what he excelled others; that it always ended in the indispensable necessity of hearing one of their preachers.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

Principal Robertson came to us as we sat at breakfast. He advanced to Dr. Johnson, repeating a line of Virgil, which I forget. I suppose, either

"Post varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,"†

or,

"—multum ille et terris jactatus, et alto."‡

Every body had accosted us with some studied compliment on our return. Dr. Johnson said, "I am really ashamed of the congratulations which we receive. We are addressed as if we had made a voyage to Nova Zembla, and suffered five persecutions in Japan." And he afterwards remarked, that, "to see a man come up with a formal air and a Latin line, when we had no fatigue and no danger, was provoking." I told him he was not sensible of the danger, having lain under cover in the boat during the storm; he was like the chicken, that hides its head under its wing and then thinks itself safe.

* The two most eminent literary divines in Edinburgh, Robertson and Blair, held collegiate charges, and had for colleagues men directly opposed to them in views of Church polity and strict Calvinistic doctrine. Dr. John Erskine (born 1721, died 1803) was the colleague of Dr. Robertson in the Old Greyfriars. Dr. Robert Walker (born 1716, died 1783) was the colleague of Dr. Blair in the High Church. Both were able excellent men, and more popular as preachers with the ordinary class of church goers than their illustrious associates. It was remarked, however, that though the two evangelical divines excelled in what Micah Balwhidder, in Galt's novel, called "kirk-filling eloquence," their literary colleagues, from their hearers being chiefly of the higher classes, were more successful in drawing money to the collections made at the church doors. In "Guy Mannering" will be found sketches of Erskine and Walker.—ED.

† "Through various hazards and events we move."

‡ "Long labours both by sea and land he bore."—DRYDEN.

Lord Elibank came to us, as did Sir William Forbes. The rash attempt in 1745 being mentioned, I observed, that it would make a fine piece of history. Dr. Johnson said it would. Lord Elibank doubted whether any man of this age could give it impartially.—JOHNSON: "A man, by talking with those of different sides, who were actors in it, and putting down all that he hears, may in time collect the materials of a good narrative. You are to consider, all history was at first oral. I suppose Voltaire was fifty years in collecting his "Louis XIV." which he did in the way that I am proposing.—ROBERTSON: "He did so. He lived much with all the great people who were concerned in that reign, and heard them talk of everything; and then either took Mr. Boswell's way, of writing down what he heard, or, which is as good, preserved it in his memory; for he has a wonderful memory."—With the leave, however, of this elegant historian, no man's memory can preserve facts or sayings with such fidelity as may be done by writing them down when they are recent. —Dr. Robertson said, "it was now full time to make such a collection as Dr. Johnson suggested; for many of the people who were then in arms, were dropping off; and both Whigs and Jacobites were now come to talk with moderation."—Lord Elibank said to him, "Mr. Robertson, the first thing that gave me a high opinion of you, was your saying in the Select Society,* while parties ran high, soon after the year 1745, that you did not think worse of a man's moral character for his having been in rebellion. This was venturing to utter a liberal sentiment, while both sides had a detestation of each other."

Dr. Johnson observed, that being in rebellion from a notion of another's right, was not connected with depravity; and that we had this proof of it, that all mankind applauded the pardoning of rebels; which they would not do in the case of robbers and murderers. He said, with a smile, that "he wondered that the phrase of *unnatural* rebellion should be so much used, for that all rebellion was natural to man."

As I kept no Journal of any thing that passed after this morning, I shall, from memory, group together this and the other days, till that

* A society for debate in Edinburgh, consisting of the most eminent men.—BOSWELL.

[Established in 1754 by Allan Ramsay, the painter, son of the Scottish poet. An account of the "Select Society," drawn up by Dr. Carlyle, is given in the Appendix to Dugald Stewart's "Life of Dr. Robertson," the historian, who was one of its most conspicuous members. The society became so fashionable that in 1759 it numbered 130 members, including all the literati of Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, and many of the gentry, who, though few of them took any share in the debates, thought themselves so well entertained and instructed that they gave punctual attendance.—ED.]

on which Dr. Johnson departed for London. They were in all nine days; on which he dined at Lady Colvill's, Lord Hailes's, Sir Adolphus Oughton's, Sir Alexander Dick's, Principal Robertson's, Mr. Maclaurin's, and thrice at Lord Elibank's seat in the country, where we also passed two nights. He supped at the Honourable Alexander Gordon's, now one of our judges, by the title of Lord Rockville; at Mr. Nairne's, now also one of our judges, by the title of Lord Dunsinnan; at Dr. Blair's, and Mr. Tytler's; and at my house thrice, one evening with a numerous company, chiefly gentlemen of the law; another with Mr. Menzies of Culdares, and Lord Monboddo, who disengaged himself on purpose to meet him; and the evening on which we retured from Lord Elibank's, he supped with my wife and me by ourselves.

He breakfasted at Dr. Webster's, at old Mr. Drummond's, and at Dr. Blacklock's; and spent one forenoon at my uncle Dr. Boswell's, who shewed him his curious museum; and, as he was an elegant scholar, and a physician bred in the school of Boerhaave, Dr. Johnson was pleased with his company.

On the mornings when he breakfasted at my house, he had, from ten o'clock till one or two, a constant levée of various persons, of very different characters and descriptions. I could not attend him, being obliged to be in the Court of Session; but my wife was so good as to devote the greater part of the morning to the endless task of pouring out tea for my friend and his visitors.

Such was the disposition of his time at Edinburgh. He said one evening to me, in a fit of languor, "Sir, we have been harassed by invitations." I acquiesced. "Ay, sir, he replied; but how much worse would it have been, if we had been neglected?"

From what has been recorded in this Journal, it may well be supposed that a variety of admirable conversation has been lost, by my neglect to preserve it.—I shall endeavour to recollect some of it, as well as I can. At Lady Colvill's, to whom I am proud to introduce any stranger of eminence, that he may see what dignity and grace is to be found in Scotland, an officer observed, that he had heard Lord Mansfield was not a great English lawyer.—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, supposing Lord Mansfield not to have the splendid talents which he possesses, he must be a great English lawyer, from having been so long at the bar, and having passed through so many of the great offices of the law. Sir, you may as well maintain that a carrier, who has driven a packhorse between Edinburgh and Berwick for thirty years, does not know the road, as that Lord Mansfield does not know the law of England."

At Mr. Nairne's, he drew the character of Richardson, the author

of "Clarissa," with a strong yet delicate pencil. I lament much that I have not preserved it: I only remember that he expressed a high opinion of his talents and virtues; but observed, that "his perpetual study was to ward off petty inconveniences, and procure petty pleasures; that his love of continual superiority was such, that he took care to be always surrounded by women, who listened to him implicitly, and did not venture to controvert his opinions; and that his desire of distinction was so great, that he used to give large vails to the Speaker Onslow's servants, that they might treat him with respect."

On the same evening, he would not allow that the private life of a judge in England, was required to be so strictly decorous as I supposed. "Why then, sir, (said I), according to your account, an English judge may just live like a gentleman."—JOHNSON: "Yes, sir; if he *can*."

At Mr. Tytler's, I happened to tell that one evening, a great many years ago, when Dr. Hugh Blair and I were sitting together in the pit of Drury-lane play-house, in a wild freak of youthful extravagance, I entertained the audience *prodigiously*, by imitating the lowing of a cow. A little while after I had told this story, I differed from Dr. Johnson, I suppose too confidently, upon some point, which I now forget. He did not spare me. "Nay, sir, (said he), if you cannot talk better as a man, I'd have you bellow like a cow."*

At Dr. Webster's, he said, that he believed hardly any man died without affectation. This remark appears to me to be well founded, and will account for many of the celebrated death-bed sayings which are recorded.

On one of the evenings at my house, when he told that Lord Lovat boasted to an English nobleman, that though he had not his wealth, he had two thousand men whom he could at any time call into the field, the Honourable Alexander Gordon observed, that those two thousand men brought him to the block. † "True, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "but you may just as well argue, concerning a man who

* As I have been scrupulously exact in relating anecdotes concerning other persons, I shall not withhold any part of this story, however ludicrous. I was so successful in this boyish frolic that the universal cry of the galleries was, "Encore the cow! encore the cow!" In the pride of my heart, I attempted imitations of some other animals, but with very inferior effect. My reverend friend, anxious for my fame, with an air of the utmost gravity and earnestness addressed me thus: "My dear sir, I would confine myself to the cow."—BOSWELL.

† This was one of Lord Lovat's usual boasting declarations respecting his clan. In 1724 Marshal Wade estimated the Frasers at 800. Mr. James Ferguson, the astronomer, visited Lord Lovat at Castle Downie, his lordship's seat in Inverness-shire, about 1740, and he says that 400 persons were *kennelled* in the lower apartments of the tower-like structure, the floors being covered with straw. "Of those wretched

has fallen over a precipice to which he has walked too near, 'His two legs brought him to that;'—is he not the better for having two legs?"

At Dr. Blair's I left him, in order to attend a consultation, during which he and his amiable host were by themselves. I returned to supper, at which were Principal Robertson, Mr. Nairne, and some other gentlemen. Dr. Robertson and Dr. Blair, I remember, talked well upon subordination and government; and, as my friend and I were walking home, he said to me, "Sir, these two doctors are good men, and wise men."—I begged of Dr. Blair to recollect what he could of the long conversation that passed between Dr. Johnson and him alone, this evening, and he obligingly wrote to me as follows:—

March 3, 1785.

DEAR SIR—As so many years have intervened, since I chanced to have that conversation with Dr. Johnson in my house, to which you refer, I have forgotten most of what then passed, but remember that I was both instructed and entertained by it. Among other subjects, the discourse happened to turn on modern Latin poets, the Dr. expressed a very favourable opinion of Buchanan, and instantly repeated, from beginning to end, an ode of his, intituled 'Calendæ Maiæ' (the eleventh in his 'Miscellaneorum Liber'), beginning with these words, 'Salvete sacris deliciis sacræ,' with which I had formerly been unacquainted; but upon perusing it, the praise which he bestowed upon it, as one of the happiest of Buchanan's poetical compositions, appeared to me very just. He also repeated to me a Latin ode he had composed in one of the western islands, from which he had lately returned. We had much discourse concerning his excursion to those islands, with which he expressed himself as having been highly pleased; talked in a favourable manner of the hospitality of the inhabitants; and particularly spoke much of his happiness in having you for his companion; and said, that the longer he knew you, he loved and esteemed you the more. This conversation passed in the interval between tea and supper, when we were by ourselves. You, and the rest of the company who were with us at supper, have often taken notice that he was uncommonly bland and gay that evening, and gave much pleasure to all who were present. This is all that I can recollect distinctly of that long conversation.

Yours sincerely,

HUGH BLAIR.

dependants he (Mr. Ferguson) has seen, in consequence of the then existing right of heritable jurisdiction, three or four, and sometimes half-a-dozen, hung up by the heels for hours, on the few trees round the mansion."—(King's "Munimenta Antiqua.") In 1745 Lovat wrote to the Lord Advocate as follows:—"My clan and I have been so neglected these many years past, that I have not twelve stand of arms in my country, though, I thank God, I could bring 1,200 good men to the field for the King's service if I had arms and other accoutrements for them." The Lord Advocate was too wise to intrust arms with the wily old chief, who was then in treaty with the Jacobite leaders. The Master of Lovat joined Prince Charles in January 1746 with 600 of his father's vassals. Of Simon Lord Lovat, who, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, united in miniature the arts of a Machiavel with the tyranny of a Cæsar Borgia, an interesting life has been written (1847) by Mr. J. Hill Burton, Advocate.—ED.

At Lord Hailes's, we spent a most agreeable day; but again I must lament that I was so indolent as to let almost all that passed evaporate into oblivion. Dr. Johnson observed there, that "it is wonderful how ignorant many officers of the army are, considering how much leisure they have for study, and the acquisition of knowledge." I hope he was mistaken; for he maintained that many of them were ignorant of things belonging immediately to their own profession; "for instance, many cannot tell how far a musket will carry a bullet;" in proof of which, I suppose, he mentioned some particular person, for Lord Hailes, from whom I solicited what he could recollect of that day, writes to me as follows:

"As to Dr. Johnson's observations about the ignorance of officers, in the length that a musket will carry, my brother, Colonel Dalrymple, was present, and he thought that the doctor was either mistaken, by putting the question wrong, or that he had conversed on the subject with some person out of service.

"Was it upon that occasion that he expressed no curiosity to see the room at Dumfermline, where Charles I. was born? 'I know that he was born,' said he, 'no matter where.' Did he envy us the birth-place of the king?"

Near the end of his "Journey," Dr. Johnson has given liberal praise to Mr. Braidwood's academy for the deaf and dumb. When he visited it, a circumstance occurred which was truly characteristical of our great lexicographer. "Pray," said he, "can they pronounce any *long* words?" Mr. Braidwood informed him they could. Upon which Dr. Johnson wrote one of his *sesquipedalia verba,* which was pronounced by the scholars, and he was satisfied. My readers may perhaps wish to know what the word was; but I cannot gratify their curiosity. Mr. Braidwood told me, it remained long in his school, but had been lost before I made my inquiry.*

Dr. Johnson one day visited the Court of Session. He thought the mode of pleading there too vehement, and too much addressed to the passions of the judges. "This," said he, "is not the Areopagus."

At old Mr. Drummond's, Sir John Dalrymple quaintly said, the two noblest animals in the world were a Scotch Highlander and an English sailor. "Why, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "I shall say nothing

* One of the best critics of our age "does not wish to prevent the admirers of the incorrect and nerveless style which generally prevailed for a century before Dr. Johnson's energetic writings were known, from enjoying the laugh that this story may produce, in which he is very ready to join them." He, however, requests me to observe that, "my friend very properly chose a long word on this occasion, not, it is believed, from any predilection for polysyllables (though he certainly had a due respect for them), but in order to put Mr. Braidwood's skill to the strictest test, and to try the efficacy of his instruction by the most difficult exertion of the organs of his pupils."—BOSWELL.

as to the Scotch Highlander; but as to the English sailor, I cannot agree with you." Sir John said, he was generous in giving away his money.—JOHNSON: "Sir, he throws away his money, without thought, and without merit. I do not call a tree generous, that sheds its fruit at every breeze." Sir John having affected to complain of the attacks made upon his "Memoirs," Dr. Johnson said, "Nay, sir, do not complain. It is advantageous to an author that his book should be attacked as well as praised. Fame is a shuttlecock. If it be struck only at one end of the room, it will soon fall to the ground. To keep it up, it must be struck at both ends." Often have I reflected on this since; and, instead of being angry at many of those who have written against me, have smiled to think that they were unintentionally subservient to my fame, by using a battledoor to make me *virum volitare per ora.*

At Sir Alexander Dick's, from that absence of mind to which every man is at times subject, I told, in a blundering manner, Lady Eglintoune's complimentary adoption of Dr. Johnson as her son; for I unfortunately stated that her ladyship adopted him as her son, in consequence of her having been married the year *after* he was born. Dr. Johnson instantly corrected me. "Sir, don't you perceive that you are defaming the countess? For, supposing me to be her son, and that she was not married till the year after my birth, I must have been her *natural* son." A young lady of quality, who was present, very handsomely said, "Might not the son have justified the fault?" —My friend was much flattered by this compliment, which he never forgot. When in more than ordinary spirits, and talking of his journey in Scotland, he has called to me, "Boswell, what was it that the young lady of quality said of me at Sir Alexander Dick's?" Nobody will doubt that I was happy in repeating it.

My illustrious friend, being now desirous to be again in the great theatre of life and animated exertion, took a place in the coach, which was to set out for London on Monday the 22nd of November. Sir John Dalrymple pressed him to come on the Saturday before, to his house at Cranston, which being twelve miles from Edinburgh, upon the middle road to Newcastle, (Dr. Johnson had come to Edinburgh by Berwick, and along the naked coast,) it would make his journey easier, as the coach would take him up at a more seasonable hour than that at which it sets out. Sir John, I perceived, was ambitious of having such a guest; but, as I was well assured, that at this very time he had joined with some of his prejudiced countrymen in railing at Dr. Johnson, and had said, "He wondered how any gentleman of Scotland could keep company with him," I thought he did not deserve the honour; yet, as it might be a convenience to Dr. Johnson, I con-

trived that he should accept the invitation, and engaged to conduct him. I resolved that, on our way to Sir John's, we should make a little circuit by Roslin Castle and Hawthornden, and wished to set out soon after breakfast; but young Mr. Tytler came to show Dr. Johnson some essays which he had written; and my great friend, who was exceedingly obliging when thus consulted, was detained so long, that it was, I believe, one o'clock before we got into our post-chaise. I found that we should be too late for dinner at Sir John Dalrymple's, to which we were engaged; but I would by no means lose the pleasure of seeing my friend at Hawthornden,—of seeing *Sam* Johnson at the very spot where *Ben* Jonson visited the learned and poetical Drummond.*

We surveyed Roslin Castle, the romantic scene around it, and the beautiful Gothic chapel, and dined and drank tea at the inn; after which we proceeded to Hawthornden, and viewed the caves; and I all the while had *Rare Ben* in my mind, and was pleased to think that this place was now visited by another celebrated wit of England.

By this time "the waning night was growing old," and we were yet several miles from Sir John Dalrymple's. Dr. Johnson did not seem much troubled at our having treated the baronet with so little attention to politeness; but when I talked of the grievous disappointment it must have been to him that we did not come to the *feast* that he had prepared for us, (for he told us he had killed a seven-year old sheep on purpose,) my friend got into a merry mood, and jocularly said, "I dare say, sir, he has been very sadly distressed: Nay, we do not know but the consequence may have been fatal. Let me try to describe his situation in his own historical style. I have as good a right to make him think and talk, as he has to tell us how people thought and talked a hundred years ago, of which he has no evidence. All history, so far as it is not supported by contemporary evidence, is romance.—Stay now. Let us consider!"—He then (heartily laughing all the while) proceeded in his imitation, I am sure to the following

* The visit so finely alluded to by Collins:—

"Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade."

"Rare Ben" visited Scotland in the summer of 1618. He was then in his forty-fifth year, and was gross and heavy in person ("my mountain belly and my rocky face") yet he performed the long journey on foot. He had written an account of his journey, a poem, "with all the adventures," but the manuscript was destroyed, along with several other papers, by an accidental fire. This misfortune led the poet to pour out a rhyming execration upon Vulcan, in which all his readers will cordially join. Drummond states that Jonson had an intention of writing "a fisher or pastoral play, and set the stage of it in the Lemond lake." Also, "He is to write his foot-pilgrimage hither, and to call it a Discovery. In a poem he calleth Edinburgh—

'The heart of Scotland, Britain's other eye.'"—ED.

effect, though now, at the distance of almost twelve years, I cannot pretend to recollect all the precise words:

"Dinner being ready, he wondered that his guests were not yet come. His wonder was soon succeeded by impatience. He walked about the room in anxious agitation; sometimes he looked at his watch, sometimes he looked out of the window with an eager gaze of expectation, and revolved in his mind the various accidents of human life. His family beheld him with mute concern. 'Surely (said he, with a sigh), they will not fail me.'—The mind of man can bear a certain pressure; but there is a point when it can bear no more. A rope was in his view, and he died a Roman death." *

It was very late before we reached the seat of Sir John Dalrymple, who, certainly with some reason, was not in very good humour. Our conversation was not brilliant. We supped, and went to bed in ancient rooms, which would have better suited the climate of Italy in summer, than that of Scotland in the month of November.†

I recollect no conversation of the next day, worth preserving, except one saying of Dr. Johnson, which will be a valuable text for many decent old dawagers, and other good company, in various circles to descant upon.—He said, "I am sorry I have not learnt to play at cards. It is very useful in life: it generates kindness, and consolidates society."—He certainly could not mean deep play.

My friend and I thought we should be more comfortable at the inn at Blackshields, two miles farther on. We therefore went thither in the evening, and he was very entertaining; but I have preserved nothing but the pleasing remembrance, and his verses on George the Second and Cibber, and his epitaph on Parnell, which he was then so good as to dictate to me. We breakfasted together next morning, and then the coach came and took him up. He had, as one of his companions in it as far as Newcastle, the worthy and ingenious Dr. Hope, botanical professor at Edinburgh. Both Dr. Johnson and he

* "Essex was at that time confined to the same chamber of the Tower from which his father, Lord Capel, had been led to death, and in which his wife's grandfather had inflicted a voluntary death upon himself. When he saw his friend carried to what he reckoned certain fate, their common enemies enjoying the spectacle, and reflected that it was he who had forced Lord Howard upon the confidence of Russel, he retired, and, by a Roman death, put an end to his misery." (Dalrymple's "Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland," vol. i. p. 36.)—BOSWELL.

† Johnson, when at Sir James Colquhoun's, claimed for himself the character of a "very polite man;" and Boswell added his testimony to the same effect. Sir John Dalrymple would not have countersigned the statement. The conduct of the travellers towards the learned baronet was certainly uncivil and contemptuous. There was also great indelicacy, to say the least of it, in Boswell's publishing the above during Sir John's life-time. The baronet became a Baron of Exchequer in Scotland, and died in 1810, aged eighty-four years.—ED.

used to speak of their good fortune in thus accidentally meeting; for they had much instructive conversation, which is always a most valuable enjoyment, and, when found where it is not expected, is peculiarly relished.

I have now completed my account of our Tour to the Hebrides. I have brought Dr. Johnson down to Scotland, and seen him into the coach which in a few hours carried him back into England. He said to me often, that the time he spent in this Tour was the pleasantest part of his life, and asked me if I would lose the recollection of it for five hundred pounds. I answered I would not; and he applauded my setting such a value on an accession of new images in my mind.

Had it not been for me, I am persuaded Dr. Johnson never would have undertaken such a journey; and I must be allowed to assume some merit, from having been the cause that our language has been enriched with such a book as that which he published on his return—a book which I never read but with the utmost admiration, as I had such opportunities of knowing from what very meagre materials it was composed.

But my praise may be supposed partial; and therefore I shall insert two testimonies, not liable to that objection, both written by gentlemen of Scotland, to whose opinions I am confident the highest respect will be paid—Lord Hailes, and Mr. Dempster.

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"*Newhailes*, 6*th Feb.* 1775.

"SIR—I have received much pleasure and much instruction from perusing "The Journey" to the Hebrides.

"I admire the elegance and variety of description, and the lively picture of men and manners. I always approve of the moral, often of the political reflections. I love the benevolence of the author.

"They who search for faults may possibly find them in this, as well as in every other work of literature.

"For example, the friends of the old family say that the æra of planting is placed too late, at the Union of the two kingdoms. I am known to be no friend of the old family, yet I would place the æra of planting at the Restoration, after the murder of Charles I. had been expiated in the anarchy which succeeded it.

"Before the Restoration few trees were planted, unless by the monastic drones; their successors (and worthy patriots they were) the barons, first cut down the trees and then sold the estates. The gentleman at St. Andrews, who said that there were but two trees in Fife, ought to have added, that the elms of Balmerino were sold within these twenty years to make pumps for the fire-engines.

"In J. Major *de Gestis Scotorum*, L. i. C. 2, last edition, there is a singular passage:—

"'Davidi Cranstoneo conterraneo, dum de primâ theologiæ licentiâ foret, duo ei consocii et familiares, et mei cum eo in artibus auditores, scilicet Jacobus Almain Senonensis, et Petrus Bruxcellensis, Prædicatoris ordinis, in Sorbonæ curiâ die Sor-

bonico commilitonibus suis publice objecerunt, *quòd pane avenaceo plebeii Scoti, sicut a quodam religioso intellexerant, vescebantur, ut virum, quem cholericum noverant, honestis salibus tentarent, qui hoc inficiari tanquam patriæ dedecus nisus est.*'*

"Pray introduce our countryman Mr. Licentiate David Cranston, to the acquaintance of Mr. Johnson. The syllogism seems to have been this:—They who feed on oatmeal are barbarians; but the Scots feed on oatmeal; ergo.—The licentiate denied the *minor*.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

"DAV. DALRYMPLE."

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ., EDINBURGH.

"*Dunnichen*, 16th *February*, 1775.

"MY DEAR BOSWELL,—I cannot omit a moment to return you my best thanks for the entertainment you have furnished me, my family, and guests, by the perusal of Dr. Johnson's 'Journey to the Western Islands'—and now for my sentiments of it. I was well entertained. His descriptions are accurate and vivid. He carried me on the Tour along with him. I am pleased with the justice he has done to your humour and vivacity. 'The noise of the wind being all its own,' is a *bon mot*, that it would have been a pity to have omitted, and a robbery not to have ascribed to its author.

"There is nothing in the book, from beginning to end, that a Scotchman need to take amiss. What he says of the country is true, and his observations on the people are what must naturally occur to a sensible, observing, and reflecting inhabitant of a convenient metropolis, where a man on thirty pounds a-year may be better accommodated with all the little wants of life than Col or Sir Allan. He reasons candidly about the second-sight; but I wish he had inquired more before he ventured to say he even doubted of the possibility of such an unusual and useless deviation from all the known laws of nature. The notion of the second-sight I consider as a remnant of superstitious ignorance and credulity, which a philosopher will set down as such till the contrary is clearly proved, and then it will be classed among the other certain though unaccountable parts of our nature, like dreams, and—I do not know what.

"In regard to the language, it has the merit of being all his own. Many words of foreign extraction are used, where, I believe, common ones would do as well, especially on familiar occasions. Yet I believe he could not express himself so forcibly in any other style. I am charmed with his researches concerning the Erse language, and the antiquity of their manuscripts. I am quite convinced, and I shall rank Ossian, and his 'Fingals' and 'Oscars' amongst the nursery-tales, not the true history of our country in all time to come.

"Upon the whole, the book cannot displease, for it has no pretensions. The author neither says he is a geographer, nor an antiquarian, nor very learned in the History of Scotland, nor a naturalist nor a fossilist. The manners of the people and the face of the country are all he attempts to describe, or seems to have thought of. Much were

* It appears from Major's statement that David Cranston, Licentiate in Theology, was objected to jocularly by two of his intimate friends, James Almain, of Sens, and Peter of Brussels, in the senate-house of the Sorbonne, on the ground that *the plebeian Scots fed on oat bread*; and that they did this as a joke on Cranston, whom they knew to be a choleric man, and who attempted to deny the statement as a disgrace to his country. The quotation would have amused Johnson; but the best retort on his definition of oats being the food of men in Scotland and of horses in England is that of Lord Elibank, given by Sir Walter Scott in one of his notes to Mr. Croker: "Yes," said he, "and where will you find *such men* and *such horses*?"—ED.

it to be wished that they who have travelled into more remote, and of course more curious regions, had all possessed his good sense. Of the state of learning, his observations on Glasgow University show that he has formed a very sound judgment. He understands our climate too, and he has accurately observed the changes, however slow and imperceptible to us, which Scotland has undergone, in consequence of the blessings of liberty and internal peace. I could have drawn my pen through the story of the old woman at St. Andrews, being the only silly thing in the book. He has taken the opportunity of ingrafting into the work several good observations, which I dare say he had made upon men and things before he set foot on Scotch ground, by which it is considerably enriched.* A long journey, like a tall Maypole, though not very beautiful in itself, yet is pretty enough, when ornamented with flowers and garlands: it furnishes a sort of cloak-pins for hanging the furniture of your mind upon; and whoever sets out upon a journey, without furnishing his mind previously with much study and useful knowledge, erects a May-pole in December, and puts up very useless cloak-pins.

"I hope the book will induce many of his countrymen to make the same jaunt, and help to intermix the more liberal part of them still more with us, and perhaps abate somewhat of that virulent antipathy which many of them entertain against the Scotch who certainly would never have formed those combinations which he takes notice of, more than their ancestors, had they not been necessary for their mutual safety, at least for their success, in a country where they are treated as foreigners. They would find us not deficient, at least in point of hospitality, and they would be ashamed ever after to abuse us in the mass.

"So much for the Tour. I have now, for the first time in my life, passed a winter in the country; and never did three months roll on with more swiftness and satisfaction. I used not only to wonder at, but pity, those whose lot condemned them to winter anywhere but in either of the capitals. But every place has its charms to a cheerful mind. I am busy planting and taking measures for opening the summer campaign in farming; and I find I have an excellent resource, when revolutions in politics perhaps, and revolutions in the sun for certain, will make it decent for me to retreat behind the ranks of the more forward in life.

"I am glad to hear the last was a very busy week with you. I see you as counsel in some causes which must have opened a charming field for your humorous veins. As it is more uncommon, so I verily believe it is more useful than the more serious exercise of reason; and, to a man who is to appear in public, more éclat is to be gained, sometimes more money too, by a *bon mot*, than a learned speech. It is the fund of natural humour which Lord North possesses, that makes him so much the favourite of the House, and so able, because so amiable, a leader of a party.

"I have now finished *my* Tour of *Seven Pages*. In what remains, I beg leave to offer my compliments, and those of *ma très chere femme*, to you and Mrs. Boswell. Pray unbend the busy brow, and frolic a little in a letter to—My dear Boswell, your affectionate friend,

"GEORGE DEMPSTER."†

* Mr. Orme, one of the ablest historians of this age, is of the same opinion. He said to me, "There are in that book thoughts which, by long revolution in the great mind of Johnson, have been formed and polished, like pebbles rolled in the ocean!"—BOSWELL.

† Every reader will, I am sure, join with me in warm admiration of the truly patriotic writer of this letter. I know not which most to applaud—that good sense and

I shall also present the public with a correspondence with the Laird of Rasay, concerning a passage in the "Journey to the Western Islands," which shows Dr. Johnson in a very amiable light:—

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"*Rasay, April* 10th, 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—I take this occasion of returning you my most hearty thanks for the civilities shown to my daughter by you and Mrs. Boswell. Yet, though she has informed me that I am under this obligation, I should very probably have deferred troubling you with making my acknowledgments at present, if I had not seen Dr. Johnson's "Journey to the Western Isles," in which he has been pleased to make a very friendly mention of my family, for which I am surely obliged to him, as being more than an equivalent for the reception you and he met with. Yet there is one paragraph I should have been glad he had omitted, which I am sure was owing to misinformation; that is, that I had acknowledged Macleod to be my chief, though my ancestors disputed the pre-eminence for a long tract of time.

"I never had occasion to enter seriously on this argument with the present laird or his grandfather, nor could I have any temptation to such a renunciation from either of them. I acknowledge the benefit of being chief of a clan is in our days of very little significancy, and to trace out the progress of this honour to the founder of a family, of any standing, would perhaps be a matter of some difficulty.

"The true state of the present case is this: the Macleod family consists of two different branches; the Macleods of Lewis, of which I am descended, and the Macleods of Harris. And though the former have lost a very extensive estate by forfeiture in King James the Sixth's time, there are still several respectable families of it existing, who would justly blame me for such an unmeaning cession, when they all acknowledge me head of that family; which though in fact it be but an ideal point of honour, is not hitherto so far disregarded in our country, but it would determine some of my friends to look on me as a much smaller man than either they or myself judge me at present to be. I will therefore ask it as a favour of you to acquaint the Doctor with the difficulty he has brought me to. In travelling among rival clans such a silly tale as this might easily be whispered into the ear of a passing stranger; but as it has no foundation in fact, I hope the Doctor will be so good as to take his own way in undeceiving the public, I principally mean my friends and connexions, who will be first angry at me, and next sorry to find such an instance of my littleness recorded in a book which has a very fair chance of being much read. I expect you will let me know what he will write you in return, and we here beg to make offer to you and Mrs. Boswell of our most respectful compliments.—I am, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"JOHN MACLEOD."*

liberality of mind which could see and admit the defects of his native country, to which no man is a more zealous friend, or that candour which induced him to give just praise to the minister whom he honestly and strenuously opposed.—BOSWELL.

[Mr. Dempster opposed Lord North in the contest with the American colonies. He sat in Parliament as representative of the Fife burghs for twenty-eight years, and was indefatigable in promoting every scheme for the extension and improvement of the Scottish manufactures and fisheries. In his old age he took to agriculture, and displayed the same enthusiastic and manly spirit in his new pursuit that he had evinced on public and political questions. He died February 13, 1818, aged eighty-four.—ED.]

* Mr. Skene, in his "Highlanders of Scotland," disputes the Norwegian descent of the Clan Leod, although the family acquired large estates in Skye by marriage with

TO THE LAIRD OF RASAY.

"*London, May* 8, 1775.

"DEAR SIR,—The day before yesterday I had the honour to receive your letter, I immediately communicated it to Dr. Johnson. He said he loved your spirit, and was exceedingly sorry that he had been the cause of the smallest uneasiness to you. There is not a more candid man in the world than he is, when properly addressed, as you will see from his letter to you, which I now inclose. He has allowed me to take a copy of it, and he says you may read it to your clan, or publish it if you please. Be assured, sir, that I shall take care of what he has intrusted to me, which is to have an acknowledgment of his error inserted in the Edinburgh newspapers. You will, I dare say, be fully satisfied with Dr. Johnson's behaviour. He is desirous to know that you are; and therefore, when you have read his acknowledgment in the papers, I beg you may write to me; and if you choose it, I am persuaded a letter from you to the Doctor also will be taken kind. I shall be at Edinburgh the week after next.

"Any civilities which my wife and I had in our power to show to your daughter, Miss Macleod, were due to her own merit, and were well repaid by her agreeable company. But I am sure I should be a very unworthy man if I did not wish to show a grateful sense of the hospitable and genteel manner in which you were pleased to treat me. Be assured, my dear sir, that I shall never forget your goodness, and the happy hours which I spent in Rasay.

"You and Dr. Macleod were both so obliging as to promise me an account in writing of all the particulars which each of you remember concerning the transactions of 1745-6. Pray do not forget this, and be as minute and full as you can; put down everything; I have a great curiosity to know as much as I can, authentically.

"I beg you to present my best respects to Lady Rasay, my compliments to your young family, and to Dr. Macleod; and my hearty good wishes to Malcolm, with whom I hope again to shake hands cordially.—I have the honour to be, dear sir, your obliged and faithful humble servant,

"JAMES BOSWELL."

*Advertisement written by Dr. Johnson, and inserted by his desire in the Edinburgh newspapers: referred to in the foregoing letter.**

"The author of the 'Journey to the Western Islands,' having related that the Macleods of Rasay acknowledge the chieftainship or superiority of the Macleods of Sky, finds that he has been misinformed or mistaken. He means in a future edition to correct his error, and wishes to be told of more, if more have been discovered."

the daughter of Macraild or Macrailt, one of the Norwegian nobles of the Isles. The original possession of the Macleods was Glenelg, of which district David II. granted a charter to Malcolm, son of Tormod Macleod, the *reddendo* being to keep a galley with thirty-six oars for the use of his Majesty. Mr. Skene thinks that Macleod of Glenelg (and of Harris, &c.) was of old the proper chief of the entire clan, and that the marriage of a younger son of that family with the heiress of Assynt and Lewis gave rise to the family of Macleods of Lewis, the oldest cadets of the clan, and represented by Macleod of Rasay. Mr. Gregory, in his "History of the Western Islands," seems to regard the Siol (or race of) Torquil (Rasay) and the Siol Tormod (Glenelg, Harris, &c.) as two distinct and powerful clans of equal rank, although descended from one common ancestor. Their armorial bearings are different; that of Lewis being a burning mount, that of Harris a castle. See "Wilson's Voyage Round Scotland."—Ed.

* The original MS. is now in my possession.—BOSWELL.

Dr. Johnson's letter was as follows:—

TO THE LAIRD OF RASAY.

"DEAR SIR,—Mr. Boswell has this day shown me a letter, in which you complain of a passage in the 'Journey to the Hebrides.' My meaning is mistaken. I did not intend to say that you had personally made any cession of the rights of your house, or any acknowledgment of the superiority of Macleod of Dunvegan. I only designed to express what I thought generally admitted—that the house of Rasay allowed the superiority of the house of Dunvegan. Even this I now find to be erroneous, and will therefore omit or retract it in the next edition.

"Though what I said had been true, if it had been disagreeable to you I should have wished it unsaid; for it is not my business to adjust precedence. As it is mistaken, I find myself disposed to correct, both by my respect for you, and my reverence for truth.

"As I know not when the book will be reprinted, I have desired Mr. Boswell to anticipate the correction in the Edinburgh papers. This is all that can be done.

"I hope I may now venture to desire that my compliments may be made, and my gratitude expressed, to Lady Rasay, Mr. Malcolm Macleod, Mr. Donald Macqueen, and all the gentlemen and all the ladies whom I saw in the island of Rasay; a place which I remember with too much pleasure and too much kindness, not to be sorry that my ignorance or hasty persuasion should, for a single moment, have violated its tranquillity.

"I beg you all to forgive an undesigned and involuntary injury, and to consider me as, sir, your most obliged, and most humble servant,

"London, May 6, 1775." "SAM. JOHNSON.*

It would be improper for me to boast of my own labours; but I cannot refrain from publishing such praise as I received from such a man as Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo, after the perusal of the original manuscript of my Journal.

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"*Edinburgh, March* 7, 1777.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I ought to have thanked you sooner for your very obliging letter, and for the singular confidence you are pleased to place in me, when you trust me with such a curious and valuable deposit as the papers you have sent me.† Be assured I have a due sense of this favour, and shall faithfully and carefully return them to you. You may rely that I shall neither copy any part, nor permit the papers to be seen.

"They contain a curious picture of society, and form a journal on the most instructive plan that can possibly be thought of; for I am not sure that an ordinary

* Rasay was highly gratified, and afterwards visited and dined with Dr. Johnson, at his house in London.—BOSWELL. [He died December 16, 1786, aged sixty-nine.—ED.]

† In justice both to Sir William Forbes and myself, it is proper to mention, that the papers which were submitted to his perusal contained only an account of our Tour from the time that Dr. Johnson and I set out from Edinburgh, and consequently did not contain the eulogium on Sir William Forbes, which he never saw till this book appeared in print; nor did he even know, when he wrote the above letter, that this Journal was to be published.—BOSWELL.

observer would become so well acquainted either with Dr. Johnson or with the manners of the Hebrides, by a personal intercourse, as by a perusal of your journal.—I am very truly, dear sir, your most obedient and affectionate humble servant,

"WILLIAM FORBES."

When I consider how many of the persons mentioned in this Tour are now gone to "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns," I feel an impression at once awful and tender.—*Requiescant in pace!*

It may be objected by some persons, as it has been by one of my friends, that he who has the power of thus exhibiting an exact transcript of conversations is not a desirable member of society. I repeat the answer which I made to that friend: "Few, very few, need be afraid that their sayings will be recorded. Can it be imagined that I would take the trouble to gather what grows on every hedge, because I have collected such fruits as the "Nonpareil" and the "Bon Chretien?"

On the other hand, how useful is such a faculty, if well exercised! To it we owe all those interesting apophthegms and *memorabilia* of the ancients, which Plutarch, Xenophon, and Valerius Maximus have transmitted to us. To it we owe all those instructive and entertaining collections which the French have made under the title of *Ana*, affixed to some celebrated name. To it we owe the "Table-Talk" of Selden, the Conversation between Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden, Spence's Anecdotes [illegible], and other valuable remains in our own language. How delighted should we have been, if thus introduced into the company of Shakspeare and of Dryden, of whom we know scarcely anything but their admirable writings! What pleasure would it have given us to have known their petty habits, their characteristic manners, their modes of composition, and their genuine opinion of preceding writers and of their contemporaries! All these are now irrecoverably lost. Considering how many of the strongest and most brilliant effusions of exalted intellect must have perished, how much is it to be regretted that all men of distinguished wisdom and wit have not been attended by friends, of taste enough to relish, and abilities enough to register their conversation:

> Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
> Multi, sed omnes illacrymabiles
> Urgentur, ignotique longâ
> Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.*

* "Before great Agamemnon reigned
Reigned kings as great as he and brave,
Whose huge ambition's now contained
In the small compass of a grave;

They whose inferior exertions are recorded, as serving to explain or illustrate the sayings of such men, may be proud of being thus associated, and of their names being transmitted to posterity, by being appended to an illustrious character.

Before I conclude, I think it proper to say, that I have suppressed*

In endless night they sleep unwept, unknown,
No bard had they to make all time their own."—FRANCIS'S HORACE.

* Having found on a revision of the first edition of this work, that, notwithstanding my best care, a few observations had escaped me which arose from the instant impression, the publication of which might perhaps be considered as passing the bounds of a strict decorum, I immediately ordered that they should be omitted in the subsequent editions. I was pleased to find that they did not amount in the whole to a page. If any of the same kind are yet left, it is owing to inadvertence alone, no man being more unwilling to give pain to others than I am. A contemptible scribbler, of whom I have learned no more than that, after having disgraced and deserted the clerical character, he picks up in London a scanty livelihood by scurrilous lampoons under a feigned name, has impudently and falsely asserted that the passages omitted were defamatory, and that the omission was not voluntary but compulsory. The last insinuation I took the trouble publicly to disprove; yet, like one of Pope's dunces, he persevered in "the lie o'erthrown." As to the charge of defamation, there is an obvious and certain mode of refuting it. Any person who thinks it worth while to compare one edition with the other, will find that the passages omitted were not in the least degree of that nature, but exactly such as I have represented them in the former part of this note, the hasty effusion of momentary feelings, which the delicacy of politeness should have suppressed.—BOSWELL.

[The scribbler with the feigned name was Dr. Wolcot, the well-known "Peter Pindar," who, though bred to medicine, took orders and was a short time in the Church. Peter, it must be confessed, did no honour to the clerical character—his "lampoons" were better than his sermons or his life. In his satirical "Epistle to Boswell," Wolcot asserted, both in the text and notes, that Lord Macdonald sent a severe remonstrance to Boswell, threatening him with personal chastisement for the manner in which he had spoken of him in the Journal, in consequence of which certain passages were omitted. What remains, however, is depreciatory enough. The bitterness with which Boswell mentions Wolcot's witty and laughable satire shows that he had not profited by Johnson's maxim that it is advantageous to an author that his book should be attacked as well as praised. We give part of Peter's postscript, which must have been galling to Boswell from its happy ridicule of his style and mental capacity:—

"It will be adding greatly to the anecdotical treasury, as well as making Mr. Boswell happy, to communicate part of a dialogue that took place between Dr. Johnson and the author of this congratulatory epistle, a few months before the doctor paid the great debt of nature. The doctor was very cheerful that day: had on a black coat and waistcoat, a black plush pair of breeches, and black worsted stockings, a handsome grey wig, a shirt, a muslin neckcloth, a black pair of buttons in his shirt-sleeves, a pair of shoes ornamented with the very identical little buckles that accompanied the philosopher to the Hebrides; his nails were very neatly pared, and his beard fresh shaved with a razor fabricated by the ingenious Mr. Savigny.

"P. P: Pray, doctor, what is your opinion of Mr. Boswell's literary powers?

"JOHNSON: Sir, my opinion is, that whenever Bozzy expires, he will create no vacuum in the region of literature. He seems strongly affected by the *cacoethes scribendi*, wishes to be thought a *rara avis*—and in truth so he is—your knowledge in ornithology, sir, will easily discover to what species of bird I allude. (Here the doctor shook his head and laughed.)

"P. P: What think you, sir, of his account of Corsica—of his character of Paoli?

every thing which I thought could *really* hurt any one now living. Vanity and self-conceit indeed may sometimes suffer. With regard to what *is* related, I consider it my duty to "extenuate nothing, nor set down aught in malice;" and with those lighter strokes of Dr. Johnson's satire, proceeding from a warmth and quickness of imagination, not from any malevolence of heart, and which, on account of their excellence, could not be omitted, I trust that they who are the subject of them have good sense and good temper enough not to be displeased.

I have only to add, that I shall ever reflect with great pleasure on a tour, which has been the means of preserving so much of the enlightened and instructive conversation of one whose virtues will, I hope, ever be an object of imitation, and whose powers of mind were so extraordinary, that ages may revolve before such a man shall again appear.

"JOHNSON: Sir, he hath made a mountain of a wart; but Paoli hath virtues. The account is a farrago of disgusting egotism and pompous inanity!

"P. P.: I have heard it whispered, doctor, that, should you die before him, Mr. B. means to write your life.

"JOHNSON: Sir, he cannot mean me so irreparable an injury. Which of us shall die first is only known to the Great Disposer of events; but were I sure that James Boswell would write my life, I do not know whether I would not anticipate the measure by taking his. (Here he made three or four strides across the room, and returned to his chair with violent emotion.)"—ED.]

APPENDIX.

No. 1.

In justice to the ingenious* DR. BLACKLOCK, *I publish the following letter from him, relative to a passage in p. 29.

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,—Having lately had the pleasure of reading your account of the journey which you took with Dr. Samuel Johnson to the Western Isles, I take the liberty of transmitting my ideas of the conversation which happened between the doctor and myself concerning lexicography and poetry, which, as it is a little different from the delineation exhibited in the former edition of your Journal, cannot, I hope, be unacceptable; particularly since I have been informed that a second edition of that work is now in contemplation, if not in execution; and I am still more strongly tempted to encourage that hope from considering that, if every one concerned in the conversations related were to send you what they can recollect of these colloquial entertainments, many curious and interesting particulars might be recovered, which the most assiduous attention could not observe, nor the most tenacious memory retain. A little reflection, sir, will convince you, that there is not an axiom in Euclid more intuitive nor more evident than the doctor's assertion that poetry was of much easier execution than lexicography. Any mind, therefore, endowed with common-sense, must have been extremely absent from itself, if it discovered the least astonishment from hearing that a poem might be written with much more facility than the same quantity of a dictionary.

"The real cause of my surprise was what appeared to me much more paradoxical, that he could write a sheet of dictionary *with as much pleasure* as a sheet of poetry. He acknowledged, indeed, that the latter was much easier than the former. For in the one case, books and a desk were requisite; in the other you might compose when lying in bed, or walking in the fields, &c. He did not, however, descend to explain, nor to this moment can I comprehend, how the labours of a mere philologist, in the most refined sense of that term, could give equal pleasure with the exercise of a mind replete with elevated conceptions and pathetic ideas, while taste, fancy, and intellect were deeply enamoured of nature, and in full exertion. You may likewise, perhaps, remember, that when I complained of the ground which scepticism in religion and morals was continually gaining, it did not appear to be on my own account, as my private opinions upon these important subjects had long been inflexibly determined. What I then deplored, and still deplore, was the unhappy influence which that gloomy hesitation had, not only upon particular characters, but even upon life in general; as being equally the bane of action in our present state, and of such consolations as we might derive from the hopes of a future.

"I have the pleasure of remaining, with sincere esteem and respect, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

"Edinburgh, Nov. 12, 1785."

I am very happy to find that Dr. Blacklock's apparent uneasiness on the subject of Scepticism was not on his own account (as I supposed), but from a benevolent concern for the happiness of mankind. With respect, however, to the question concerning poetry, and composing a dictionary, I am confident that my state of Dr. Johnson's position is accurate. One may misconceive the motive by which a person is induced to discuss a particular topic (as in the case of Dr. Blacklock's speaking of Scepticism); but an assertion, like that made by Dr. Johnson, cannot be easily mistaken. And indeed it seems not very probable, that he who so pathetically laments the *drudgery* to which the unhappy lexicographer is doomed, and is known to have written his splendid imitation of Juvenal with astonishing rapidity, should have had as much pleasure in writing a sheet of a dictionary as a sheet of poetry. Nor can I concur with the ingenious writer of the foregoing letter, in thinking it an axiom as evident as any in Euclid, that "poetry is of easier execution than lexicography." I have no doubt that Bailey, and the "mighty blunderbuss of law," Jacob, wrote ten pages of their respective Dictionaries with more ease than they could have written five pages of poetry.

If this book should again be reprinted, I shall, with the utmost readiness correct any errors I may have committed, in stating conversations, provided it can be clearly shewn to me that I have been inaccurate. But I am slow to believe (as I have elsewhere observed) that any man's memory, at the distance of several years, can preserve facts or sayings with such fidelity as may be done by writing them down when they are recent: and I beg it may be remembered, that it is not upon *memory*, but upon what was *written at the time*, that the authenticity of my Journal rests.

No. II.

VERSES,

WRITTEN BY SIR ALEXANDER (NOW LORD) MACDONALD; ADDRESSED AND PRESENTED TO DR. JOHNSON, AT ARMIDALE IN THE ISLE OF SKY.

Viator o qui nostra per æquora
Visurus agros Skiaticos venis,
En te salutantes tributim
Undique conglomerantur oris.

Donaldiani—quotquot in insulis
Compescit arctis limitibus mare;
Alitque jamdudum, ac alendos
Piscibus indigenas fovebit.

Ciere fluctus siste, Procelliger,
Nec tu laborans perge, precor, ratis,
Ne conjugem plangat marita,
Ne doleat soboles parentem.

Nec te vicissim pœniteat virum
Luxisse; vestro scimus ut æstuant
In corde luctantes dolores,
Cum feriant inopina corpus.

Quidni! peremptum clade tuentibus
Plus semper illo qui moritur pati
Datur, doloris dum profundos
Pervia mens aperit recessus.

Valete luctus; hinc lacrymabiles
Arcete visus: ibimus, ibimus
Superbienti qua theatro
Fingaliæ memorantur aulæ.

Illustris hospes! mox spatiabere
Qua mens ruinæ ducta meatibus
Gaudebit explorare cœtus,
Buccina qua cecinit triumphos;

Audin? resurgens spirat anhelitu
Dux usitato, suscitat efficax
Poeta manes, ingruitque
Vi solitâ redivivus horror.

Abæna quassans tela gravi manu
Sic ibat atrox Ossiani pater:
Quiescat urnâ, stet fidelis
Phersonius vigil ad favillam.

ERRATA.

A few typographical errors have crept into the Notes.

In page 43,	*for*	"Ramillet,"	*read*	Rathillet.
„ 47,	„	"Beanly,"	„	Beauly
„ 113,	„	"1759,"	„	1795.
„ 182,	„	"Duncarn,"	„	Dunearn.

INDEX.

The following is an index to Boswell's Life of Johnson, 4 vols., and Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 1 vol.—National Illustrated Library. The "Tour to the Hebrides" is designated as vol. v.

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